

THE MINDE OF THE FRONTSPEEKE, And Argument of this WORKE.

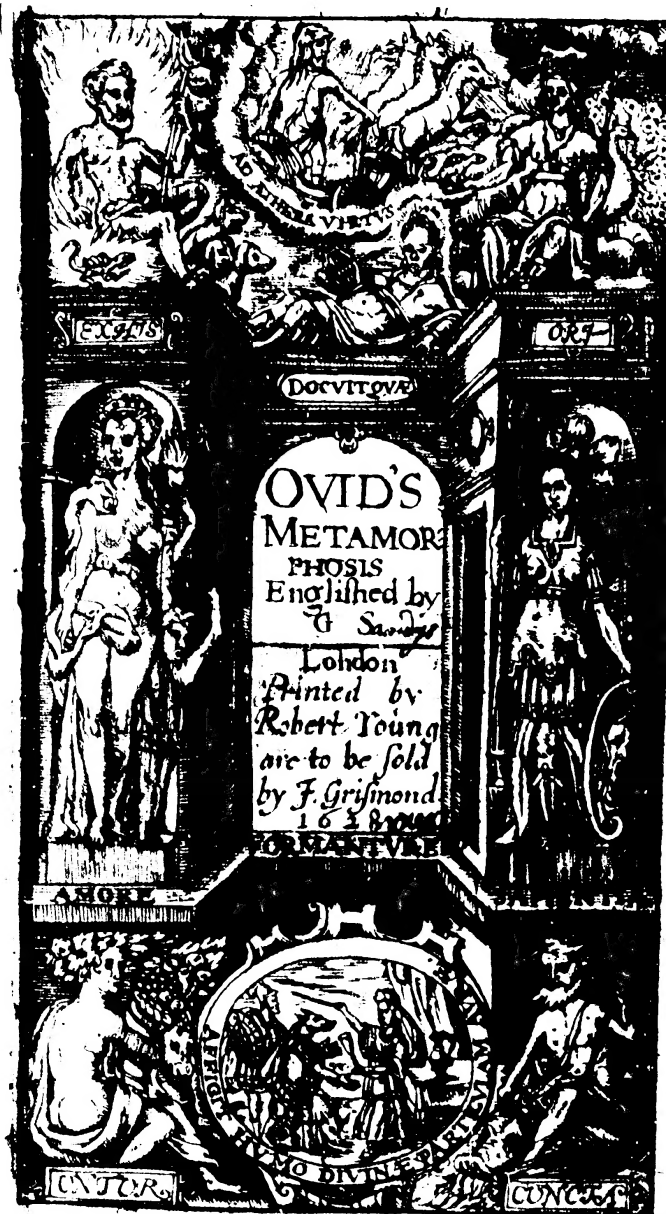
Fire, Aire, Earth, Water, all the Opposites
That throue in *Chaos*, powrefull *Ion* vnites;
And from their Discord drew this Harmonie
That smiles in *Nature*: who, with raught eye,
Affects his owne-made *beauties*. But, our *Will*,
Deire, and *Flowers* *traficke*, the skill
Of *Colours* orders; who the *Mind* attires
With all *Heroic* *Vertues*. This aspires
To *Immortall* and *glorie*; by her noble Guide
Internized, and well-nigh Deified.
But who forsake that faire *Intelligence*,
To follow *Passion*, and voluptuous *Sense*;
That thin the Path and Toyles of *Hercules*:
Such, charmd by *Circé's* luxurie, and ease,
Themselves deforme: 'twixt whom, so great an ods;
That these are held for Beasts, and those for Gods.

PHOEBVS APOLLO (fired Poetic)
Thrusts in for their then ancient Fables lie
The mythes of all Potholopie.

None *Natures* *Graces* flow can *Fontaine* appeare
Ditties *poetic* *Itany*; *Fontaine* teaches vs how to heare
Both *Fortunes*, breathing *joy*, *Gracie*, *Hope*, and *Feare*.

These *Poetic* *Deuotion* these excite;
These *poetic* *in* *Venus*, those *from* *Vice* affright;
All *helping* *fighting* *Fraile* with *Delight*.

Those *to* *our* *own* *shew* *shewes*; and those that *fole*,
By *ward*, *ing*, *Sins*, not by his *Compass*, *faile*.



To the most High & Mightie Prince CHARLES, King
of Great Britaine, France, and
IRELAND.

SIR,

Y Our Gracious acceptance of the first
fruits of my Travels, when You were our
Hope, as now our Happinesse; hath attu-
ared both Will and Power to the finishing
of this Peece: being limn'd by that unperfett light
which was snatcht from the bowers of night and re-
pose. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the
service of your Great Father, and your selfe: which,
had it proved as fortunate as faithfull, in me, and
others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many yeares
had turned about, to have presented You with a rich
and wel-peopled Kingdome; from whence now, with
my selfe, I only bring this Composure:

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more than a single denization, being a
double Stranger. Sprung from the stocke of the
ancient

ancient Romanes ; but bred in the New-world, of the
rudenesse whereof it cannot but participate ; especi-
ally having Warres and Tumults to bring it to light
instead of the Muses. But how euer vnperfect,
Your fauour is able to supply ; and to make it wor-
thy of life, if you iudge it not unworthy of your
Royall Patronage. Long may you liue to be, as you
are, the Delight and Glorie of your People : and
flowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall Diadem
for an immortall, so wishes

Your Maiesties

most humble

Seruant,

GEORGE SANDYS.

THE LIFE OF OVID.

PVBLIVS OVIDIVS NASE-
SO, descended of the ancient
Family of the *Nasones*, who had
preserved the dignitie of Roman
Knights from the first originall of that
Order, was borne at *Sulmo*, a Citie of
the *Peligni*, on the 14. of the Calends
of April, in the Consul-ships of *Hirci-
us* and *Pansa*, both slaine at the battell
of *Mutina* against *Marcus Antonius*.
While yet a boy, his quicke wit and
ready apprehension gaue his parents
an assurance of a future excellencie ;
in so much as his father *Lucius* sent
him to *Rome* (together with his bro-
ther, a yeere elder than he, and borne
on the same day) to bee instructed by
Plotius Grippus, that Art might per-
fect the accomplishments of nature.
In his first of youth he was much ad-
dicted vnto poetrie, wherein hee had

and vertue, grace and naturall facilitie. But continually reprov'd by his father for following so vnprofitable a studie with an ill will he forsooke the pleasant walkes of the Muses to trauel in the rugged paths of the Law, vnder *Brutus Sulpicius* and *Porcius Latro*; of whose eloquence and learning he was a great Admirer. Neither attained he thereunto a vulgar commendation; being admired by *Marcus Annens Seneca* among the principall Orators of those times. His prose was no other than dissolued verse: his speech witty, briefe, and powerful in perswasion. Having past through diuers offices of Iudicature, and now readie to assume the habit of a Senator: his elder brother and father being dead, impatient of toyle, and the clamours of litigious Assemblies, hee retired himselfe from all publick affaires to affected vacancie and his former abandoned studies. Yet such was the mutuall affection betweene him and *Varro*, that he accepted of Command, & serued vnder him

him in the wars of *Asia*: from whence he returned by *Athens*, where he made his aboad, vntill hee had attained to the perfection of that language. Hee was of a meane stature, slender of body, spare of diet; and, it not too amorous, euery way temperate. He drunk no wine but what was much alayed with water: An Abhorrer of vnnaturall Lusts, from which it should seem that age was not innocent: neat in apparell; of a free, affable, and courtly behauiour; whereby he acquired the friendship of many, such as were great in learning & nobilitie; among whom not a few of Consular dignitie: and so honoured by diuers, that they wore his picture in rings cut in precious stones. A great Admirer, and as much admired, of the excellent Poets of those times, with whom hee was most familiar and intimate. Being perswaded by some of them to leaue out three verses of those many which hee had written, hee gaue his consent, so that of all he might except three only:

whereupon they primately writ those
which they would have him abolish,
and he on the other side those which
he excepted; when both their papers,
being thowne, presented the same
verses; the first and second recorded
by *Pedo Albinovannus*, who was one of
the arbiters,

(*bouem.*

Semi bouemque virum, semi virumque

Sed & idem bouem, egelidumq; Notū.

whereby it appeareth that his admirable wit did not want an answerable iudgement in suppressing the libertie of his verse, had he not affected it. An ample patrimonie he had in the territories of *Sulmo*; with a house and a temple in the citie, where now stands the Church of *Santa Maria de Timba*; and where now stands the Church of *Santa Maria de Consolatione* he had another in *Rome*, not farre from the Capitoll; with pleasant Hort-yards betweene the wayes of *Flaminia* and *Claudia*, wherein hee was accustomed to recreate himselfe with his Muses. Hee had had three wiues: whereof the

the first being giuen him in his youth, as neither worthie nor profitable, soone after (according to the custome of the *Romans*) he diuorced: nor liu'd he long with the second, although nobly borne, and of behauiour inculpable. The chastitie and beauty of the third he often extolleth; whom hee instructed in poetrie, and to his death entirely affected. Neither was her affection inferior to his; liuing all the time of his banishment like a sorrowfull widow, and continuing to the end exemplarie faithfull. But in this euery-way happy condition, when his age required ease, and now about to imploy his belou'd vacancie in the reuiue and polishing of his former labours, he was banished, or rather confined to *Tomos* (a citie of *Sarmatia* bordering on the Euxine Sea) by *Augustus Caesar*, on the fourth of the Ides of December, and in the one and fiftieth yeere of his age, to the generall griefe of his friends & acquaintance: who sailed into *Thrace* in a ship of his

owne, and by land performed the rest of his voyage. The cause of this his so cruell and deplored exile is rather coniectured than certainly knowne. Most agree that it was for his too much familiaritie with *Iulia* the daughter of *Augustus*, masked vnder the name of *Corinna*. Others, that hee had vnfortunately seene the incest of *Cesar*: which may be insinuated, in that he complains of his error, and compares himself to *Atleon*. But the pretended occasion was for his composing of the Art of Loue, as intolerably lasciuious, and corrupting good manners. A pretence I may call it, since vnlikely it is that he should banish him in his age for what he writ whe hard-ly a man, & after so long a conuiance. Yet *Augustus*, either to conceale his owne crime or his daughters, would haue it so thought: neither would Ouer to reueale the true cause, lest hee should further exasperate his displeasure. After he had long in vaine solicited his repeale by the mediation of

Germanicus

Germanicus Caesar, and others that were neere vnto the Emperour; or at least to bee remoued to a more temperate Clime; his hopes (as he writes) forsaking the earth with *Augustus*, he dyed at *Tomos* in the fifth yeere of the raigne of *Tiberius*; hauing liued seuen yeeres in banishment. As *Tibullus* and hee were borne in one day, so he and *Linie* dyed on an other; that his birth and death might bee nobly accompanied. He had so wonne the barbarous *Ger's* with his humanitie and generous actions (hauing also written a booke in their language) that they honoured him in his life with triumphant garlands, and celebrated his funerals with vniuersall sorrow; erecting his tombe before the gates of their citie, hard by a lake which retaineth his name to this day. His sepulchre was found in the yeere, MDVITI. with a magnificent conuerture presenting this Epitaph.

F A T V M

STATVM NECESSITATIS LEX.

*Here lies that living Fort, by the rage
Of great Augustus banished from Rome:
Whom his country fought t' interburied;
But vainly, Fate hath led him in this tomb.*

Isabella Queene of *Hungarie*, in the
yeere MDXL. thewed to *Bargani* a pen
of silver, found not long before vnder
certaine ruines, with this inscription;
OPIDII NASONIS CALA-
MVS: which she highly esteemed,
and preferred as a sacred relique. Of
the bookes which he writ, since most
of them are extant among vs, I will
only recite the following verses of
Angelo Politanus.

Things

- 1 From times first birth he chants the change of
 2 The flames of Love in Elegiack sings,
 3 With sighs doubtful his he insuares,
 4 Epistles de lates things: with b'ouers eares,
 5 In ~~swart~~ the time, deplores his sad exile,
 6 Henceforth the Roman Festivals com' it,
 7 O! to his song, to know to Latin eares,
 8 Create the fire, that glide in brachely spheres,
 9 His pipe, as with the, Igar mick rones,
 10 In the square, on high, in carbons climes,
 11 To p'p'le cry, that abuse the times,

Yet

Yet leaves he out the *Remedie of Love*, a legitimate Poem (except he make it an appendix to the *Art*) and his *Consolations to Livia* for the death of *Drusus*; which *Seneca* hath excerpted and sprinkled among his severall *Consolations*. Among such a multiplicitie of arguments our gentle Poet did never write a virulent verse, but onely against *Cornificus*; (maskt vnder the name of *Ibis*) who solicited his wife in his absence, and laboured against the repeale of his banishment. Concerning his *Metamorphosis*, it should seeme that he therein imitated *Parthenius* of *Chios*, who writ on the same argument: as the *Latin* Poets euen generally borrowed their inuentions from the *Gracian Magazines*. I will conclude with what himselfe hath written of this Poem, wherein I haue imployed my vacant howres: with what successe, I leave to the censure of others, which perhaps may prouelittle rigid than my owne.

Trist libat.
Elegia 6.

I thank you hence my verse farre truer then
My picture shew me; wherefore those peruse:
My verse, which sing the charged shapes of men
Though lest imperfect by my banisht Muse.
Departing, these I sadly with my hand
To the fire, with other riches, throw.
Her for me so Thettias burning in his brand,
A better sister than a mother grew:
So I, what should not perish with me, cast
Those books, my issue in the funerall flame:
In that I did my Muse and verse dispart;
Or that as yet unpolished and lame.
But since I could not so destroy them quite;
For sundrie copies it should seen e there be:
Now may they live, nor lazily delight
The generous Reader; put in mind of me.
Yet they with patience can by none be read,
That know not how they uncorrected stand:
Snatched from the forge, ere thoroughly anniled;
Deprived of my last life-giving hand.
For pray, I pardon crave: though highly grac'd
If Reader, they be not despis'd by thee:
Yet in the front be these sixe verses plac'd;
If with thy liking it at least agree.
Who mends this English volume, poor in worth
But in your Court a harborage afford.
To win me more favour, yet by him set forth;
The blaspheem from the funerall of his word.
If by the Lord, which presents it's own defect,
All pleas'd, with a friendly hand correct.

OVID

OVID DEFENDED.

Since diners, onely wittie in reprooving,
Have prophaned our Poet with their
fastidious censures: wee, to vindicate his
worth from detraction, and prevent preiu-
dicacie, have here reuin'd a few of those
infinite testimonies, which the cleereſt
indgements of all Ages haue giuen him. I
will begin with the censure of that accu-
rate Orator

MARCVS ANNEVS SENECA, Congrou.
10.
One of his frequent and admiring
Auditors. *Nasobada constant, becom-
ming, and amiable wit.* His Prose appeared
no other than dissolved Verses: And a
little after. Of his words no Prodigall,
except in his Verse: wherein, hee was not
ignorant of the fault, but affected it: and
often wou'd say, that a Mole misse-became
not a beautifull face, but made it more
lovely. Amongst the excellent of his
time, wee may esteeme

VELLIVS PATERCVLVS, HAB. 2.
who writeth thus in his history. *It is not*
most

In Ode.
p. 1.

S. Hierome;

Semiramis, of whom they report many
wonders, erected the walls of Babylon;
as testifies that renowned Poet in the
fourth booke of his *Metamorphosis*. Nor
is he forgot by

De Cuius
Dei

S. AUGUSTINE.

And Naso, that excellent Poet. Now
descend wee to those, whom later
times haue preferred for learning and
iudgement. Thus sings the high
prais'd

In Naucula.

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

'Tis do what all, most errie, whom Sudio bore,
The world, conuincing Tyber boord more,
Than his foule exile thee defam'd, O Rome!
Him Ceneck fands (a'as!) but I alse inuambe.
Perhaps a ferre thy Augustus spyes
To looke on Iulia with too friendly eyes.

In Ode.
p. 1.

ERASMVS

crownes him with the perfection of
Eloquence. And the Censurer of all
Poets,

In Ode.
p. 1.

IULIVS CÆSAR SCALIGER,

thus writes, when hee comes to cen-
sure our Author. But now wee arrive
where the height of wit, and sharpnesse of
iudgement, are both to bee exerciz'd. For,
who

who can commend OVID sufficiently?
much lesse, who dares reprehend him?
Notwithstanding, I will say something;
not in way of detraction, but that we also
maybe able to grow with his greatnesse.
Then speaking of his *Metamorphosis*.
Bookes deserving a more fortunate Au-
thor; that from his last hand they might
haue had their perfection: which hee him-
selfe bewaileth in luculent Verses. Yet are
there, in these, well-nigh an infinite num-
ber, which tho' wit of another, I beleene,
could neuer haue equalld. And thus ex-
claimes against Caesar in the person of
OVID.

In Heroi-
bus.

Tyrant, with me I would thou hadst begun:
Nor thy black slaughters had my fate fore-run.
If my licentious Youth incens'd thee so;
Thy owne condemnes thee: into exile goe.
Thy cabinets are stain'd with horrid deeds;
And thy foule guilt all monstrous names exceeds.
Diuine wit, innocence, nor yet my tongue,
Next to Apollo's, could preuent my wrong.
I smother'd th'old Poets with my fluent vaine;
And taught the New a far more numerous strain.
When thee I prais'd, then from the truth I swer'd
And banishment for that alone deseru'd.

STEPHA-

can bee said to transcend him. What should I say of that singular, and well-nigh diuine contexture of Fable with Fable? so surpassing, that nothing can bee spoken or done, more artificially, more excellently; or, indeed, more gracefully. Who handling such diuersitie of matter, so cunningly weaves them together, that all appeare but one Series. Planudes, well knowing that Greece had not a Poem so abounding with delight and beautie, translated it into that language. What should I say more? All Arts, which Antiquitie knew, are here so fully delineated, that a member, expert in both tongues, of prime understanding and iudgements, admire it beyond all expression. The first that writ a Commentarie on this booke (whereof fittie thousand were vented, and that in his life time) was

RAPHAEL REGIVS:

who thus in his Preface. *There is nothing appertaining to the knowledge and glorie of warre, whereof wee haue not famous examples in the Metamorphosis of OVID;* (not to speake of stratagems, nor the

the Orations of Commanders) described with such efficacie and eloquence, that often, in reading, you will imagine your selfe embroiled in their conflicts. Neither shall you finde any Author, from whom, a civill life may gather better instruction.

IACOBVS MICYLLVS.

Hardly shall you find a Poem, which flowes with greater facilitie. For what should I speake of Learning? Herein, so great, so various, and abstruse; that many places haue neither beene explained, nor yet understood; no, not by the most knowing: requiring rather a resolution from the Delian Oracle, &c.

Let the ingenuous, that affect not error, now rectifie their owne by the iudgements of these. But, incurable Criticks, who warre about words, and gail the sound to feed on their sores, as not desiring their sanitie, I forbear to dissuade, and deliuer them vp to the censure of

Agrippa.

In principio Additionum.

In praef.
Comment.

QVCD OLIM FAC-
IEBAT VOTVM GER-
MANICO OVIDIVS, IDEM

AVGVSTISSIMO CAROLO

Interpreti sui nomine
TACVIT

OVIDIANI MANES.

Excepiscato, Cæsar Britannice, *vultu*
Ille opes, & timor de dirige natus iter.
Officioque, lætæ non amissatus honorem,
Hinc tibi deo, nunc dexter adsit.
Hæc te de placitum dederis in carmine vires:
Ingenium vultuque caditque tuo.
Paginas hæc doctæ subtrahuntur monetur
Principis, ut Clario missa legenda Deo.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The first Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe World, form'd out of Chaos. Man is made.
The Ages change. The Giants Heauen invade.
Earth turns their blood to men. Ioue's flames confound
Lycaon, now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd.
Man-kind, cast Stones restore. All quickning Earth
Renews the rest, and giues new Monsters birth.
Apollo, Python kills; hart-wounded, Ioue's
Lust flying Daphne: She a Laurel proues.
Ioue, to make a Cow, to maske foule debts.
Hermes, a Herdsman. Syrinx, chang'd to Reeds.
Dead Argus eyes adorn the Peacock's traine.
The Cow, to Io, Ioue transform'd againe.

OF formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.
Alsist, you Gods: (from you these wonders spring.)
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,
Deduce my neuer discontinued Rymes.
The Sea, the Earth, al-couering Heauen vnfram'd,
One face had nature, which they chaos nam'd:
An vndigested lump; a barren load,
Where iarring seeds of things ill-ioyn'd abroad.
No Titan yet the World with light adorne;
Nor waxing Phæbe fill'd her waned horns:

B

Nor

Nor hung the selfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac't;
 Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac't.
 With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable,
 The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-nauigable:
 No certaine forme to any one assign'd:
 This that resists. For, in one body ioynd,
 The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight:
 The Soft and Hard, the Heauy with the Light.
 But God, the better Nature, this decides:
 Who Earth from Heauen, the Sea from earth diuides:
 And purer Heauen extracts from grosser Ayre.
 All which vnfolded by his prudent care
 From that blinde Masse; che happily dis-ioynd
 With strifelesse peace he to their seats confin'd.
 Forth-with vp-sprung the quicke and waightlesse Fire,
 Whose flames vnto the highest Arch aspire:
 The next, in leuitie and place, is Ayre:
 Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repayre
 Selfe-clog'd with waight: the Waters, flowing round,
 Possesse the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.

What God focuer this diuision wrought,
 And euery part to due proportion brought;
 First, lest the Earth vnequall should appeare,
 He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphere;
 Then Seas diffus'd; commanding them to rore
 With ruffling Winds, and giue the Land a shore.
 To those he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
 And Riuer, whom their winding borders fence:
 Of these, not few Earth's thirstie iawes deuour;
 The rest, their streames into the Ocean pour;
 When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,
 The fony Cliffs, in stead of Banks, they laue:

And Trees increase to Woods, the Plaines extend,
 The rocky Mountaynes rise, and Vales descend.
 Two equall Zones, on either side, dispose
 The measur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot than those,
 As many Lines th'included Globe diuide:
 Th'midst vn-sufferable beames reside;
 Now clothes the other two: the temperate hold
 Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with cold.
 As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre out-waighs;
 So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raise.
 Here, he commands the changing Clouds to stray;
 Here, thundering terrors mortall mindes dismay;
 And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snowe:
 Yet not permitted euery way to blow;
 Who hardly now to teare the World refrain
 So Brothers iarre!) though they diuided raigne.
 To *Persis* and *Sabaa*, *Eurus* flies;
 Whose fruits perfume the blushing Mornes vp-rises
 Next to the Euening, and the Coast that glowes
 With setting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blowes:
 In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
 Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Waine:
 The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auster* steep
 With fruitfull showrs, and clouds which euer weep.
 Aboue all these he plac't the liquid Skies;
 Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise.
 Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd;
 When-as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd
 (Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.
 Then, that no place should vnpossessed lie,
 Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,
 In heauenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:

The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repayre ;
 The beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.
 The nobler Creature, with a minde possist,
 Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
 That Maker, the best World's originall,
 Either I am fram'd off see Cœlestiall ;
 Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,
 Some sacred seeds retayn'd, to Heauen ally'd :
 Which with the liuing streame *Prometheus* mixt ;
 And in that artificiall structure fixt
 The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities.
 And where as others see with downe-cast eyes,
 He with a lesse looke did Man indue ,
 And bade him Heauens transcendent glories view.
 So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
 Thus chang'd, of Man the vnkowne figure bore.

The *Golden Age* was first ; which vncompeld,
 And without rule, in Faith and Truth exceld.
 As then ; there was nor punishment nor feare ;
 Nor teaching Lawes in brasse prescribed were ;
 Nor suppliant crouching prisoners shooke to see
 Their argrie Iudge : but, all was safe and free.
 To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
 Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.
 Then, vnambitious Mortals knew no more,
 But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded shore.
 Nor Swords, nor Armes were yet : no trenches round
 Besieged Townes, nor stricktfull Trumpets sound :
 The Souldier, of no vie. In firme content
 And harmelesse ease, their happy dayes were spent.
 The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord
 (Vnto him who ploughs) all sorts of fruit affoord.

Conto

Content with Natures vn-enforced food,
 They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
 Iowre Cornels, what vpon the Bramble growes,
 And Acorns, which *Ioue's* spreading Oke bestowes.
 It was alwayes Spring : warme *Zephyrus* sweetly blew
 On smiling Flowres, which without setting grew.
 Forth-with the Earth corne, vnmanured, beares ;
 And cuery yeere renews her golden Eares :
 With Milke and Nectar were the Riuers fill'd ;
 And yellow Hony from greene Elms distill'd.

But, after *Saturne* was throwne downe to Hell,
 He rul'd ; and then the *Silver Age* befell :
 More base than Gold, and yet than Brasse more pure.
 He chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)
 To Winter, Summer, Autumne hot and cold :
 He shortned Springs the year's fourth-part vphold.
 Then, first the glowing Ayre with scruor burn'd :
 He Raine to ycycles by bleake winds turn'd,
 Then houses built ; late hous'd in Caues profound,
 Plashed Bowres, and Sheds with Ofiers bound.
 Then, first was Corne into long furrowes throwne :
 And Oxen vnder heauie yokes did groane.
 Next vnto this succeeds the *Brass Age* :
 Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid warres, and rage :
 Not yet not wicked. Stubborne *Tr* the last
 Then, blusshlesse Crimes, which all degrees surpass,
 The World surround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart.
 Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art.
 Force, Treason, and the wicked Loue of gayn.
 Their sailes, those winds, which yet they knew not, strayn :
 And ships, which long on lofty Mountaynes stood,
 Then plow'd th' vnpractiz'd bosome of the Flood.

B 3

The

The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Ayre,
 By limit-giting Geometrie they share.
 Nor with rich Earth's iust nourishments content,
 For treasure they her secret entrailes rent;
 The powerfull Euill, which all power inuades,
 By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* shades.
 Curst Steel, more cursed Gold she now forth brought:
 And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought.
 All liue by spoile. The Host his Guest betrayes;
 Sons, Father-in-lawes: 'twixt Brethren loue decayes.
 Wiues husbands, husbands wiues attempt to kill:
 And cruell Step-mothers pale poysons fill.
 The Sonne his Fathers hastie death desires:
 Foild Pietie, trod vnder foot, expires.
Atræa, last of all the heauenly birth,
 Affrighted leaues the blood-defiled Earth.

And that the Heauens their safetie might suspect,
 The Giants now celestiall Thrones affect;
 Who to the skies congested Mountaines reare.
 Then *Ioue* with thunder did *Olympus* teare;
 Steep *Pelion* from vnder *Ossa* throwne.
 With their owne waight their monstrous bodies grone;
 And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbru'd;
 Which shee, scarce thoroughly cold, with life indu'd;
 And gaue thereto, t'yphold her Stocke, the face
 And forme of Man; a God-condemning Race,
 Greedie of slaughter, not to be withstood;
 Such, as well shews, that they were borne of blood.

Which when from Heauen *Saturnius* did behold;
 He sigh't; reuoluing what was yet untold,
 Of tell *Lycæus*'s late inhumane feast.
 Iust anger, worthy *Ioue*, inflam'd his breast.

A Synod call'd, the summoned appeare.
 There is a way, well seene when skies be cleare,
 The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods resort
 Vnto th'Almightie Thunderers high Court.
 With euer-open dores, on either hand,
 Of nobler Deities the Houses stand:
 The Vulgar dwell disperst: the Chiefe and Great
 In front of all, their shining Mansions seat.
 This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,
 Had I but boldnes lent me, Heauen's *White-ball*.
 All set on Marble seats; He, leaning on
 His luory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
 Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Tresses shake:
 The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;
 Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake:

I was not more perplext in that sad Time,
 For this Worlds Monarchie, when bold to cline,
 The Serpent-footed Giants durst inuade,
 And would on Heauen their hundred-hands haue laid.
 Though fierce the Foo, yet did that Warre depend
 But of one Body, and had soone an end.
 Now all the race of man I must confound,
 Where-euer *Nereus* walks his way Round:
 And this I vow by those infernall Floods,
 Which slowly glide through silent *Stygian* woods.
 All cures first sought; such parts as health rieft
 Must be cut off, least they the sound infect.
 Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Syluans, Satyres, Faunes,
 Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountayns, Woods, and
 (On whom since yet we please not to bestow (Lawnes
 Cœlestiall dwellings) must subsist below.
 Thinke you, you Gods, they can in safetie rest,

When me (of lightning, and of you possest,
 Who both at our Imperiall pleasure sway)
 The sterne *Lycan* practiz'd to betray?
 All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.
 So, when bold Treason sought, with impious hand,
 By *Cæsar*'s bloud t'out-race the Roman name;
 Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted Frame,
 Astonisht at so great a ruine, shooke.
 Nor thine, for Thee, lesse thought, *Augustus*, rooke,
 Than they for *Ioue*. He, when he had suppress
 Their murmur, thus proceeded to the rest.

He hath his punishment; remit that care:
 The manner how, I will in brieve declare.
 The Times accus'd, (but as I hop't bely'd)
 To trie, I downe from steep *Olympus* slide.
 A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
 I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.
 'Twere long to tell, what crimes of euery sort
 Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
 Now past den-dreadfull *Manalus* confines,
Cylene, cold *Lycaus* clad with Pines,
 There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull-Light
 Drew on the dewy Charriot of the Night,
 I entred his vnho'spitale Court.
 The better Vulgar to their pray'rs resort,
 When I by signes had showne a Gods repayr.
Lycan first derides their zealous pray'r;
 Then said, We straight the vndoubted truth will trie,
 Whether he be immortall, or may die.
 In dead of night, when all was whist and still,
 Me, in my sleepe, he purposeth to kill.
 Nor with so foule an enterprize content,

An

An Hostage murders; from *Molochus* sent:
 Part of his seuer'd scarce-dead lims he boyles;
 An other part on hissing Embers broyles;
 This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd
 With vengefull flames, which round about him burn'd.
 He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;
 There howles, and speech with lost indeuour tries.
 His selfe-like iawes still grin: more than for food
 He slaughters beasts, and yet delights in blood.
 His armes to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd;
 A Wolfe; not much from his first forme estrang'd:
 So horie hair'd; his lookes so full of rape;
 So fiery ey'd; so terrible his shape.

One house that fate, which all deserue, sustaines:
 For, through the World the fierce *Erinyes* raignes.
 You'd thinke they had conspir'd to sinne: But, all
 Shall swiftly by deserued vengeance fall.

Ioue's words apart approue, and his intent
 Exasperate: the rest giue their consent.
 Yet all for Mans destruction grieu'd appeare;
 And aske what forme the widowed Earth shall beare?
 Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast:
 Must Earth be onely by wilde beasts possest?
 The King of Gods re-comforts their despaire;
 And biddeth them impose on him that care:
 Who promis'd, by a strange originall
 Of better people, to supply their fall.
 And now about to let his lightning flie,
 He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the skie,
 And burne heauens Axeltræ. Besides, by doome,
 Of certaine Fate, he knew the time shou'd come,
 When Sea, Earth, rauish'd Heauen, the curious Frames

B 5

Of

Of this World's masse, should shrinke in purging flame.
 He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts reiects;
 And different-natur'd punishments elects:
 To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
 And Man by inundation to destroy.

Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid,
 And those drie blasts which gathered Clouds inuade;
 Out flies the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds
 His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds.
 His white hair streams, his swolne Beard big with showres;
 Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures.
 As with his hands the hanging clouds he crush't;
 They roar'd, and downe in showres together rush't.
 All-colour'd *Iris*, *Iuno's* messenger,
 To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.
 The Corne is lodg'd, the Husband-men despaire;
 Their long yeares labour lost, with all their care.
Ioue, not content with his æthereall rages.
 His Brother's auxiliarie floods ingages.
 The Streames conuented; 'Tis too late to vse
 Much speech, said *Neptune*; all your powres effuse;
 Your dores vnbarre, remoue what-ere restraines
 Your liberall Waues, and giue them the full raynes.
 Thus charged, they returne; their Springs vnfold;
 And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.
 He with his Trident strikes the Earth; Shee shakes;
 And way for Water by her motion makes.
 Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods;
 And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,
 Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
 What such a force, vn-quertthrowne, oppos'd,
 The higher swelling Water quite deuoures;

Which

Which hides the aspiring tops of swallowed towres.
 Now Land and Sea no different visage bore:
 For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.
 He, takes a Hill; He, in a Boat deplores;
 And, where He lately plow'd, now strikes his Oares.
 O're Corne, o're drowned Villages He sailes:
 He, from high Elmes intangled Fishes hales.
 In Fields they anchor cast, as Chance did guide:
 And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.
 Where Mountayne-louing Goats did lately graze,
 The Sea-calf now his vgly body layes.
 Groues, Cities, Temples, couer'd by the Deep,
 The Nymphs admire, in woods the Dolphins keep,
 And chace about the boughs: the Wolfe doth swim
 Amongst the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)
 And Tygres tread the Waues. Swift feet no more
 Auaile the Hart; nor wounding tuskes the Bore.
 The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vaine,
 With weary wings descend into the Mayne.
 Licentious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret;
 And vnknowne surges Ayerie Mountaynes beat.
 The Waues the greater part deuoure: the rest,
 Death, with long-wanted sustenance, opprest.
 The Land of *Phœcis*, fruitfull when a Land,
 Diuides *Æonia* from th' *Æolian* strand;
 But now a part of the insulting Mayne,
 Of sudden-swelling waters a vast Playne,
 There, his two heads *Parnassus* doth extend
 To touch'd Stars; whose tops the Clouds transcend.
 On this *Dæcalion's* little Boat was throwne:
 With him, his Wife; the rest all ouer-flowne.
Corycian Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;

And

And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
 None was there better, none more iust than *Hee* :
 And none more reuerenc't the Gods than *Shee*.
Ioue, when he saw that all a Lake was growne,
 And of so many thousand men but one ;
 One, of so many thousand women, left ;
 Both guiltlesse, pious both ; of all bereft :
 The clouds (now chac't by *Ebreas*) from him throwes :
 And Earth to Heauen, Heauen vnto Earth he shoves.
 Nor Seas persist to rage : their awfull Guide
 The wilde waues calmes, his Trident laid aside ;
 And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Doep
 (Who's mantle Nature did in purple steep)
 And bids him his lowd-sounding shell inspire,
 And giue the Flouds a signall to retire.
 He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as giuen in charge)
 That from the turning bottom growes more large :
 To which when he giues breath, 'tis heard by all,
 From farre-vprising *Phobus* to his Fall.
 When this the watery Dextie had set
 To his large mouth, and sounded a retreat ;
 All Flouds it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew ;
 And all the Flouds, that heard the same, with-drew.
 Seas now haue shores : full streames their channels keep ;
 They sink, and hills aboue the waters peep.
 Earth re-ascends : as waues decrease, so grow
 The formes of things, and late-hid figures show.
 And after a long day, the trees extend
 Their bared tops ; with mud their branches bend.
 The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,
 So deadly silent, and so desolate,
Democleon saw: with teares which might haue made

An other Floud, he thus to *Pyrrha* said.
 O Sister ! O my Wife ! the poore Remaines
 Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, contains !
 Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,
 Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers ioyne !
 Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West,
 We two are all : the Sea intombs the rest.
 Nor yet can we of life be confident ;
 The threatning clouds strange terrors still present.
 O what a heart would'st thou haue had, if Fate
 Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date !
 So wilde a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne
 And comfortlesse, how couldest thou haue borne !
 If Seas had suckt thee in, I would haue follow'd
 My Wife in death, and Sea should me haue swallow'd.
 O would I could my Father's cunning vse !
 And soules into well-modul'd Clay infuse !
 Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne ;
 And but a pattern of Man-kind remaine.
 This said, both wept; both, pray'rs to heauen addresse ;
 And seek the Oracle in their distress.
 Forth-with descending to *Cephus* Floud,
 Which in known banks now ran, though thick with mud ;
 They on their heads and garments water throw ;
 And to the Temple of the Goddesse goe ;
 At that time all defil'd with mosse and mire ;
 The vsfrequented Altar without fire.
 Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,
 And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd.
 If Powres diuine to iust desires consent,
 And Angry Gods doe in the end relent ;
 Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repaire ?

O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Despayre !
 The Goddesse, with compassion mou'd, reply'd ;
 Goe from my Temple : both your faces hide ;
 Let Garments all vnbraced loosely flow ;
 And your Great-Parents bones behinde you throw.
 Amaz'd ! first *Pyrrha* silence breakes, and said ;
 By me the Goddesse must not be obey'd ;
 And, trembling, pardon craues : Her Mothers ghost
 She feares would suffer, if her bones were tost.
 Meane-while they ponder and reiterate
 The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.
 Then, *Promethides*, *Epimethida*
 Thus recollecteth ; lost in her dismay :
 Or we the Oracle misse-vnderstand
 (The righteous Gods no wicked thing command)
 Or Earth is our Great-Mother : and the stones,
 Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.
 These, sure, are those we should behinde vs throw.
 Although *Titania* thought it might be so,
 Yet she misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
 On ayding Heauen. What hurt was it to try ?
 Departing with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,
 Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.
 Did not Antiquitie auouch the same,
 Who would beleeu't ! the stones lesse hard became.
 And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke ;
 So by degrees they Mans dimensions tooke ;
 And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast :
 And, yet not manifestly Man exprest ;
 But, like rough hewne rude marble Statues stand,
 That want the Workemans last life-giuing hand.
 The Earthy parts, and what had any iuyce,

Were

Were both conuerted to the body's vse.
 The vnflexible and solid, turne to bones :
 The veines remaine, that were when they were stones.
 Those, thrown by Man, the forme of men induc :
 And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
 Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to paine :
 Our Actions our Originall explaine.

All other creatures tooke their numerous birth.
 And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
 When that old humour with the Sunne did sweat,
 And slimy Marishes grew big with heat ;
 The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
 From quickning Earth both growth and forme assume.
 So, when seuen chanel'd *Nile* forsakes the Plaine,
 When ancient bounds retiring streames containe,
 And late-left slime æthereall seruours burne,
 Men various creatures with the glebe vp-turne :
 Of those, some in their very time of birth ;
 Some lame ; and others halfe aliue, halfe earth.
 For, Heat and Moysture, when they temperate grow,
 Forth-with conceiue ; and life on things bestow.
 From striuing Fire and Water all proceed ;
 Discording Concord euer apt to breede.
 So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,
 When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,
 Produc't a World of formes ; restor'd the late ;
 And other vnknowne Monsters did create.

Huge *Python*, thee, against her will, she bred ;
 A Serpent, whom the new-borne People dread ;
 Whose bulk did like a mouing Mountaine show.
 Behold ! the God that beares the Siluer Bow
 (Till then, inur'd to strike the flying Deere,

Or

Their happy Selues, and longs to taste their blisse;
 Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare;
 And Parts vnseene conceiues to be more rare:
 Swifter than following Winds, away she runs;
 And him, for all this his intreatie, thuns.

Stray Nymph, I pray thee stay; I am no Fo:
 So Lambs from Wolues, Harts flye from Lyons so;
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Doue:
 They, from their deaths: but my pursute is Loue.
 Wo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or thornes should race
 Thy tender legs, whilst I enforce the chace!
 These roughs are craggy: moderate thy haste,
 And trust me, I will not pursue so fast.
 Yet know, who't is you please: No Mountanere,
 No home-bred Clowne; nor keepe I Cattell here.
 From whom thou flyst thou knowst not (filly fool!)
 And therefore flyst thou. I in *Delphos* rule,
Ionian Claret, Lycian Patara,
 And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay.
Ioue is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,
 Or is; by my instructiue rayes is seene.
 Immortall Verse from our inuention springs;
 And how to strike the well concordng-strings.
 My shafts hit sure: yet He one surer found,
 Who in my emptie bosome made this wound.
 Otherbs I found the vertue; and through all
 The World they Me the great Physician call.
 Aye me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford!
 That Arts, relieuing all, should faile their Lord!
 More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,
 From him, and his vnfinisht court-ship fled.
 How gracefull then! the Wind that obuius blew,

Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;
 And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire,
 Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
 No more the God will his intreaties loose;
 But, virg'd by Loue, with all his force pursues.
 As when a Hare the speedy Gray-hound spies;
 His feet for prey, shee hers for safetie plyes;
 Now beares he vp; now, now he hopes to fetch her;
 And, with his snowt extended, straines to catch her;
 Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips
 Out of his wide-stretcht iawes, and touching lips.
 The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:
 He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,
 But, the Pursuer doth more nimble proue:
 Enabled by th' industrious wings of loue.
 Nor giues he time to breathe: now at her heeles,
 His breath vpon her dangling haire shee feelles.
 Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted bloud
 Forsakes her cheeks. Shee cryes vnto the Floud,
 Helpe Father, if your streames contayne a Powre,
 May Earth, for too well pleasing me deuour:
 Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,
 That thus betrayes me to vndoing rape.
 Forth-with, a numnesse all her lims possesse;
 And slender filmes her softer sides inuest.
 Haire into leaues, her Armes to branches grow:
 And late swift feet, now roots, are lesse than slow.
 Her gracefull head a leauy top sustaines:
 One beauty throughout all her forme remains.
 Still *Phœbus* loues. He handles the new Plant;
 And feelles her Heart within the bark to pant:
 Imbrac't the bole, as he would her haue done

Too

And

As ignorant of what she more than fear'd.
Iue faynes (her importunitie to shift)
 Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
 What should he doe? be cruell to his Loue;
 Or by denying her, suspition moue?
 Shame that perswades; and Loue doth this dissuade?
 But, stronger Loue Shame vnder foot had layd;
 Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
 His Wife and Sister, 't would the fraud descry.
 Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddesse left;
 Distrusting *Ioue*, and ieaious of his theft,
 Vntill deliuered to *Argus* guard.
 A hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;
 Whereof, by turnes, at once two onely slept;
 The other watcht, and still their Stations kept.
 Which way so-ere he stands, he *Io* spyes:
Io, behind him, was before his eyes.
 By day, she graz'd abroad: *Sol* vnder ground,
 He hous'd her, in vnworthy halter bound.
 On leaues of Trees, and bitter herbs she fed.
 Poore soule! the Earth, not alwayes greene, her bed;
 And of the Torrent drinks. With hands Vp-heau'd
 Shee thought to beg for pity: how deceiu'd!
 Who low'd, when she began to make her mone;
 And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.
 Vnto the banks of *Inachus* shee stray'd;
 Her Fathers banks, where she so oft had play'd:
 Beholding in his streame her horned head,
 She starts; and from her selfe, selfe-frighted, fled.
 Her Sisters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew:
 Which way so-ere they went, she would pursue,
 And suffer them to stroke her; and doth moue

Their wonder with her strange expressed loue.
 He brought her *Grasse*: She gently lickt his hands,
 And kist his palmes; nor, longer, teares withstands.
 And had shee then had words, shee had display'd
 Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.
 For words, she letters with her foot imprest
 Vpon the Sand, which her sad change protest.
 Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*: his armes he throwes
 About her snawy Necke. O, woe of woes!
 Art thou my daughter, throughout all the Round
 Of Earth so sought; that now, vn-sought, art found!
 Leslie was thy losse: leslie was my miserie.
 Dumb wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply:
 Yet, as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speake,
 And deep-fetcht sighes that from thy bosom breake.
 Ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:
 My hopes, a Sonne-in-law, and Nephewes fed.
 Now, from the Heard, thy issue must descend:
 Nor can the length of time my sorrowes end;
 Accurst in that a God. Deaths sweet reliefe
 Hard fates denie to my immortall griefe.
 This said: his Daughter (in that shape belou'd)
 The Star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remou'd;
 When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie
 Suruayes the Playnes that round about him lie.
 The King of Gods those sorrowes she indur'd:
 Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:
 But, calls his sonne, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;
 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.
 He wings his heeles, puts on his Felt, and takes
 His drowlie Rod; the Towre of *Ioue* forsakes;
 And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God

His Hat and Wings layes by ; retaynes his Rod :
With which he driues his Gotes (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and sings t'his slender Reeds.

Much taken with that Art, before vnkowne,
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.
No place affordeth better Pastorage,
Or shelter from the Sunnes offensiué rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obay ;
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day :
Then, singing to his Pipes soft melody,
Endeuors to subdue each wakefull eye.
The Herd-man strives to conquer vrgent sleepe :
Though seiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe
Observant watch. He askes who did inuent
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument.

Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines :
Amongst the *Hamadryad's* and *Nonacrinés*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for beautie fam'd,
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd.
Who oft deceiu'd the Satyres that pursu'd,
The rurall Gods, and those whom woods include :
In exercises, and in chaste desire,
Diana like; and such in her attire.
You either in each other might behold :
Her Bow was Horne ; *Diana's* was of Gold :
Yet oft mistooke. *Lar* crown'd with Pines, returning
From steep *Lycaeus*, saw her; and, loue-burning,
Thus said : Faire Virgin, grant a Gods request ;
And be his Wife. She would not heare the rest ;
But fled from the despis'd as from her shame,
Till to smooth *Idon's* sandy banks shee came,
There stopt ; implores the liquid Sisters aid,

To change her shape, and pittie a fore't Maid.
Then, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt
Betweene his arms, Reeds for her body graspt.
He sighs : they, stir'd there-with, report againe
A mournfull sound, like one that did complaine.
Capt with the musick; Yet, O sweet (said he)
Together euer thus conuerse will we.
Then, of vnequall wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
His seuen-fold Pipe : of her 't was *Syrinx* nam'd.
The fly *Cyllenius*, thus discoursing, spies
How leaden sleep had seal'd vp all his eyes.
Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes
Their languisht lights, which sounder sleep prouokes,
And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head :
Whose bloud belinear'd the hoarie Rock with red.
Where lyes he ; of so many lights, the light
Put forth : his hundred eyes set in one night.
Yet, that those starry iewels might remayne,
Cyrtura fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,
Before sad *Idon's* eyes and thoughts shee plac't
Arynus Snakes, and through the World doth driue
The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitiue.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didst yeeld.
Approaching thee, shee on thy margent kneel'd ;
Her looks (such as shee had) to heauen vp-throwes :
With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing worldlesse woes)
Shee seem'd *Idon* t' accuse, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard fate.
He clips his Wife ; and her intreats to free
The vniustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
Thou neuer more shall cause thy grieffe, or feare :

His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters heare.
 Appeas'd; the Nymph recouer'd her first looke;
 So faire, so sweet! the haire her skin forooke:
 Her horns decreas'd: large eyes, wide iawes, contract:
 Shoulders and hands againe become exact:
 Her hooues to nailes diminish: nothing now
 But that pure White, retaynes thee of the Cow.
 Then, on her feete her body she erects
 Now borne by two. Her selfe she yet suspects;
 Nor dares to speake alowd, lest she should heare
 Her selfe to low; but softly tries with feare.
 Now, thee, a Goddesse, is ador'd by those
 That linnen weare, where sacred *Nilus* flowes.

Hence sprung *Ioue's Epaphus*, no lesse diuine;
 Whose Temples next vnto his Mother's ioyne.
 Equall in yeeres, nor equall spirit wants
 The Sunne-got *Phaeton*: who proudly vants
 Of his high Parentage; nor will giue place.
Trachides puts on him this disgrace:
 Foole, thou thy Mother trusts in things vnknowne;
 And of a Farther boasts that's not thy owne.
 Vext *Phaeton* blusht: his shame his rage repels:
 Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tels:
 And Mother, said he, to your griefes increase;
 I see, and late so fiery, held my peace;
 As haue'd that such a tainture should be lay'd
 Vpon my bloud, that could not be gayn-said.
 But, if I be descended from aboue;
 Giue proofe thereof, and this reproach remoue.
 Then hangs about her necke: by her owne Head,
 By *Merope's*, her Sisters nuptiall bed,
 Intreats her to produce some certaine gage,

That might assure his question'd parentage.
 Mou'd with her sonnes intreaty, more inflam'd
 With indignation to be so defam'd,
 She casts her armes to heauen: and looking on
 His radiant Orbe, thus said: I sweare my son,
 By yon faire Taper, that so bright appears
 With far-projected beames; who sees, and heares:
 That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat
 Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
 If not, may he to me deny his sight:
 And to my eyes let this be his last light.
 Nor far-remoued doth his Palace stand;
 His first-vprise confines vpon our Land:
 If that thy heart doe serue thee, thither goe;
 And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.
 Hereat, ioy'd *Phaeton* enlightned grew;
 Whose towring thoughts no lesse than Heauen pursew.
 His *Aethiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries
 With burning beames, he climes the Sun's vprise.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The second Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

RASH Phaeton fires the World. His sisters mourne
 His Tragedie; who into Poplars turne;
 Their teares to Amber; Cygnus, to a Swan.
 Ioue, Phœbe-like, Calisto found a Man.
 Her, Iuno made a Beare: Shee, and her son,
 Advanced slaves, that fill the Ocean foun.
 Coronis, now a Crowe, flies Neptune's frights;
 Niſtimine is made the Bird of Night.
 The too-officious Raven, late so fayre,
 Is plum'd with black; Ocyroë growes a Mare.
 Phœbus, a Herdsman: Mercury, twice such;
 Who turnes betraying Pæteus into Tuck.
 Envious Aglauros, to a Statue, full
 Of her minde's spots. Loue Ioue conuerts t' a Bull.

SOL's Iofie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
 Shone all with gold, and ſtones that flame-like blaz'
 The rooſe of Iuory, diuinely deckt:
 The two-Ieau'd ſiluer-doores bright rayes proieſt.
 The workmanſhip more admiration crau'd:
 For, curious *Mulciber* had there ingrau'd
 The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,
 The arch'd Heauens. Blew Gods the billowes crown'd;

Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* thrill; the tall
 Big-brawn'd *Argo* mounted on a Whale.
Gay Doris, and her daughters, heavenly-faire:
 Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;
 Some lie vpon the dancing Waues to glide;
 Others on backs of crooked Fishes ride:
 Amongst them all, no two appeare the same;
 Nor do't more than fillers well became.
 The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,
 Nymphs, Satyres, rurall Gods, and crystall Floods:
 About all these, Heauen's radiant Image shines,
 On both sides deckt with six resplendent Signes.
 To this, bold *Phaëton* made his ascent;
 And to his doubted Father's presence bent;
 Yet forc't to stand aloofe: for, mortall sight
 Could not indure t' approach so pure a light.
 So cloth'd in purple, sits vpon a Throne,
 Which cleerly with tralucient Emralds shone.
 With equall-raigning Houres, on either hand,
 The Dayes, the Moneths, the Yeers, the Ages stand:
 The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
 Wheat eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:
 Rich Autumn line'd with crust *Lycus* blood;
 Next, honny-headed Winter quivering stood.

Much daunted at these sacred nouelties,
 The fearfull Youth all-seeing *Phaëton* spies;
 Who said, What hither drew thee *Phaëton*,
 Who art, and worthily, my dearest Son?
 He thus reply'd: O thou resplendent Light,
 Who all the World reioycest with thy sight!
 O Father! if allow'd to vse that name,
 Not *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame;

Produce

Produce some signe, that may my birth approue,
 And from my thoughts these wretched doubts remoue.
 He, from his browes, his shining rayes displac't;
 And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck inbrac't.
 By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
 That name, said he; and *Clymene* was true.
 To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take
 Thy granted wish. Beare witness thou dark Lake,
 The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnknowne.
 These words no sooner from his lips were flowne,
 But he demands his Chariot, and the sway
 Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.
 The God repents him of the oath he made;
 And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said:

Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth vnblest.
 O, would I could break promise! this request,
 I must confesse, I onely would denie:
 And yet, disswade I may. Thy death doth lie
 Within thy wish. What's so desir'd by thee,
 Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.
 Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.
 Thou, mortall, do'st no mortall thing desire;
 Through ignorance, affecting more than they
 Dare vndertake, who in *Olympus* sway.
 Though each himselfe approue; except me, none
 Is able to supply my burning Throne.
 Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,
 Can drive these wheelles: and who more great than *Joue*?
 Steep is the first ascent; which in the prime
 Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly clime.
 At Noone, through highest skies their course they beare:
 Whence Sea and Land euen We behold with feare.

C 4

Then

Then downe the Hill of Heauen they scoure amaine
 With desperate speed, and need a steady reigne;
 That *Phetis*, in whose wauy bowres I lie,
 Each euening dreads my down-fall from the skie.
 Besides; the Heauens are daily hurried round,
 That turn the Spheres, to other motions bound.
 Against this violence, my way I force,
 And counter-run their all-*o're*-bearing course.
 My Charriot had: can thy feeble strength ascend
 The oblious Poles, and with their force contend?
 No Groves, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
 No mable Planes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
 Through salvage shapes, and dangers lyes thy way:
 Which couldst thou keep, and by no error stray,
 Betwene the Bulls sharp horns yet must thou goe;
 By him that draws the strong *Aemonian* bowe;
 The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending clawes;
 The shorter Crab's; the roaring Lyon's iawes.
 Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame:
 Who from their mouthes and nostrils vomit flame.
 They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
 But, head-strong, struggle with the hated bit.
 Then, lest my bountie, which would saue, should kill:
 Beware, and whilst thou maist, reforme thy will.
 Angne thou crau'st, that might confirme thee mine:
 I, by dehorting, giue a certaine signe;
 Approv'd a Father, by Paternall feare:
 Look on my looks, and reade my sorrows there.
 O, would thou could'st descend into my brest;
 And apprehend my vexed Soules vnrest!
 And lastly, all the wealthy World behold,
 Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas in fold,

Or

Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remayne,
 Aske what thou wilt; and no repulse sustaine.
 To this alone, I giue a forc't consent:
 No honour, but a true-nam'd punishment.
 Thou, for a blessing, beg'st the worst of harms.
 Why hang'st thou on my neck with fawning arms?
 Distrust not; we haue sworn: but aske, and take
 What thou canst wish: yet, wiser wishes make.
 In vaine dehorted; he, his promise claym'd;
 With glory of so great a charge inflam'd.
 The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phæbus* brought
 To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.
 The Beam and Axeltree of massie gold;
 On Siluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd:
 Rich Gems and Crysolites the Harnesse deckt;
 Which, *Phæbus* beames, with equall light, reflect.
 Whilst this, admiring *Phaëton* suruayes,
 The wakefull Morning from the East displayes
 Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,
 With plentie of dew-dropping Roses spread.
 Cleare *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace;
 And, after all the rest, resignes his place.
 When *Titan* saw the Dawning ruddy grew,
 And how the Moon her siluer horns with-drew:
 He bade the light-foot Houtres, without delay
 To ioyn his Steeds. The Goddeses obay:
 Who, from their lofty Mangers, forth-with led
 His fierie Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.
 With sacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,
 Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,
 He crown'd him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
 With doubled sighs, which following woes fore-ran.

C 5

Let

Let not thy Father still aduise in vaine.
 Sonne, spare the whip, and strongly vse the raigne.
 They, of their owne accord will run too fast.
 'Tis hard, to moderate a flying hastes.
 Nor driue along the siue directer Lines.
 A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,
 Contented with three Zones: which doth auoid
 The distant Poles: the track thy wheeles will guide.
 Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high;
 That temperate warmth may heauen and earth supply.
 A lustie course will heauen with fire infest;
 A lowely, earth: the safer Meane is best.
 Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
 Nor to the Altar on the other side:
 Betweene these driue. The rest I leaue to Fate;
 Who better proue, than thou, to thy owne state.
 But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night
 Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's splendor re-inthrone's the Day:
 We are expected, nor can longer stay.
 Take vp the reignes, or, while thou maist, refuse;
 And not my Chariot, but my counsell vse;
 While on a firme foundation thou dost stand,
 Not yet posselt of thy ill-wisht Command.
 Let me the World with vsuall influence cheare:
 And view that light which is vnase to beare.
 The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,
 Ail courage, vault's into the blazing Throne:
 Glad of the reignes, nor doubtfull of his skill;
 And gues his Father thanks against his will.
 Meane while, the Sunnes swift Horses, hot *Pyrgons*,
 Strong *Liban*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Lions*,

Neighing.

Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;
 And, with their thundring hoooues, the barriers beat.
 Which when hospitious *Thetis* once with-drew,
 (Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)
 And gaue them scope; they mount the ample skie,
 And cut the obuious Clouds with feet that flie.
 Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leaue behinde
 The glowing East, and slower Easterne-winde.
 But, *Phæbus* Horses could not feele that fraight:
 The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.
 And as vnballac't ships are rockt and tost
 With tumbling Waues, and in their steerage lost:
 So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reeles;
 And iouls, as emptie, vpon iumping Wheeles.
 Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;
 And, straggling, out of all subiection run.
 He knowes not how to turne, nor knowes the way;
 Or had he knowne, yet would not they obey.
 The cold, now hot, *Triones* sought in vaine
 To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.
 The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,
 Benum'd, and hurtlesse, now began to rowle
 With actuell heat; and long forgotten ire
 Resumes, together with æthereall fire.
 'Tis said, that thou *Roôt*:s ranst away,
 Though slow, though thee thy heavy Waine did stay.
 But, when from top of all the arched skye,
 Vnhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye:
 Pale sudden feare vn-nerues his quaking thighs;
 And, in so great a light, benights his eyes.
 He wisht those Steeds vnknowne; vnknown his birth;
 His sute vngranted: now he couets earth;

To

To be the sonne of scorned *Merope*.
 Rapt as a ship vpon the high-wrought Sea,
 By saluage tempests chaic't; which in despaire
 The Pilot leaueth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
 What should he doe? much of the heauen behinde;
 Much more before: both measur'd in his minde.
 The neuer-to-be entred West linuay's;
 And then the East. Lost in his owne amaze,
 And ignorance, he can nor hold the reignes,
 Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horses names:
 But stares on terror-striking skies (possess'd
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting brest.
 There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
 His compass claws; who through two Signes extends.
 Whom when the Youth beheld, flew d in black sweat
 Of poyson, and with turn'd-vp taile to threat
 A mortall wound; pale feare his senses strooke,
 And slackned reignes let's fall, from hands that shooke.
 They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
 With vn-controlled error scoure the skie
 Through vnknowne ayrie Regions; and tread
 The way which their disordred fury led.
 Vp to the fixed Starres their course they take;
 And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot rake:
 Now clime now, by steep Præcipes descend:
 And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.
 To see her brother's Steeds beneath her owne
 The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone.
 Invading fire the vpper Earth assayl'd;
 Adchapt and con'd; her pregnant iuyce exhal'd.
 Trees seed them run: Grasses, gray-headed turns;
 And Cane, by that which did produce it, burns.

But

But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,
 Realmes with their People, funerall fire deuoures.
 The Mountayns blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;
 Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, neuer till then drie;
Oete, old *Imolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*
 Muse-haunted *Aclicon*, *Oeagrian Aëmus*.
 Loud *Eetna* roreth with her doubled fires:
Vernaßus grones beneath two flaming spires.
 Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glowe;
 And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snowe.
 The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:
 Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
 High *Mycæ*, diuine *Cytheron*, wast;
Pindus, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast,
 More great *Olympus* (which before did shine)
 The ayrie *Alpes*, and cloudie *Appenine*.
 Then *Phæton* beheld on euery side
 The World on fire, nor could such heat abide;
 And, at his deadly-drie and gasping iawes,
 The scalding Ayre, as from a furnace, drawes;
 His Chariot, redder than the fire it bore;
 And, being mortall, could indure no more
 Such clouds of ashes, and eielected coles.
 Muffled in smoake which round about him rowles,
 He knowes not where he is, nor what succeeds;
 Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds.
 Men say, the *Æthiopians* then grew swart;
 Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
 A sandie Desert *Lybia* then became,
 Her full veins emptied by the thirsty flame.
 With hair vnbound and torn, the Nymphs, distraught,
 Bewaile their Springs, *Bæotia Dirce* sought;

Argæ,

Argos, *any more*: *Ephyre*, faire
Pene mist: Nor streames securer are.
 Great *Tanais* in boyling chancell fumes;
Leuthamian Cayus with heat consumes;
Ismenus, old *Leucus*, *Frymanthus*,
 Yellow *Lycornas*; to be twice-burnt, *Zanthus*.
Aeander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;
Euphrates, late inuesting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Phasis*, *Ister*, *Thermodon*,
Ganges, *Alpi* *éas*, *Sperchius* lately cold,
 And *Tagus* flowing with dissolued gold.
 The Swans, that rauisht with their melodie
Aeoni banks, now in *cayster* frie.
 To farthest Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
 And there conceal'd his yet vnfound-out head,
 Whil st his seuen dustie chanel streamlesse lie.
Ismarion Hebrus, *Strymon* now are drie:
Hesperian streames, *Rhine*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
 And Scepter destinated *Tyber* glow.
 Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light descends;
 And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queene, offends.
 The Ocean shrinks, and leaues a field of Sand;
 Where new discovered Rocks, and Mountaines stand,
 That multiply the scattered *Cyclides*,
 Late couer'd with the deepe and awfull Seas,
 The Fittes to the bottom diue: nor dare
 The sportlesse Dolphins tempt the sultrick Aire:
 Long boyld aliue, the manfrous *bocæ* die,
 And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
 With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raues;
 Who hid themselves beneath the scalding waues.

Thrice

Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arme vp-held
 About the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.
 Yet foodfull *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
 Amidst the Seas, and Fountaines now vnfound
 (Selfe-hid within the womb where they were bred)
 Neck-high aduanceth her all-bearing head.
 (Her parched fore-head shaddowed with her hand)
 And, shaking, shooke what-euer on her stand:
 Where-with, a little shrunk into her brest,
 Her sacred tongue her sorrowes thus exprest:
 If such thy will, and I deserue the same,
 Thou chiefe of Gods, why sleeps thy vengefull flame?
 Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire must frie:
 The Author lessens the calamitie.
 But, whilst I strue to vtter this, I choke.
 View my sing'd haire, mine eyes half-out with smoke!
 The sparkling cinders on my visage throwne!
 Is this my recompence? the fauour showne
 For all my seruice? for the fruit I haue borne?
 That thus I am with plough and harrowes torne?
 Wrought-out through-out the yeare? that man and beast
 Sustaine with food? and you with incense feast?
 But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
 What hath thy brother done (by equall Fate
 Elected to the wayy Monarchie),
 That Seas should sinke, and from thy presence flie?
 If neither he, nor I thy pittie moue,
 Pitty thy Heauen. Behold! the Poles aboue
 At either end do fume: and should they burne,
 Thy habitation would to ruine turne.
 Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrink with payne,
 And scarce the glowing *Axeltree* sustaine.

If

If Sea, if Earth, if Heauen shall fall by fire,
Then all of vs to *chaos* must retire.

O! quench these flames: the miserable state
Of things releue, afore it be too-late.

This said, her voyce her parched tongue forsook,
Nor longer could the smothering vapors brook;
But, down into her-selſe with-drew her head,
Neere to the infernall Cauerns of the Dead.

Ioue calls the Gods to witnesse, and who lent
The straying Chariot; should not he preuent,
That All would perill by one destinie;
Then mounts the highest Turret of the skie,
From thence inur'd to cloud the spacefull Earth,
And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vaine,
To shade or coole the scorched Earth with raine.
He thunders; and, with hands that cannot erre,
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
Him strooke he from his seat, breath from his brest,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppress.
The frighted horses, plunging seuerall wayes,
Breake all their tire: to whom the bit obayes;
The reignes, torne beame, crackt spokes, dispoſt abroad,
Scorcht Heauen was with the Chariots ruines strow'd.
But, soule lesse *Lacton*, with blazing haire,
Sho't head-long through a long descent of Aire;
As when a falling starre glides through the skie,
Or seemes to fall to the deceiued eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place
Of birth) receiue'd, and quencht his flagrant face:
Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;
And fixt this Epitaph vpon his Tomb:

Here

Here *Phaeton* lyes: who though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

Phabus with griefe with-drew. One day did runne
About the World, they say, with-out the Sunne,
Which flamie funerals illuminate;

That good, deriued from a wretched Fate.
When *Cyclops* had said what could be said
In such a griefe; halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,
She fills the Earth she wanders through, with groanes,
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Interr'd in forren Lands shee found the last:

Her feeble-lims vpon the place shee cast,
And bath'd his name in teares, and strictly prest
The carued Marble with her bared brest.
Nor lesse th'*Heliades* lament; who shead
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead:
Who with remortleſſe hands their bosoms teare;
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.
With ioyned horns foure Moons their orbs had fil'd,
Since they their customarie plaints vpheld:
When *Phaetusa*, thinking to haue cast
Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her sisters ayd,

As suddenly with fixt roots was stayd.
A third, about t'haue torne her scattered haire,
Tore-off the leaues which on her crowne the bare.
This, griueth at her stiffe and senselesse dighes:
Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whilſt with wonder they themselves behold,
The creeping barke their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all
Except their mouthes; which on their mother call.

What

What should thee doe? but run to that, to this,
 As furie draue; and snatch a parting kisse?
 But yet, not so suffiz'd, thee stroue to take
 Them, from themselves, and down the branches brake:
 From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
 O pittie, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
 Nor to be vs in our Trees! O! now adieu!
 With that, the barke their lips together drew.
 From these cleere dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
 They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
 Which, on the moysture-gining Riuer spent,
 To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is sent.

Sthenactian *Cygnus* at that time was there,
 A kin to *Phaëton*; in loue, more neere.
 He, leauing State (who in *Liguria* reign'd,
 Which Cities great and populous contain'd)
 Fild with complaints the Riuer-chiding floods,
 The sedgeie banks, and late augmented Woods.
 At length, his voice grew small: white plume contends
 In whitenesse with his haire: his neck ascends.
 Red blms vnite his toes: armes turne to wings:
 His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings.
 Becomes a Swan, remembering how vnjust
Ioue's lightning was, nor Heauen, nor him will trust.
 Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight;
 And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.

The wofull Father to dead *Phaëton*,
 Him selfe neglecting (all his lustre gon,
 As when eclips'd) day, light, his owne life hates;
 And loosed quere, with anger aggrauates.
 Retuing to illuminate the Earth.

Enough, too much my toile! born with the birth

Of Time; (as restless;) without end, regard,
 Or honour: recompenc't with this reward!
 Some other now may on my Chariot sit.
 If all of you confesse your selues vnfit;
 Let *Ioue* ascend: that he (when he shall trie)
 At length may lay his murdering thunder by.
 Then will he iude, that he, who could not guide
 Those fire-hoou'd Steeds, deseru'd not to haue dy'd.

The Gods stand round about him, and request
 That endlesse Night might not the World inuest.
 Euen *Ioue* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
 Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
 Displeased *Phæbe*, hardly reconcil'd,

Takes vp his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
 On whom he vents his spleen: and, though they run,
 He lathes, and vpbraids them with his Son.

The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
 Of Heauens high walls, to search if all were found.
 When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
 He Earth, and humane industries suruay'd.

Arcadia chiefly exerciz'd his cares;
 There, Springs and streames, that durst not run, repaire's;
 The Fields with grasse, the Trees with leaues indue's,
 And withered Woods with vanisht Shades renew's.

Of passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
 The God inflam'd; her beautie, more diuine!
 'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care
 And fine varietie to trick her haire;
 But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,
 And her rude tresses in a fillet wound:
 Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bowe:
 A Squire of *Phæbe's*. *Menalus* did knowe

None

None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
 But, Favorites in favour last not long.
 The parted Day in equall balance held,
 A Wood shee entred, as yet neuer feld.
 There from her shoulders shee her Quiuer takes,
 Vnbends her Bowe; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes
 The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
 And on her painted Quiuer layes her head.
 When *Ioue* the Nymph without a guard did see
 In such a posture; This stealth, said hee,
 My Wife shall neuer know: or, say shee did;
 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid!
Diana's shape and habit them indew'd,
 He said; My Huntresse, where hast thou pursu'd
 This morning's chace? Shee, rising, made reply;
 Haile Pow'r, more great than *Ioue* (though *Ioue* stood by)
 In my esteem — He smil'd: and gladly heard
 Him-selfe, by her, before Him-selfe prefer'd;
 And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow;
 Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.
 His strict imbracements her narration stay'd;
 And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
 Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate:
 (Would *Ioue* saw! it would her spleene abate)
 Although, as much as Woman could, shee stroue;
 What Woman, or, who can contend with *Ioue*!
 The Victor hies him to th'athereall States.
 The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, shee hates;
 Almost forgetting, as from thence shee flung,
 Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.
 High *Menalus* *Delphyna* with her traine
 Now entring, pleased with the quarryaine,

Beheld,

Beheld, and call'd her: call'd vpon, shee fled;
 And in her semblance *Iupiter* doth dread.
 But, when shee saw the attending Nymphs appeare;
 Shee troops amongst them, and diuerts her feare.
 Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
 With eyes scarce euer rais'd, shee hangs the head:
 Nor perks shee now, as shee was wont to do,
 By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry crew.
 Though mute shee bee, her violated shame
 Selfe-guiltie blushes silently proclaime.
 But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
 Had soone espy'd: they say, her sly Nymphs did.
 Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
 When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
 Shee takes the shades; close by the murmuring
 And siluer current of a fruitfull Spring.
 The place much pray'd, the streame as coole as cleere
 Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, said shee, be here:
 Here will wee our disrobed bodies dip.
Calisto blusht: the rest their faire lims strip.
 And her perforce vnclath'd, that sought delayes;
 Who, with her body, her offence displays.
 They, all abasht, yet loth to haue it spy'd,
 Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
 Auant, said *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;
 Nor, with thy lims, this sacred Fountaine stayne.
 This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
 Whose thoughts, to fitter times, reuenge defer:
 Nor long delayes; for, *Arcas* (which more scorne
 And grieve prouok't) was of the Lady borne.
 Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
 Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,

And

From thence, those stars, the price of whordome, drue;
Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges diue.

They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skyes
Their Goddesse draw; late stucke with *Argus* eyes.
Thou too, thou prating Rauē, turn'd as late
From white to blacke, by well-deserued Fate.

(The spotlesse silver Ioue was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running brookes delight:
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gaggling shall
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitoll.)

Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee vndoe:
And what was white, is now of fable hew.

The Palme, *Coronis*, of *Larissa*, bare
From all th' *Aemonian* Dames for matchlesse faire.
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belou'd by thee;
As long as chaste, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her escapes did soone descrie:
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe pursuē
(As talkative as he) to know the newes;

And, knowing, said: Thy felie thou dost ingage
By thanklesse seruice: flight not my preface.
Know what I was, and am: through all my time
My actions list: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For, *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd
Of *Atreick* Osiars, priuately inclos'd
Her *Erichthonius* (whom no Woman bare)
Committed to the custodie and care
Of three faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cerere*s, who two shapes did beare:
Not told what it contain'd; but, charg'd that they
Her secrets should not to themselves betray.

These

These from an Elme I (vnesp'y'd) espy.
Faire *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully
Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearfull sisters, and vntyes with-all
The wicker Cabinet; whose twigs containe
An infant, rayed on a Dragon's trayne.
This, I my Goddesse told; and for reward,
Am now cashiered from *Minerua's* Guard,
The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by mee:
Nor too officiously tell all you see.

Perhaps, you thinke, I to that place aspir'd
Without her grace: vnought-to, or desir'd:
Should you aske *Pallas*, and her anger by;
Though more than angrie, this shee would deny.
Me had King *Coronæus*, great in fame.
Through happy *Phœcis*, by a royall Dame.
Rich sisters I (despise me not) had store:
My beauty wrackt me. Walking on the shore,
As leasurely as now I vse to goe,
Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glowe.
The time, his prayr's, and prayes spent in vaine;
What would not yeeld, he offers to constraime;
And follows me that fled. The harder strand
Behind me left: and tyr'd with yeelding sand,
To Gods and Men I crie. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid relceues a Maid.
For, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;
My armes cole-black with hovering feathers grew:
My Robe I from my shoulders thought to throw:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did growe.
With hands to beat my naked brest, I trie:
But, neither brest to beat, nor hands, had I.

D

Running.

Running, in sand I sunke not as before ;
 But, me the scarce-tought Earth, vnburden'd bore.
 Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre ascend ;
 And on *Minerva*, without blame, attend.
 But, what was this ; when shee, whose wicked deeds
 Vnwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds ?
 For, know (no more than through all *Lesbos* spread)
Nyctimene defil'd her Fathers bed.
 Though now a Bird ; yet, full of guilt, the sight,
 The Day, she shuns, and masks her shame in Night.
 About her, all our winged troops repayre ;
 And, with inuestiues, chase her through the Ayre.
 To her, the Rauen : Mischiefe thee surprise
 For staying me. Vaine Omen's I despise ;
 Then, forward flew ; and told the hurtfull truth
 Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *Aemonian* Youth.
 The Harp drops from his hand : and from his head
 The Laurell fell : his chearefull colour fled.
 Transported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
 And with ineuitable arrow strooke
 That brest, which he so oft to his had ioyn'd :
 Shee threcks ; and from the deadly wound doth wind
 The biting Steele, pursu'd with streames of blood,
 That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood :
 And said ; Though this be dew, yet, *Phæbus*, I
 Might first haue teem'd : now, two in one must die.
 Shee faints : forc't life in her blood's torrent swims :
 And stifning cold benums her senselesse lims.
 His crueltie, to her he lou'd, too late,
 He now repenteth, and himselfe doth hate,
 Who lent an eare, whom rage could so incense :
 He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence ;

Hee hates his Art, his Quiuer, and his Bowe ;
 Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth showe.
 But (ah !) too late to vanquish Fate he tries ;
 And surgerie, without successe, applies.
 Which when he saw, and saw the funerall pyle
 Prepared to deuour so deare a spoyle ;
 Since no cœlestiall eye may shed a teare,
 He fetcht a grone, that made Earth grone to heare :
 And now vncar'd-for odours powr'd vpon her ;
 And vndue death with all due rites doth honour.
 But, *Phæbus*, not induring that his seed
 (And that by her) the greedie Fire should feed,
 Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame ;
 And to the two-shap't *Chiron* brought the same.
 The white-plum'd Rauen, who reward expects,
 He turnes to blacke ; and for his truth reiects.
 It pleas'd the Halfe-horse to be so employ'd ;
 Who in his honorable trouble ioy'd.
 Behold : the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,
 Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
 By the swift Riuer, and *Ocyroë* nam'd ;
 Who had her Father's healthfull Art disclaym'd,
 To sing the depth of Fates : Now, when her brest
 Was by the prophecying rage posselt,
 And that th' included God inflam'd her mind ;
 Beholding of the Babe, she thus diuin'd :
 Health giuer to the World, grow Infant, grow ;
 To whom mortallitie so much shall owe.
 Led Soules thou shalt restore to their aboads ;
 And once against the pleasure of the Gods.
 To doe the like, thy Grand-fires flames denie :
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.

Thou, of a bloodlesse corps, a God shalt bee:
 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
 And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
 To whom the Fates eternitie allow;
 Shall with to die, then when your wound shall smart
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helpless Art.
 Relenting Fates will pittie you with death,
 Against their Law, and stop your groning breath.

Not all yet said, her sighes in stormes arise;
 And ill-aboding teares burst from her eyes.
 Then, thus: My Fates preuent me: lo, they tie
 My faltering tongue; and farther speech denie.
 Alas! these Arts not of that valew be,
 That they should draw the wrath of Heauen on me!
 O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!
 My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.
 I long to feed on grasse: I long to run
 About the spacious fields. Woe's me, vndon!
 Into a Mare (my kindred's shape) I grow:
 Yet, why throughout my Father but halfe so.

The end of her complaint you scarce could heare
 To vnderstand: her words confused were.
 Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she exprest;
 Her voyce yet more inclining to the beast:
 Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little space,
 Her down-thrust armes vpon the Meadow pafe.
 Her fingers joyne: one hoofe fixe nayles vnite;
 Her head and neck enlarge, not now vp-right:
 Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:
 Her dangling haire vpon her crest descends:
 Her voyce and shape at once transform'd became:
 And to the Prodigie they giue a name.

OL

Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phæbus*, vainly cryes
 On thee to change the changelesse Destinies.
 Admit thou could'st: thee, from thy selfe expel'd,
 Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.

It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,
 Thou play'dst vpon vnequall seuen-fold Reeds:
 Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whil'st cares of loue
 Thy soule possesse, and other cares remoue;
 Without a guard the *Pylian* Oxen stray:
 Obserued by the craftie sonne of *May*,
 Forthwith he secretly conueighs them thence,
 In vntract Woods concealing his offence.
 None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
 Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed.
 Him onely he misdoubts: then, (t'ane a-part)
 Stranger, said *Mercury*, what'ere thou art;
 If any for this Herd by chance inquire,
 Conceale thy knowledge: and receiue, for hire,
 This white-hair'd Cow. Heeooke her, and reply'd,
 Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be discry'd
 By yonder stone, than me; and shew'd a stone.
Ioue's sonne departs, and straight returns vnknowne
 (A seeming Clowne in forme and voice) who said:
 Saw'st thou no cattel through these fields conuay'd?
 Detect the theft; in their recouerie ioyne:
 And, lo, this Hecker, with her Bull, is thine.
 He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd: There
 Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.
 Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd; What, knauc, I say,
 Me to my selfe; me to my selfe betray?
 Then, to a Touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd brest;
 Whose nature now is in that name exprest.

D 3

Hence,

Shee might not enter), and the darke doore strooke
 With her bright lance; which straight in sunder broke.
 There saw shee *Enuie* lapping *Vipers* blood;
 And feeding on their flesh, her vices food:
 And, hauing seen her, turn'd-away her eyes.
 The Catiffe slowly from the ground doth rise
 (Her halfe-deuoured Serpents laid-aside)
 And forward creepeth with a lazie stride.
 Viewing her forme so faire; her armes, so bright;
 Shee gron'd, and sigh't at such a chearfull sight.
 Her body more than meger; pale her hew;
 Her teeth all rusty; still shee looks askew;
 Her brest with gall, her tongue with poyson sweld:
 Shee only laught, when shee sad sights beheld.
 Her euer-waking cares exil'd soft sleep:
 Who looks on good successe, with eyes that weep;
 Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:
 And on her selfe reuengeth her misdeeds.
 Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest;
 Yet briefly thus her pleasure shee exprest:
Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*,
 Doe thou infect with thy accurst disease.
 This said; the hastie Goddesse doth aduance
 Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Enuie pursues her with a wicked eye,
 Much grieu'd at her preuayling industrie.
 Wrapt in darke clouds, which way so ere she turns,
 The Corne she lodges, flowry pastures burns,
 Crops what growes high; Towns, Nations, with her breath
 Pollutes; and Vertue persecutes to death.
 When shee the faire *Athenian* towres beheld,
 Which so in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,

And

And feastfull Peace; to crie shee scarce forbears,
 In that shee saw no argument for teares.
 When shee *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
 Shee gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
 Her cancred hand ypon her brest shee lay'd,
 And crooked thornes into her heart conuay'd,
 And breath'd in banefull poyson; which shee sheads
 Into her bones, and through her liuer spreads.
 And that her enuy might not want a cause:
 The God in his diuineest forme shee draws:
 And with it, sets before her wounded eyes
 Her happy sister, and their nuptiall ioyes:
 Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,
 And gnaw her soule. Shee sighes all day, all night;
 And with a slow infection melts away,
 Like Ice before the Sunnes vncertaine ray.
 Faire *Herse*'s happy state such heart-burne breeds
 In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds
 Are set on fire: which without flame consume:
 And seem (so small their heat) to burne with fume.
 Oft shee resolues to die, such sights to shun:
 Oft, by disclosing, to haue both vndon.
 Now sits shee on the threshold, to preuent
 The Gods access; who with lost blandishment,
 And his best Art, perswades. Quoth shee; forbear,
 I cannot be remou'd, if you stay here.
 I to this bargain, he reply'd, will stand;
 The doore then forces with his figured wand.
 Striuing to rise, to second her debate,
 Her hips could not remoue, prest with dull waight.
 Again shee struggl'd to haue stood on end:
 But, those vnsupple sinewes would not bend.

D 5

Incröching

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The third Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Round troops from Dragons late-fowne teeth arise.
 By his owne Hounds the Hart Actæon dyes.
 Iuno, a Beldame. Semele doth frie
 In wist imbraces. Bacchus from Ioue's thigh
 Takes second birth. The wist Tiresias twice
 Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Eccho pines & a voice :
 Selfe-lov'd Narcissus to a Daffadill.
 Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrrhen's ship stands still,
 With Iuy mor'd. Strange shapes the Saylers frigh :
 Who Dolphins turne, and fill in ships delights.

A Nd now the God arising with his Rape
 At sacred Creet, resumes his heavenly shape.
 The King his sonne to seeke his daughter sent,
 Fore-doomed to perpetuall banishment,
 Except his fortune to his wish succeed :
 How pious, and how impious in one deed !
 Earth wandred-through (Ioue's thefts who can exquire ?)
 He shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire :
 With Phœbus Oracle consults, to know
 What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
 Who, thus. In desert fields observe a Cow,
 Yet neuer yoke, nor scruile to the plow.

Follow

Follow her slow conduct, and where shee shall
Repose, there build: the place *Bæotia* call.

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Caue descended,
When he a Heifer saw, by no man tended,
Her neck vngall'd with groning seruitude.
The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursew'd.
Cephisus floud, and *Panope* now past,
Shee made a stand; to heauen her fore-head cast,
With lostie horns most exquisitely faire;
Then, with repeated lowings fild the Ayre:
Looks back vpon the company shee led;
And, kneeling, makes the tender grasse her bed.
Thanks-giuing *Cadmus* kist the vnknowne ground;
The stranger fields and hills saluting round.
About to sacrifice to heauen's high King,
He send's for water from the liuing Spring.

A Wood there was, which neuer Axe did bow;
In it, a Caue, where Reeds and Osiers grew,
Roof't with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold possesse;
Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;
His bulk with poyson swolne; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.
This fatal Well th'vn lucky *Tyrans* found;
Who with their down-let Pitcher, rays'd a sound.
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;
And suffering Ayre with horrid hisses rends.
The water from them fell: their colour fled:
Who all, astonisht, shooke with sudden dread.
Hee wreathis his scaly foldes into a heape;
And fetcht a compasse with a mightie leape:

Then

Then, bolt-vpright his monstrous length displays
More than halfe way; and all the Woods suruayes.
Whose body, when all scene, no lesse appears,
Than that, which parts the two Cœlestiall Beares.
Whether the *Tyrans* sought to fight, or flie,
Or whether they through feare could neither trie;
Some crasht he 'twixt his iawes; some claspt to death;
Some kils with poyson; others with his breath.

And now the Sunne the shortest shadowes made;
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his seruants stay'd,
Their foot-steps trac't. A hide the Hero's wore,
Which late he from a slaughtered Lyon tore:
His Arms a dart, a bright steelo-pointed Speare;
And such a minde as could not stoope to feare.
When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the slaine with bloud imbrew'd;
Th'insulting victor quenching his dire thirst
At their suckt wounds; he sigh't, as heart would burst:
Then said, I will reuenge, O faithfull Mates,
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
With that, he listeth vp a mighty stone,
Which with a more than manly force was throwne.
What would haue batter'd downe the strongest wall,
And shiuered towres, doth giue no wound at all.
The hardnesse of his skin, and scales that grow
Vpon his armed back, repell the blowe.
And yet that strong defence could not so well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;
Which through his winding back a passage rends:
There sticks the Steele into his guts descends.
Rabid with anguish, hee retorts his looke
Vpon the wound; and then the iaueling rooke

Becomes

Betweene his teeth; it euery way doth winde:
 At length, tugg'd out, yet leaues the head behind.
 His rage increast with his augmenting paines:
 And his thick-panting throte swels with full veines.
 A cold white froth surrounds his poys'nous iawes:
 On thundring Earth his trayling scales he drawes:
 Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eject's
 A blasting breath, which all the grasse infects.
 His body, now he circularly bends;
 Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:
 Then rusheth on, like showr-incens'd Floods;
 And with his brest ore-bears the obuius Woods.
 The Prince gaue way, who with the Lyon's spoyle
 Sustayn'd th' assault; and forc't a quick recoyle,
 His Lance fixt in his iawes. What could not feele,
 He madly wounds; and bites the biting Steele.
 Th' inuenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
 Conuerts the grasse into a duskie red:
 Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
 And so, by yeelding, did the force subdew.
 Till *Agenorides* the Steele imbrew'd
 In his wide throte, and still his thrust pursew'd;
 Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-stood:
 There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
 The Tree bends with a burden so vnknowne;
 And, lashed, by the Serpents taile, doth grone.
 While he suruay'd the hugeness of his foe,
 This voyce he heard (from whence he did not know)
 Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?
Agenor's sonne, a Serpent thou shalt bee.
 He speechlesse grew: pale feare repeld his blood;
 And now vncurl'd haire like bristles stood.

Behold!

Behold! mans Fautresse, *Pallas* (from the sky
 Descending to his needfull aide) stood by:
 Who bade him in the turn'd-vp furrowes throw
 The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
 He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
 And therein sow'd the seeds of humane birth.
 Lo (past beliefe!) the Clods began to moue:
 And tops of Lances first appear'd aboue:
 Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Crests;
 Forth-with, resugent Pouldrons, plated Brests;
 Hands, with offensive weapons charg'd, infew:
 And Target-bearing troops of Men vp-grew.
 So in our Theater's solemnities,
 When they the Arras rayse, the Figures rise:
 Afore the rest, their faces first appeare;
 By little and by little then they reare
 Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,
 Vntill their feet vpon the border stand.
 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight
 Of such an Host, addrest him to the fight.
 Forbare (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) t'ingage:
 Thy better fortune in our ciuill rage!
 With that, he on his earth-bred brother flew:
 At whom, a deadly dart another threw.
 Nor he that kild him, long suruiues his death;
 But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
 Slaughter, with equall furie, runs through all:
 And by vnciuill ciuill blowes they fall.
 The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possesse;
 Now panting, kicke their Mother's bloody brest:
 But fiew suruiv'd: of whom, *Echion* one;
 His Armes to Earth by *Pallas* counsell throwne,

He

He craues the loue he offers. All accord
As Brothers should, and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus these assist, to build
His Iostic walls; the Oracle fulfilld.

Now flourish *Thebes*: now did thy exile proue
In shew a blessing; those that rule in loue
And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:
By such a Wife to haue so faire a race;
So many sonnes and daughters; nephewes too
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) infew;
And they now growne to excellence and powre.
But, Man must censur'd be by his last houre:
Whom truly we can neuer happy call,
Afore his death, and closing funerall.

In this thy euery way so prosperous state,
Thy first misse-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate;
Whose browes vnnaturall branches ill adorne;
By his vngratefull dogs in pieces torne.
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an error be?
With purple blood, staine Deare the Hills imbrow:
And now high Noon the shades of things withdrew;
While East and West the equall Sunne partake:
Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathlesse Wood:
My Friends our nets and iauelins reake with blood:
Enough hath beene the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display
Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.
Now, *I haëu*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannyyed Earth: here let our labour end:
Take vp your toyles. They gladly condescend.

A vale there was with Pines and Cypressie crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Dian's* loue renown'd.
A shady Caue possist the inward part,
Not wrought by hands; there, Nature witty Art
Did counterfet: a natiue Arch shee drew,
With Pumice and light Topases, that grew.
A bubbling Spring, with streams as cleere as glasse
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted grasse.
The weary Huntresse vsually here laues
Her Virgin lins, more pure than those pure waues.
And now her Bowe, her Iau'lin, and her Quiuer;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer:
Her light impoucrisht Robes another held:
Her Buskins two vntie. The better skil'd
Ismerian Crocale, her long haire wound
In pleited-wreathes: yet was her owne vnbound.
Neat *Hyaëte*, *Niphe*, *Khanis*, *Pfecas* (still
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lauers fill.
While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,
And wandring through the Woods, approcht this Groue
With fatall steps, so Destinie him droue!
Entring the Caue with skipping Springs bedeaw'd:
The Nymphs, all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their resounding breasts, and filld the Wood
With sudden shrieks: like luory pales they stood
About their Goddess: but shee, far more tall,
By head and shoulders ouer-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sunne-beam's; or the rosie Morn's:
Such flusht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked tane.
And though inuiron'd by her Virgin trayne,

Shee

She side-long turnes, looks back, and wisht her bow:
 Yet, what shee had, shee in his face doth throw.
 With vengefull Waters sprinkled; to her rage
 These words she addes, which future Fate presage:
 Now, tell how thou hast seene me disarray'd;
 Tell if thou canst: I giue thee leaue. This said,
 Shee to his neck and eares new length imparts;
 This Browe th' antlers of long-living Harts:
 His legges and feet with armes and hands supply'd;
 And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.
 To this, feare added. *Autonoeus* flies,
 And wonders at the swiftnesse of his thighs.
 But, when his looks he in the Riuer view'd,
 He would haue cry'd, Woe's me! no words infew'd:
 His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,
 Checks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.
 What should he doe? Goe home? or in the Wood
 For euer lurke? Feare, this; shame that withstood.
 While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view:
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening first, pursue:
Sure Tracer, *Gnossus*; *Black-foot* *Sparta* bare:
 Then all fell in, more swift than forced Ayre:
Spie, *lauener*, *eline-cliffe*; these *Arcadia* bred:
 Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirlwind*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for sent; for speed, *Flight* went before;
 Fierce *Saluage*, lately ganch'd by a Bore;
 Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
 Stout *Shepherd*, late preserving flocks from danger;
 Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Coursiv*, *Blab*; rath *Tyger* neuer tame;
Blanch, *Mourner*, *Koyster*, *Wolfe* surpassing strong;
 And *Tempest*, able to continue long:

Swift,

Swift, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
 Bold *Snatch*, whose sable brows a white star cround;
 Co'te, shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
 Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of reet:
White-tooth, and *King-wood* (others not t' expresse.)
 O're Rocks, o're Craggs, o're Cliffs, that want access,
 Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way,
 The well-mouth'd hounds pursue the princely prey.
 Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
 Flies from his family! in thought he cries,
 I am *Atleon*, seruants, know your Lord!
 Thoughts wanted words. High skyes the noyse record.
 First, *Collier* pinch't him by the haunch: in flung
 Fierce *Kill-deare*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung.
 These came forth last; but crost a nearer way
 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
 In rush the rest, who gripe him with their phangs.
 Now is no roome for wounds. Grones speake his pangs,
 Though not with humane voyce, vnlike a Hart:
 In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.
 Pitch't on his knees, like one who pitty craies,
 His silent looks, in stead of Armes, he waues.
 With vsuall showts their Dogs the Hunters cheare;
 And seeke, and call *Atleon*. He (too neare!)
 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
 For being absent at his present fall.
 Present he was, that absent would haue beene;
 Nor would his cruell hounds haue felt, but seene.
 Their snowts they in his body bathe; and teare
 Their Master in the figure of a Deare:
 Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,
 Could quier-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.

T 1725

'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought
 The punishment farre greater than the fault.
 Others so sowre a chastitie commend,
 As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.
Ioue's wife not so much blam'd or prays'd the deed;
 As shee reioyceth at the wounds that bleed
 In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
 Now new occasions fresh displeasure moue:
 For *Semele* was great with child by *Ioue*.
 Then, thus shee scolds: O, what amends succeeds
 Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
 If we be more than ritularly great;
 If we a Scepter sway; if Heauen our seat;
 If *Ioue's* fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,
 His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
 Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,
 And quickly might the iniurie repent:
 But, shee conceiues, to aggrauate the blame,
 And by her Belly doth her crime proclaime.
 Who would by *Iupiter* a Mother proue,
 Which hardly once, hath hapned to our loue:
 So confident is beautie! Yet shall he
 Deceiue her hopes: nor let me *Iuno* be,
 Vnlesse, by her owne *Ioue* destroy'd, shee make
 A swift descent vnto the *Stygian* Lake.
 ¶ Shee quits her Throne, and in a yellow clowd
 Approach't the Palace; nor disist that shrowd,
 Till shee had wrinkl'd her smooth skin, and made
 Her head all gray: while creeping feet conuay'd
 Her crooked lims; her voice small, weake, and hoarse,
Beld-like, of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.

Long

Long-talking; at the mention of *Ioue's* name,
 Shee sigh't, and said; Pray heauen, he proue the same!
 Yet much I feare: for many oft beguile
 With that pretext, and chasteft beds defile.
 Though *Ioue*; that's not enough. Giue he a signe
 Of his affection, if he be diuine.
 Such, and so mightie, as when pleasure warms
 His melting bolome, in high *Iuno's* armes;
 With thee, such and so mightie, let him lie,
 Deckt with the ensignes of his deitie.
 Thus shee aduiz'd the vnsuspecting Dame;
 Who begs of *Ioue* a boone without a name.
 To whom the God: Choose, and thy choyce possesse;
 Yet, that thy diffidencie may be lesse,
 Witnesse that Powre, who through obscure aboads
 Spreads his dull streams: the feare, and God of Gods.
 Pleas'd with her harm, of too much powre to moue!
 To perish by the kindnesse of her Loue:
 Such be to me, she said, as when the *Invites*
 Of *Iuno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.
 Her mouth he sought to stop: but, now that breach
 Was mixt with ayre which sentenced her death.
 Then, fetch't a sigh, as if his brest would teare
 (For, shee might not vnwish, nor he vnsweare)
 And sadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke
 The Clouds, that imitate his mournfull looke;
 Thick showrs and tempests adding to the same,
 With thunder and inuitable flame.
 Whose rigor yet he striueth to subdew:
 Not armed with that fire which ouerthrew
 The hundred-handed Giant; 't was too wilde;
 There is another lightning, far more milde,

87

By Cyclops forged with lesse flame and ire:
Which, deathlesse Gods doe call the Second fire.
This, to her Father's house, he with him tooke:
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke
Æthereall tumults. Her successe shee mournes;
And in those so desir'd imbracements burnes.

Th' vnperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,
Was ta'ne by *Ioue*, and sew'd into his thigh,
His Mother's time accomplishing: Whom first,
By stealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurst:
Then, giuen to the *Nysides*, and bred
In secret Caues, with milke and honey fed.

While this on earth befell by Fates decree
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Ioue, waightie cares expelling from his brest
With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to rest
With well-pleas'd *Inno*, said: In *Venus* deeds,
The Femal's pleasure farre the Male's exceeds.
This shee denies; *Tiresias* must decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a stroke their slimy twists vnbound;
Who straight a Woman of a man became:
Seuen Autuns past, he in the eighth the same
Refinding, said: If such your powre, so strange,
That they who strike you must their nature change;
Once more I'll trie. Then, struck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, chosen Vmpire of this sportfull strife,
Ioue's words confirm'd. This vext his froward wife
More than the matter crau'd. To wreak her spite,
His eyes shee muffled in eternall night.

Th' omni-

Th' omnipotent (since no God may vndoe
An others deed) with Fates which should inſew
Inform'd his Intellect; and did supply
His body's eye-sight, with his mindes cleere eye.

He giuing sure replyes to such as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* City's stretcht his fame.
First, blew *Liriope* sad triall made
How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding streams, and forc't the chaste.
The louely Nymph (who not vnfruitfull prou'd)
Brought forth a Boy, euen then to be belou'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crowne his Youth; He, in obſcure preſage,
Made this reply: Except himſelfe he know.
Long, they no credit on his words beſtow:
Yet did the euent the propheticke approue,
In his ſtrange ruine, and new kind of loue.
Now, he to twentie added had a yeare:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appeare.
Many a loue-sick Youth did him deſire;
And many a Maid his beautie ſet on fire:
Yet, in his tender age his pride was ſuch,
That neither Youth nor Mayden might him touch.

The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did ſpy
(ſhee could not proffer ſpeech, nor not reply)
When buſie in purſuite of ſaluage ſpoyles,
He draue the Deere into his corded toyles.
Eccbo was then a Body, not a Voyce:
Yet then, as now, of words ſhee wanted choyce;
But onely could reiterate the cloſe
Of euery ſpeech. This *Iuno* did impoſe.

E

F

Beholds his eyes, two starres! his dangling haire
 Which with vnshorn *Apol'o's* might compare!
 His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his smooth chin!
 His luory neck! his heauenly face! where-in
 The linked Deities their Graces fix!
 Where Roses with vnfullied Lillyes mix!
 Admirer all, for which, to be admir'd:
 And vnconsiderately himselfe desir'd.
 The prayes, which he giues, his beautie claym'd.
 Who seeks, is sought: th' Inflamer is inflam'd.
 How often would he kisse the flattering spring!
 How oft with downe-thrust arms sought he to cling
 About that loued necke! Those cou'sning lips
 Delude his hopes; and from himselfe he slips.
 Not knowing what, with what he sees he fyes:
 And th' error that deceiues, incites his eyes.
 O Foole! that striv'st to catch a flying shade!
 Thou seek'st what's no-where: Turn aside, 'twill vade.
 Thy formes reflection doth thy sight delude:
 Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.
 With thee it comes; with thee it stayes; and so
 'Twould goe away, hadst thou the power to go.
 Nor sleep, nor hunger could the Louer rayse:
 Who, lay'd along, on that false forme doth gaze
 With looks, which looking neuer could suffice;
 And ruines himselfe with his owne eyes.
 At length, a little lifting vp his head;
 You Woods, that round about your branches spred,
 Was euer so vnfortunate a Louer!
 You know, to many you haue beenc a couer;
 From your first growth to this long distant day
 Haue you knowne any, thus to pine away!

I like, and see, but yet I cannot find
 The lik't, and scene. O Loue, with error blind!
 What grieues me more: no Sea, no Mountayn steep,
 No wayes, no walls, our ioyes a-sunder keep:
 Whom but a little water doth diuide,
 And he himselfe desires to be inioy'd.
 As oft as I to kisse the floud decline,
 So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.
 You'd thinke we toucht: so small a thing doth part
 Our equall loues! Come forth, what ere thou art.
 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:
 From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go?
 My age nor beautie merit thy disdain:
 And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine.
 Yet in thy friendly shewes my poore hopes liue;
 Still struing to receiue the hand I giue:
 Thou smil'st my smiles: when I a teare let fall,
 Thou shedd'st an other; and consent'st in all.
 And, lo, thy sweetly-mouing lips appeare
 To vtter words, that come not to our care.
 Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly see:
 Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.
 With loue of me I burne; (O too too sure!)
 And suffer in those flames which I procure.
 Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What shall I craue?
 Since what I couet, I already haue.
 Too much hath made me poore! O, you diuine
 And fauoring Powres, me from my selfe dis-ioyne!
 Of what I loue, I would be dispossest:
 This, in a Louer, is a strange request!
 Now, strength through griefe decayes; short is the time
 I haue to liue; extinguish't in my Prime.

Nor grieues it me to part with well-mist breath;
 For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:
 Would he I loue might longer life inioy!
 Now, two ill-fated Louers in one, die.

This said; againe vpon his Image gaz'd;
 Teares on the troubled water circles rais'd:
 The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
 With that, he cry'd (perceiuing it to vade)
 O, whither wilt thou! stay: nor cruell proue,
 In leauing me, who infinitely loue.
 Yet let me see, what cannot be posselt;
 And, with thar emptie food, my fury feast.
 Complaining thus, himselfe he disarayes;
 And to remorselesse hands his brest displayes:
 The blowes that solid snow with crimson stripe;
 Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
 But, in the water when the same appeare,
 He could no longer such a sorrow beare.
 As Virgin wax dissolues with seruent heat;
 Or morning frost, whereon the Sun-beams beat:
 So thawes he with the ardor of desire;
 And, by degrees, consumes in vnscene fire.
 His meger checks now lost their red and white;
 That life, that fauour lost, which did delight.
 Nor those diuine proportions now remaine,
 So much by *Eccho* lately lou'd in vaine.
 Which when shee saw, although she angry were,
 And still in minde her late repulse did beare;
 As often as the miserable cry'd,
 Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.
 And euer when he struck his sounding brest,
 Like sounds of mutuell sufferance exprest.

His

His last words were, still hanging o're his shade;
 Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine! so *Eccho* said.
 Farewell. Farewell, sigh't she. Then downe he lyes:
 Deaths cold hand shuts his selfe-admiring eyes:
 Which now eternally their gazes fix
 Vpon the Waters of infernall *Styx*.

The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;
 And their clipt haire vpon their brother spread.
 The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes:
 With both, sad *Eccho* ioynes at euery close.
 The funerall Pyle prepar'd, a Herse they brought
 To fetch his body, which they vainely sought.
 In stead whereof a yellow flowre was found,
 With tufts of white about the button crown'd.

This, through *Achaia* spread the Prophets fame;
 Who worthily had purchas't a great name.
 But, proud *Echion's* sonne, who did despise
 The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
 And twits *Tiresias* with his rauisht sight.
 He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
 And said, 'T were well for thee, hadst thou no eyes
 To see the *Bacchanals* solemnities.
 The time shall come (which I presage is neere)
 When *Semeleian Liber* will be here:
 Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
 Thy Mother, and her sisters shall imbrue
 Their furious hands in thy effused blood;
 And throw thy scuered lims about the Wood.
 'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:
 And then thou'lt say, The blinde did see too well.
 His mouth proud *Pentheus* stops. Beliefe succeeds
 Fore-running threats: and words are seal'd by deeds.

E 4

Liber

As it is come; the fields with clamor sound:
 They in his Orgies tread a franctick Round.
 Women with Men, the base, and nobler sort,
 Together to those vnknowne Rites resort.
 You sonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
 (Said he) what furie doth your minds imbaze?
 Is Baffle of such a powre, which drunkards bear,
 Or sound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit;
 That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid sight,
 Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright;
 Loud Women, wine-bred rage, a lustfull crew
 Of Beasts, and Kettle-drums, should thus subdew?
 At you, graue Fathers, can I but admire!
 Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
 And fixt them here: now from that care so farre
 Estranged, as to lose them without warre!
 Or you, who of my able age appeare;
 Whose heads should helmets, and not garlands, weare?
 Not leauy Iauelins, but good Swords adorne
 The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly borne;
 That Dragon's fiery fortitude induc,
 Whose single valour such a number slue.
 He, in defending of his Fountayne, fell:
 Doe you th' Inuaders of your fame repell.
 He slue the strong: doe you the weake destroy;
 And free your Country from foule infamy.
 If Destinies decree that *bebe* must fall;
 May men, may warlike engines raze her wall:
 Yet sword and fire our famisht liues assault:
 Then should we not be wretched through our fault;
 Nor strue to hide our guilt; but, Fortune blame;
 And vent our pittied sorrowes without shame.

Now,

Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:
 Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight.
 But haire perfum'd with Myrrhe, soft Anadems,
 And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems:
 Who shall confesse (if you your aid denie)
 His forged Father, and false Deitie.
 What? had *Acrisius* vertue to withstand
 Th' Impostor, chased from the *Argive* strand?
 And shall this vagabond, this forainer,
 Me *Pentheus*, and the *Theban* State deterre?
 Goe (said he to his seruants) goe your way,
 And drag him hither bound: preuent delay.
 Him *Cadmus*, *Albamas*, and all disswade;
 By opposition, more intemperate made.
 Furie increaseth, when it is withstood:
 And then good counsell doth more harme than good.
 So haue I seen an vnstopt torrent glide
 With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide:
 But, when falne Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his course,
 To some, and roare with vncontrolled force.
 All bloody they returne. Where is, said hee,
 This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of vs did see,
 Reply'd they; This his minister we found
 (Presenting one with hands behinde him bound)
 A *Lydian*. zealous in those my stories.
 On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathfull eyes:
 Who hardly could his punishment deferre.
 Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre,
 Declare thy Name, thy Nation, Parentage;
 And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.
 He in whom innocency feare o're-came;
 Made this reply; *Agave* is my name:

E. 5.

My

My life I owe to the *Maonian* earth;
 To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.
 No land my Father left me to manure,
 Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himselfe was poore.
 The tempted Fish, with hook and line he caught:
 His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;
 And said, My heire, successor to my Art,
 Receiue the riches which I can impart.
 He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
 The Sea may I my patrimony call.
 Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,
 To nauigation I my time apply'd;
 Obseru'd th' *Olenian* Kids, that raine portend;
 The *Hyades*, who weepe when they descend;
Taygeta, and *Arcturus*, the resorts
 Of eu'ryall winde; and harbour-giuing Ports.
 For *Delos* bound, we made the *Cbian* shores:
 And, there arriv'd, with industrious Oares.
 Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.
 When aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,
 I rose; and bade my men fresh water bring:
 Shewing the way that guided to the Spring;
 Then, from a Hill obseru'd the winde accord;
 My Mates I cald, and forth-with went aboard.
 All here, the Master's Mate *Ophelies* cries;
 And thinking he had light vpon a prize,
 Along the shore a louely Boy conuay'd,
 Adorn'd with the beaultie of a Maid.
 Heauy with wine and sleepe, he reeled so,
 That, though supported, he could hardly goe.
 When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
 I could not thinke it was a humane Creature.

Fellowes.

Fellowes, I doubt (nay, without doubt) said I,
 This excellence includes a Deitie.
 O, be propitious, who-so-ere thou art;
 And to our industrie successe impart;
 And pardon these who haue offended thus.
 Then, *Distys* said: Forbeare to pray for vs:
 (Than he, none could the top saile-yard bestride
 With lighter speed; nor thence more nimbly slide)
 This, *Libys*, swart *Melanthus* (who the *Prom*
 Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;
Epeus the Boats-man, so all say;
 Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.
 This ship, said I, you shall not violate
 With sacriledge of so diuine a weight;
 Wherein I haue most int'rest, and commands
 And on the hatches their ascent with-stand.
 Whereat, the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild;
 Who for a bloody murder was exil'd
 From *Tuscany*. Whil'st I alone resist,
 He tooke me such a buffet with his fist,
 That downe I fell; and had falne over-board,
 If I (though senselesse) had not caught a cord.
 The wicked Company the fact approue.
 Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to moue,
 As if awaked with the noyse they made
 (His wind-bound senses now discharg'd) and said:
 What clamor's this? What doe you? Sailers, whither
 Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither I
 Feare not, said *Proreus*: name where thou would'st be;
 And to that Harbor we will carry thee.
 Then, Friends, *Lycus* said, for *Naxos* stand:
Naxos my home; an hospitable Land.

By

By Seas, by all the Gods, by what auayles,
 They sweare they will, and bade me hoyle-vp sayles.
 Which trim'd for *Naxos*: on the Star-board side;
 What do'st thou mad-man, foole? *Opheltes* cry'd.
 Each feares his losse. Some whisper in mine eare:
 Most say by signes, Vnto the Ear-board steere.
 Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helme, said I;
 Ile not be tainted with your periurie.
 All chafe and storme. What? said *Ethalion*,
 Is all our safetie plac't in thee alone?
 With that, my office he vpon him tooke;
 And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsooke.

The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
 From th' vpper deck the Sea suruayed round;
 Then, seem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, said he,
 That promis't shore, the Land so wisht by me.
 What is my fault? what glory in my spoyle,
 If men a Boy, if many one beguile?
 I wept afore: but, they my teares deride;
 And with laborious Oares the waues diuide.
 By him I sweare (than whom none more in view)
 That what I now shall vtter, is as true,
 As past beliefe. The ship in those profound
 And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.
 They, wondring, ply'd their Oares; the sayles display'd;
 And strue to run her with that added aide.
 When Iuy gaue their Oares a forc't restraint;
 Whose creeping bands the sayles with Berries paint.
 He, head-bound with a wreath of clustred Vines,
 A laurelin shooke, clapt with their leauy twines.
 Stern Tygers, Lyaxes (such vnto the eye)
 And spotted Panthers, round about him lye.

All,

All, ouer-boord now tumble; whether 'twere
 Out of infused madnesse, or for feare.
 Then, *Medon* first with spiny fins grew blacke;
 His forme depressed, with a compast back.
 To whom said *Lycabas*; o more than strange!
 Into what vncouth Monster wilt thou change!
 As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide;
 His nose more hookt: scales arme his hardned hide.
 While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed stands,
 His hands shrunke vp; now finns, no longer hands.
 An-other by a-cable thought to hold;
 But, mist his armes. He fell: the Seas infold
 His maymed body: which a tayle eft-soone
 Receiues, reuerfed like the horned Moone.
 They leap aloft, and sprinkle-vp the Flood;
 Now chace aboue; now vnder water scud:
 Who like lasciuious Dancers friske about;
 And gulped Seas, from their wide nostrils spoue
 Of twenty Saylers, onely I remayn'd:
 So many men our Complement contain'd.
 The God my minde could hardly animate;
 Trembling with horror of so dire a Fate.
 Suppress, said he, these tumults of thy feare;
 And now thy course for sacred *Dia* beare.
 Arriu'd there, with his implor'd consent,
 I Orders tooke; and thus his Feasts frequent.

Our eares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:
 Which wrath, said he, would by delay, appease.
 Goe, seruants, take him hence: let his forc't breath
 Expire in grones: and torture him to death.
 In solid prison pent; while they prouide
 Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doores flie open wide.

And

And of themselves, as if dissolu'd by charmes,
The fetters fall from his vnpinion'd armes.

But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings
To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings
With frantick songs, and shrill-voic't *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber's* celebrated Festiualls.

And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with furie, when the Trumpet sounds:

Euen so their far-heard clamours set on fire
Sterne *Pentheus*, and exasperate his ire.

In midst of all the spacious Mountayne stood
A perspicable Champain, fring'd with wood.

Here, first of all, his Mother him espyes,
Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes.

Shee, first, vpon him frantickly did runne:
And first her eger lauelin pearc't her sonne.

Come, sisters, cry'd shee, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must gore.

With that, in-rush the sense-distracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd purslew.

Now trembled he; now, late-breath'd threats suppress:
Himselfe he blames, and his offence confess.

Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt *Autonoë*; I bleed:
O let *Actæon's* ghost soft pittie breed!

Not knowing who *Actæon* was, shee lops
His right hand off: the other *Ino* crops.

The wretch now to his Mother would haue throwne
His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.

Yet lifting vp their bloody stumps, he said,
Ah, Mother, see! *Agave*, well appay'd,

Shouts at the sight, casts vp her neck, and shakes
Her staring haire. In cruell hands shee takes

His

His head, yet gasping: *Io* sing, said shee,
Io my Mates! this spoyle belongs to mee.
Not leaues, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's frost,
So soone are rauisht from high Trees, and tost
By Scattering windes, as they in peeces teare
His minced lims. Th' *Ilmenians*, struck with feare,
His Orgies celebrate; his prayes sing;
And incense to his holy Altars bring.

OFID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The fourth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

DErceta, a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.
Transforming Nais equall Fate doth prove.
White berries Lovers blood with black disflow.
 Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles
 Leucothoe, buried quick for that offence:
Who, Nectar-sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.
 Grief'd Clitie, turn'd to a Flower, turns with the Sunne
 Daphnis, to stone. Sex changeth Scytheon.
 Celmus, a Lead-stone. Cures got by showers.
 Crocus, and Smilax turn'd to little flowers.
In one Hermaphrodite, two bodies joyned.
 Mineides, *Bats.* Sad Ino made divine,
 With Melicert. Who Iuno's fall upbray'd;
 Or Statues, or Cadmean Fowles are made.
 Hermione and Cadmus, worne with wee,
 Prove hurtlesse Dragons. Drops to Serpents growne.
 Atlas, a Mountaine. Gorgon-toucht Sea-weeds
 To Corall change. From Gorgon's blood, proceeds
 Swift Pegasus: Crysaor also takes
 From thence his birth. Fair hairens convert to Snakes.

BVt yet, Alcithoe Minēides.
 The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.
 Her sisters share in that impietic;
 Who Bacchus for the sonne of Ioue denie.

And

And now his Priest proclaimes a solemne Feast ;
 That Dames and Maids from visuall labour rest ;
 That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces vnbound,
 And dangling Tresses with wilde Iuy crown'd,
 They leauy Spears assume. Who prophesies
 Sad haps to such as his command despise.
 The Matrons and new-married Wiues obey :
 Their Webs, their vn-spun Wooll, aside they lay ;
 Sweet odours burne ; and sing : *Lyæus, Bacchus,*
Nysæus, Bromius, Euan, great Iacchus :
Phe-gor, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,
Father Eleleus, Thyon neuer shorne,
Lenæus, planter of life cheering Vines ;
Nysileus : with all names that *Greece* assigns
 To thee. *ô Liber !* Still dost thou inioy
 Vnwasted Youth ; eternally a Boy !
 Thou'rt seen in heauen ; whom all perfections grace ;
 And, when vnhorn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.
 Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
 Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
 Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycærgus*, like prophane,
 By thee (*ô* greatly to be fear'd !) were slaine :
 The *Thuscans* drencht in Seas. Thou hold'st in awe
 The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
 Light *Bacchanals*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
 Whil'st old *Syleus*, reeling still, doth halloo ;
 Who weakly hangs, vpon his tardie Ass.
 What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brasse,
 Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cries
 Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.
 Thy presence, we, *Imenides*, implore :
 Come, *ô* come pleas'd ! Thus they his Rites restore.

Yet,

Yet, the *Menides* at home remaine :
 And with their plyed task's his Feast prophane :
 Who either weaue, or at their distaffs spin ;
 And vrge their Maids to exercise their sin.
 One said, as shee the twisted thread out-drew ;
 While others sport, and forged Gods pursue,
 Let vs, whom better *Pallas* doth inuite,
 Our vsfull labour season with delight,
 And stories tell by turnes ; that, what long yeares
 Denie our eyes, may enter at our eares.
 They all agree ; and bade the eldest tell
 Her storie first. Shee paus'd, not knowing well
 Of many which to choose : T'insist vpon
 The Sad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*
 (Who, as the *Palestines* beleue, did take
 A scaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)
 Or of her daughter *Speake*, with wing'd asene
 High-pearcht on towres : who there her old age spent
 Or of that *Nais* ; who with charmes most strange,
 And weeds too pow'rfull, humane shapes did change,
 Into mute Fishes, till a Fish shee grew ;
 Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hew ;
 The white to black, by bloods aspersion, growne :
 This pleaseth best ; as being most vnknowne.
 Who thus began ; and draws the following woll.
 Young *Pyramus* (no Yough so beautiful
 Through all the East) and *Thybe* (who for faire
 Might with th'immortall Goddesses compare)
 Ioyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclin'd
 Her stately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.
 This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred :
 That, grew to loue ; Loue sought a nuptiall bed :

But

But Parents, who could not with-stand, with-stood.
 Their ioynt desires, and like incensed blood.
 Signes onely vtter their vnwitnest loues:
 But hidden fire the violenter proues.
 A cranny in the parting wall was left;
 By shrinking of the new-layd mortar, cleft:
 This, for so many Ages vndescry'd.
 (What cannot Loue finde out!) the Louers spy'd.
 By which, their whispering voyces softly trade,
 And Passion's amorous embassie conuay'd.
 On this side, and on that, like Snailes they cleaue;
 And greedily each others breath receaue.
 O enuious walls (said they) who thus diuide
 Whom Loue hath ioynd! O, giue vs way to slide
 Into each others armes! if such a blisse
 Transcend our Fates, yet suffer vs to kisse!
 Nor are w'ingrate: much we confesse we owe
 To you, who this deare libertie bestowe.
 At Night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet
 The senselesse stones, with lips that could not meet.

When from th'approching Morn the stars withdrew,
 And that the Sunne had drunke the scorched dew,
 They at the vsuall Station meet againe;
 And with soft murmurs mutually complaine.
 At last, resolute in silence of the Night
 To steale away, and free themselves by flight;
 And with their houses, to forsake the Towne.
 Yet, lest they so might wander vp and downe;
 To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,
 Vnder the shelter of a shady Tree.
 There, a high Mulberry, full of white fruit;
 Hard by a liuing Fountayne fixt his Root.

The

The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestowes
 In restfull Seas: from Seas, with Night arose.
 Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores vnbar'd;
 And slipping forth, vnmiss'd by her guard,
 Comes maskt to *Ninus* tombe: there in the cold
 Sits vnderneath that Tree: Loue made her bold.
 When (lo!) a Lyonesse, smear'd with the blood
 Of late-slaine Beecues, approacht the neighbor flood,
 To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,
 Swift feare her flight into a Caue doth guide.
 Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell:
 The fatall Lionesse, as from the Well
 Vp to the rocky Mountaine shee with-drawes,
 Found it, and tore it with her bloody iawes.

When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soone,
 Perceiued by the glimpses of the Moone
 The footing of wilde Beasts: his looke grew pale.
 But, when he spy'd her torne and bloody vaile;
 One night (said he) two louers shall destroy!
 Shee longer life deserued to inioy.
 The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore soule!) that slue thee
 Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,
 Nor came before. You Lyons, o descend
 From your aboads! a wretch in peeces rend,
 Condemned by his selfe-pronounced doom:
 And make your entrails my opprobrious tomb!
 But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle hee
 Carryes along vnto th'appointed Tree.
 There hauing kist, and wast it with his eyes;
 Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.
 With that, his body on his sword he threw:
 Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.

Now

Now, on his back, vp-spun the blood in smoke:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach break out,
And hissing, through the aëry Region spout.
The Mulberries their former white forsake;
And from his sprinkling blood their crimson take.

Now she, who could not yet her feare remoue,
Returns, for feare to disappoint her Loue.
Her eger spirit seeks him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her escap't surprise.
The place and figure of the Tree she knew;
Yet doubts, the berries hauing chang'd their hew.
Vncertaine; she his panting lims descri'd,
That struck the stayned earth; and starts aside.
Box was not paler than her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath'd-on Sea she shooke.
But, when she knew 'twas he (now dispossest
Of her amaze) shee shrieks, beats her swoln brest,
Puls off her haire; imbraces, softly reares
His hanging head, and fills his wound with reares.
Then, kissing his cold lips: Woe's me (she said)
What curied Fate hath this diuision made!
O speake, my *Pyramus*! ô looke on mee!
Thy deare, thy desperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
And hauing seen her, shuts them vp, and dyes.
But when his emptie scabbard shee had spy'd,
And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! she cry'd,
Therè wounds from loue, from thine own hand proceed!
Nor is my hand too weake for such a deed:
My loue as strong. This, this shall courage giue
To force that life which much disdaines to liue.

In death I'll follow thee! instyl'd by all,
The wretched Cause, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) shall not dis-vnite.
O you, our wretched Parents (thus seuer
To your owne blood!) my last Petition heare:
Whom constant loue, whom death hath ioyn'd, interre
Together in one envi'd Sepulcher.
And thou, ô Tree, whose branches shade the slaine;
Of both our slaughters beare the lasting staine:
In funerall habit: euer clothe your brood;
A liuing monument of our mixt blood.
This said, his sword, yet reeking, shee reuers't,
And with a mortall wound her bosom pearc't.
The easie Gods vnto her wish accord;
Their Parents also her desire afford:
The late-white Mulberryes in black now mourne;
And what the fire had left, lay in one urne.

Here ended the. Some intermission made,
Leucothoe, her sisters silent, said:

This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,
Weake Loue hath tam'd: his loues we now recite.
He first discouer'd the adulterie
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye)
And in displeasure told to *Juno's* sonne
Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.
His spirits faint: his hands could not sustaine
The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,
With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceaue,
(Lesse curious far the webs which Spiders weaue)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:
This, he about the guiltie bed bestowes.

No sooner these Adulterers were met,
 Than caught in his so strangely forged net;
 Who, struggling, in compeld imbracements lay.
 The luery doores then *Vulcan* doth display;
 And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound:
 Yet one, a wanton, witht to be so found.
 The heauenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
 Through all the Round, and mirth did long vphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd
 A memorable punishment impos'd.
 And he, of late so tyrannous to Loue,
 Loue's tyrannie in iust exchange doth proue.
Hyperion's sonne, what boots thy pearcing sight
 Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
 For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
 Art now thy selfe inflam'd with new desires.
 Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view;
 And giue to her, what to the World is dew.
 Now, in the East thou hastnest thy vp-rise:
 Now, slowly sett'st; euen loth to leaue the skyes.
 And, while that Obiect thus exacts thy stay,
 Thou addest houres vnto the Winters day.
 Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appears;
 Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.
 Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orbe doth moue
 These pale aspects; this colour springs from loue.
 Shee all thy thoughts ingroft: nor didst thou care
 For *Clymene*, for her who *Circes* bare,
 For *Rhodos*, *Cytir*, who in loue abounds,
 Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
 All, all were buried in *Leucothoe*;
 Borne in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.

As shee in beautie farre surpasst all other:
 So much the Daughter farre surpasst the Mother.
 Great *Orchamus* was Father to the Maid:
 Who, seuenth from *Belas Priscus*, *Perfidus* way'd.
 In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are
 Where *Phæbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
 There, tyred with the trauels of the day,
 They renouate what labour doth decay.
 Now, while celestiaall food their hunger feeds,
 And Night in her alternate raigues succeeds;
 In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
 Approcht the chamber, where his life abroad.
 He, spinning by a lamp, *Leucothoe* found,
 With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
 Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)
 I haue, said he, a secret to impart:
 Maids, presently with-draw. They all obey'd;
 He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, said:
 The tardie Yeare I mensure: I am he
 Who see all Obiects, and by whom all see;
 The World's cloere eye: by thy fair selfe, I sweare,
 I loue thee aboue thought. Shee shooke for feare;
 Her spindle and her distaffe from her fell:
 And yet that feare became her wondrous well.
 Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he took:
 Though with that vnexpected presenoe strooke;
 Yet, vanquish'd by his beaurie, her complaint
 Shee laid aside, and suffred his constraint.
 This *Cytir* vext (his loue obseru'd no measure)
 Who in the furie of her fell displeasure,
 Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:
 And to her father doth the fact descry.

Who sterne and sauage, shuts vp all remorse;
 From her that su'd, subdew'd, she said, by force;
 And *Sol* to witness calls. He his dishonour
 Interres aliue, and casts a Mount vpon her.
Hyperion's sonne this batters with his rayes:
 And for her re-ascent a breach displays.
 Yet could not she aduance her heavy head:
 But life, too hasty, from her body fled.
 Neuer did *Phaëta* with such sorrow mourne
 Since wretched *Phaëton* the World did burne:
 Yet strues he with his influence to beget
 In her cold lims a life-reuoking heat.
 But, since the Fates such great attempts withstood;
 He steepes the place and body in a flood
 Of fragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:
 And sighing, said; Yet shalt thou heauen ascend.
 Forthwith, her body thawes into a dew:
 Which, from the moistned earth, an odour threw.
 Then through the hill a shrub of Frankincense
 Thrust vp his crowne, and tooke his root from thence.
 Though loue might chide his sorrow haue excus'd;
 Sorrow, her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
 She, with distracted passion, pines away,
 Detesteth company; all night, all day,
 Disrobed, with her ruffled haire vnbound,
 And wet with humour, sits vpon the ground:
 For nine long dayes all sustenance forbears;
 Her hunger cloyd with dew, her thirst with tears.
 Nor rose; but, riuets on the God her eyes;
 And euer turnes her face to him that flies.
 At length, to earth her stupid body cleanes:
 Her wan complexion turns to bloodlesse-leauer,

Ye

Yet streak't with red: her perisht lims beget
 A flowre, resembling the pale Violet;
 Which, with the sun, though rooted fast, doth moue;
 And, being changed, changeth not her loue.

Thus she. This wondrous story caught their cares:
 To some the same impossible appears;
 Others, that all is possible, conclude,
 To true-styl'd Gods: but, *Bacchus* they intrude.
 All whilst, *Alciboe*, call'd vpon, doth run
 Her shettles through the web; and thus begun.

To omit the pastorall loues, to few vnknowne,
 Of young *Idean Daphnis*; turn'd to stone
 By that vext Nymph; who could not else assuage
 Her ieaousie: such is a louer's rage!

And *Scythian* who his nature innouates,
 Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;
 With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
 Who of his faith to little *Ioue* might vane;
 The shorne *Corymbes*, got by falling showres;
Crecos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres,
 Iouer-passe; and will your cares surprize
 With sweet delight of vnknowne nouelties.

Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
 Whole too strong waues all manly strength vndo,
 And mollitie, with their soule-softning touch:
 The cause vnknown; their nature knowne too much:
 Th' *Idean* Nymphs nurs't, in secure delight,
 The sonne of *Hermes* and faire *Approdite*.
 His father and his mother in his looke
 You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.
 When Summers sine he thrice had multiply'd;
 Leauing the fount-full Hills of foster *Ide*,

F 2

H5

He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight
 Of forren streames; toyle less'ning with delight.
 The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
 Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
 There lighted on a Poole, so passing cleer,
 That all the glittering bottom did appear;
 Inuiron'd with no marsh-louing Reeds,
 Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:
 But, liuing Turf vpon the border grew;
 Whole euer-Spring no blasting Winter knew.
 A Nymph this haunts, vnpractiz'd in the chace,
 To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.
 Of all the Water-Nimphs, this Nymph alone
 To niniole-footed *Dian* was vknowne.
 Her sisters oft would say; Fie, *Salmacis*,
 Fie lazic sister, what a sloth is this!
 Vpon a Quiuer, or a lauelin seaze;
 And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.
 On Quiuer, nor on lauelin, would she seaze;
 Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
 But now in her owne Fountayne bathes her faire
 And shapefull lims; now kems her golden haire:
 Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror drest;
 There taking counsell what became her best:
 Her body in transparant Robes array'd,
 Now on soft leaues, or softer mosse display'd:
 Oft gathers flowres; so, when she saw the Boy:
 Whom seen, forthwith shee couets to inioy;
 And yet would not approach, though big with haste,
 Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't;
 Her loue-inueighling lookes set to inspire;
 Who merited to be reputed faire.

Sweet

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the aboard
 Of blest coelestials! if thou be a God,
 Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,
 Happy the Parents, whom thy person grace!
 Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest!
 Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her brest!
 But (ô!) no lesse than deis'd is shee
 Whom marriage shall incorporate to thee!
 If any such; let me this treasure steale:
 If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials seale.

This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame;
 Not knowing loue: whom shamefacc'tnesse became.
 So Apples show vpon the sunny side;
 So luory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:
 So pure a red the siluer Moone doth staine,
 When auxil'ary brasse resounds in vaine.
 Shee earnestly intreats a sisters kisse:
 And now, aduancing to imbrace her blisse,
 He, struggling, said; Lasciuious Nymph, forbear;
 Or I will quit the place, and leaue you heare.
 Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd,
 'Tis freely yours; and therewith stept aside:
 Yet, looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
 She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.
 The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
 Imagining he was obseru'd by none,
 Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
 And, in th'alluring waues his ankles dips.
 Caught with the Water's flattering temperature,
 He streight disrobes his body; ô, how pure!
 His naked beautie *Salmacis* amaz'd:
 Who with vsatisfied longing gaz'd.

F 3

Her

Her sparkling eyes shoot flames through this sweet error;
 Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.
 Now, the impatiently her hope delays;
 Now, burns t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly staves.
 He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,
 Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
 And, with his rowing armes, supports his lims:
 Which, through the pure waues, glister as he swims.
 Like luory statues, which the life surpasse;
 Or like a Lilly, in a crySTALL glasse.
 He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all vnstript;
 And, as she spake, into the water skipt:
 Hanging about the neck that did resist;
 And, with a mastring force, th'vnwilling kist:
 Now, puts her hand beneath his scornfull brest;
 Now euery way inuading the distrest:
 And wraps about the subiect of her lust,
 Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trust;
 Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
 And wreaths her tayle about his stretcht-out wings.
 So clasping luy to the Oke doth grow;
 And so the *Polyus* detaines his foe.
 But *Atlantiades*, relentlesse coy,
 Still struggles, and resists her hop't-for ioy.
 Inuested with her body: foole, said shee,
 Struggle thou may'st; but neuer shalt be free.
 O you, who in immortal thrones reside,
 Grant that no day may euer vs diuide!
 Her wishes had their Gods. Euen in that space
 Their cleauing bodies mix: both haue one face.
 As when wee two diuided scions ioyne,
 And see them grow together in one rine:

So

So they, by such a close embracement glew'd,
 Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.
 No longer he a boy, nor she a maid;
 But neither, and yet either, might be said.
Hermaphroditus at himselfe admires:
 Who halfe a female from the spring retires,
 His manly lims now softened; and thus prays,
 With such a voyce as neither sex betrayes:
 Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him o' heare
 Who was your sonne! who both your names doth beare!
 May euery man, that in this water swims,
 Returne halfe-woman, with insecbled lims.
 His gentle parents signe to his request;
 And with vnknowne recits the spring infect.
 Here, they conclude: yet giue their hands no rest;
 But *Bacchus* slight, and full prophane his Feast.
 Then, suddenly harsh instruments surprize
 Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:
 Sweet Myrthe and Saffron all the house perfume.
 Their webs (past credit!) flourish in the loome:
 The hanging wooll to green-leau'd luy spreads;
 Part, into vines: the equall twisted threads
 To branches run: buds from the distaffe shoot;
 And with that purple paint their blushing fruit.
 Now to the day succeeds that doubtful light;
 Which neither can be called day, nor night.
 The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
 Appeare to burne; the roome with flames shines;
 Fill'd with fantasticall resemblances
 Of howling beasts, whom blood and slaughter please.
 The Sisters, to the smoky rooofe retire:
 And, there disperst, avoid both light and fire.

F 4

Thus,

Thus, while they corners seek, thin films extend
 From lightned liins, with small beams inter-pend,
 But how their former shapes they did forgoe,
 Concealing darknesse would not let them know.
 Nor are these little Light-detesting things
 Born-vp with feathers, but transparent wings.
 Their voyce befits their bodies; small, and faint:
 Wherewith they harshly vtter their complaint.
 These houses haunt, in night conceale their shame;
 And of the loued Euening take their name.

All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:
 Whose wondrous powr his boasting Aunt relates.
 She onely, of so many sisters, knew
 No griefe as yet, but what from them she drew.
 A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
 Nurse to a God: these caus'd her to surpasse
 The bounds of her felicities; and made
 Vext *Iuno* storm; who to her selfe thus said;

What? could that Strumpets brat the form debase
 Of poore *Meonius* Saylers, drencht in Seas?
 A Mother vrge to murder her owne son?
 And wing the three *Minides* that spun?
 Can I but vn-reuenged wrongs deplore?
 Must that suffice? and is our powre no more?
 He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:
 What furie can, the wounds of *Pentheus* show
 More than too-much. Why should not *Iuo* tread
 The path which late her frantiske sisters lead?

A steepe darke Caue, with deadly Ewe repleat,
 Through silence leads to hell's infernall seat.
 By this, dull *Styx* eiefts a blasting fume:
 Here ghosts descend, whose bodies earth inburne;

Amongst

Amongst those thorns, stiffe Cold, and Palenesse dwell.
 The new-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell;
 Nor where the roomy *Stygian* Citie stands;
 Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.
 A thousand entrics to this Citie guide:
 The gates still open stand, on euery side.
 And as all Riuer run into the Deep;
 So all vnhouse'd Soules doe thither creep.
 Nor are they pestered for want of roome:
 Nor can it be perceiu'd that any come.
 Here shadowes wander from their bodies pent:
 Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent;
 Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:
 Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Ayre
 (Her hate immortall!) thither nakes repayre.
 As soone as shee had entered the gate,
 The threshold trembl'd with her sacred waight.
 Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddesse dreads,
 And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
 Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night;
 Implacable, and hating all delighe.
 Before the doors of Adamant they sit;
 And there with combs their snaky curles vnknit.
 When they through gloomy darknesse did disclose
 That forme of Heauen, the Goddesse arose.
 The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
 Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
 Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:
 And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
 From *Tantalus*, deceitfull water slips:
 And catcht-at fruit auoids his touched lips.

F 5

Thoe

Thou euer seekest, or roul'st vp in vaine
 A stone, *o Sisyphus*, to fall againe.
Ixion, turn'd vpon a restless wheele,
 With giddy head pursues his flying heele.
 The *Belides*, whom Kins-men's blood accuse,
 For euer draw the Water, which they loose.
 On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all
 At thee *Ixion*; then, a looke lets fall
 On *Sisyphus*: And why (said shee) remains
 This brother onely in perpetuall paines;
 When haughtie *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
 Both *Ione* and me, abides in constant ioyes?
 Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,
 And what shee would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;
 That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
 And vrge him to some execrable fact.
 Importunately shee sollicitech,
 Commands, intreats, and promist, with one breath.
 Incens'd *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes;
 And, tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
 Thus said: You need not vse long ambages;
 Suppose all done already, that may please:
 Forsake this lothsome Kingdome, and repayre
 To th' vpper world's more comfortable ayre.
 Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heauen with-drew:
 Whom first *Thaumatian Iris* purg'd with dew.
 Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
 Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.
 About her head a bloody torch she shooke;
 And swiftly thole accurst aboads forsooke.
 Still-fighting Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,
 And gaitly Madnesse, her associates were.

The.

The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyson boyles
 The politht doores: the frighted Sunne recoyles.
 Then *Athamas* and *Ione*, stricke with dread
 And monstrous apparitions, sought e' haue fled:
 But sterne *Erimys* their escape withstands;
 And stretching-out her viper-grasping hands,
 Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiss;
 Some, falling on her shoulders, there vntwist;
 Others, vpon her vgly brest descend,
 Spet poyson, and their forked tongues extend.
 Two Adders from her crawling haire shee drew;
 And those at *Athamas* and *Ione* threw:
 These vp and down about their bosoms roule;
 And with infus'd infection sad the Soule.
 No wound vpon their bodies could be found:
 It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.
 She brought besides, from her abhorred home,
 The surfet of *Echidna*, with the fume
 Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandering Error,
 Obluion, Mischiefe, Teares, in fernal Terror,
 Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt
 On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
 With blood yet reeking; boyld in hollow brasie,
 And stird with Hemlocke. While sad *Athamas*
 And *Ione* quake, she pours into their breasts
 The ragefull poyson; which their peace infects.
 Her flamy torch then whisking in a round
 (Whose circularie fire her conquest crown'd)
 To *Auto's* emptie regiment she makes
 A swift descent; and there vngirts her Snakes.
 Forthwith, *Aelides* with poyson boyles
 If, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your royles;

Here,

Here, late a Lyonsse by me was seen
 With her two whelps. With that, pursues the Queene
 And from her brest *clearchus* snatcht: The Child
 Stretches forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:
 Whom like a sling about his head he swings;
 And cruelly against the pavement flings.
 The Mother, whether with her griefe distraught,
 Or that the poyson on her senses wrought,
 Runs howling with her haire about her eares;
 And in bare arms her *Melicerta* beares;
 Cries *Euohe Bacchus!* *Iuno* laught, and said;
 Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repay'd.
 There is a Rock that ouer-looks the Mayne,
 Mollow'd by fretting Surges, scost from rayne,
 Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends.
 This, *Iuo* (fury adding strength) ascends;
 Descending head-long, with the load she beares;
 And strikes the sparkling waues, that fall in teares.

Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,
 Her Vncle thus intreats: O thou, whose State
 Is next to *Ioue's*; great Ruler of the Flood;
 My sute is bold; yet pittie thou my blood,
 Now tossed in the deepe *Ionian* Seas:
 And ioyne them to thy warrie Deities.
 Some fauour of the Sea I should obtaine,
 That am ingender'd of the fomy Maines:
 Of which, the acceptable name I beare.
Nep'tune affords a fauourable eare;
 Who what was mortall from their beings took;
 Then gaue to either a Maiesticke looke;
 In all their faculties diuinely fram'd:
 And her, *Leucispe*; him, *Pelema* nam'd.

The

The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursew'd,
 Her last on the first Promontorie view'd.
 Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,
 They beat their breasts; and *Cadmus* House lament:
 Of little iustice, and much Crueltie,
 All, *Iuno* tax. Indure (they said) shall I
 Such blasphemies? Ile make you monuments
 Of my reuenge. Threats vther their euent.
 When one, of all the most affectionate,
 Cry'd, O my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
 And thought to leape into the roring Flood;
 But could not moue; her feete fast-fixed stood.
 Another, who her bosome meant to beat;
 Perceiu'd her stiff'ned armes to lose their heat.
 By chance, her hand This stretcht to the Maines,
 Nor could her hand, now stone, vntstretch againe.
 As She her violatred Tresses tare,
 Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.
 Their Statues now those seuerall gestures beare
 Wherein they formerly surpris'd were.
 Some, Fowles became; now call'd *Cadmitides*;
 Who with their light wings sweepe those gulphy Seas.
 Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raig'n'd.
 In sacred Seas, and deathlesse States retayn'd.
 Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall euent,
 That had no end, and many dire offents,
 He leaues his Citie; as not through his owne,
 But by the fortune of the place o're-thrown:
 And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,
 At length arriveth at the *Illyrian* Coast.
 Now spent with griefe and age, whilst they relace
 Their former toyles, and Familie's first fage.

And

And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew
 (Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw
 (An vncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
 If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,
 May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
 His belly lengthned, ere his with could end.
 Tough scales vpon his hardned out-side grew;
 The black, distinguished with drops of blew.
 Then, falling on his breast, his thighs vnite;
 And in a spiny progresse stretch out-right.
 His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he spreads:
 And teares on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.
 Come, O Sad Soule, said he; thy husband touch;
 Whil'st I am I, or part of me be such.
 Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to shake;
 Before I totally endue a Snake.
 His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
 In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.
 He list, when he his sorrowes sought to vent;
 The onely language now which Nature lent.
 His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cryes,
 Stay *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies.
 O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast;
 Thy colour, face, and (while I speake) the rest!
 You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
 He lick't her willing lips euen as she spake;
 Into her well-knowne bosom glides; her waste,
 And yeelding neck, with louing twines imbrac't.
 Amazement all the standers-by possesse;
 While glittering combs their slippery heads inuest.
 Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,
 Till they the court of the Wood attayn'd.

These

These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
 Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence feare.
 Yet were those sorrowes by their daughters sonne
 Much comforted, who vanquish't *India* won:
 To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate;
 Diuinely magnif'd through either State.
 Alone *Acrisius* *Abantiades*,
 Though of one Progenie, dissents from these:
 Who, from th' *Argolian* Citie, made him flie;
 And manag'd armes against a Deitie.
 Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Ioue's* doth hold;
 (Begot on *Danaë* in a showre of gold)
 Yet straight repents (so preualent is truth)
 Both to haue forc't the God, & doom'd the Youth.
 Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:
 The other through *Ayr's* emptie Region flies;
 And beares along the memorable spoyle
 Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyle.
 And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew,
 The blood, that drop's from *Gorgon's* head, streight grew
 To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
 With these, those much infested Climes abound.
 Hither and thither, like a cloud of rayne
 Borne by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Mayne;
 Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
 And ouer all the ample World doth flie:
 Thrice saw *Arcturus*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
 Oft harried to the East, oft to the West.
 And now, not trusting to approached night,
 Vpon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:
 And craues some rest, till *Lucifer* displays
Aurora's blush, and shee *Apollo's* rays.

Hago

Huge-statur'd *Atlas Iapetoni des*
 Here sway'd the utmost bounds of Earth and Seas;
 Where *Titan's* panting steeds his Chariot steepe,
 And bathe their fierie feet-locks in the Deepe.
 A thousand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed
 In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread:
 Here to their tree the shining branches sute;
 To them, their leaues; to those, the golden fruit.
 Great King, said *Persens*, if high birth may moue
 Respect in thee, behold the sonne of *Ioue*:
 If admiration, then my Acts admire;
 Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire;
 He, mindfull of this prophetic, of old
 By sacred *Tbemis* of *Parnassus* told;
 In time thy golden fruit a prey shall proue,
 O *Iaphets* sonne, vnto the sonne of *Ioue*.
 This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
 With solid Cliffs, that all access oppos'd:
 The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held;
 And from his Land all Forrainers expeld.
 Be gone, said he, for feare thy glories proue,
 But counterfeite; and thou no sonne to *Ioue*;
 Then addes vnciuill violence to threats.
 With strength the other seconds his intreats:
 In strength inferiour; Who so strong as he?
 Since courtesie, nor any worth in me,
 Vext *Persens* said, can purchase my regard;
 Yet from a guest receiue thy due reward.
 With that, *Medusa's* vgly head he drew,
 His owne ouerfed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew
 Into a Mountayne equall to the man;
 His haire and beard to woods and bushes ran;

His

His armes and shoulders into ridges spred;
 And what was his, is now the Mountaynes head:
 Bones turne to stones; and all his parts extrude
 Into a huge prodigious altitude.
 (Such was the pleasure of the euer-blest)
 Whereon the heauens, with all their tapers, rest.
Hippotades in hollow rocks did close
 The strife-full Windes: Bright *Lucifer* arose
 And rous'd vp Labour. *Persens*, hauing ty'd
 His wings t' his feet, his fauchion to his side,
 Sprung into ayre: below, on either hand
 Innumerable Nations left the Land
 Of *Ethiop*, and the *Cephen* fields suruay'd;
 There, where the innocently wretched maid
 Was for her mothers proud impietie,
 By vniust *Ammon* sentenced to die.
 Whom when the Heros saw to hard rocks chain'd;
 But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd.
 And light winds gently fann'd her fluent haire,
 He would haue thought her marble: Ere aware
 He fire attracteth; and, astonish'd by
 Her beautie, had almost forgot to fly.
 Who lightning said; O fairest of thy kinde
 (More worthy of those bands which Louers bind,
 Than these rude gyues) the Land by thee renown'd,
 Thy name, thy birth declare; and why thus bound.
 At first, the silent Virgin was affrayd
 To speake t' a man; and modestly had made
 A visard of her hands; but they were ty'd:
 And yet abortiue teares their fountaines hide.
 Still vrg'd, lest she should wrong her innocence,
 As if asham'd to vtter her offence,

Her

Her Countrey shee discouers; her owne name;
 Her beaucous Mothers confidence, and blame.
 All yet untold, the Waues began to rore:
 Th' apparant Monster (hast'ning to the shore)
 Before his brest, the broad-spread Sea vp-beares.
 The Virgin shrieks. Her Parents see their feares.
 Both mourne; both wretched (but, shee iustly so):
 Who bring no aid, but extasies of woe,
 With teares that sute the time: Who take the leaue
 They loathe to take; and to her body cleaue.
 You for your griefe may haue, the stranger said,
 A time too long: short is the houre of aid.
 If freed by me, *Ioue's* sonne, in fruitfull gold
 Begot on *Danaë* through a brazen Hold;
 Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the snake haire;
 And boldly glide through vn-inclosed aire:
 If for your sonne you then will me prefer;
 Adde to this worth, That in deliuering her;
 I'll trie (so fauour me the Powres diuine)
 That thee, sau'd by my valour, may be mine.
 They take a Law; intreat what he doth offer:
 And further, for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer.
 Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
 (Row'd by the sweat of slaues) the Sea doth plow:
 Euen so the Monster furroweth with his brest,
 The foming flood; and to the neere Rocke prest:
 Not farther distant, than a man might sling
 A way-inforcing bullet from a sling.
 Forth-with, the youthfull issue of rich shows,
 Harch pushing from him, to the blew skye towrs.
 The furious Monster eagerly doth chace
 His shadow, gliding on the Seas smooth face.

And

And as *Ioue's* bird, when shee from high suruayes
 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;
 Descends vnscene, and through his necks blew scales
 (To shun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:
 So swiftly stoops high-pitcht *machides*
 Through singing ayre; then on his backe doth seaze;
 And neere his right sin sheaths his crooked sword
 Vp to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:
 Now capers in the ayre, now diues below
 The troubled waues; now turn's vpon his foe:
 Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager hounds
 Haue at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.
 He, with swift wings, his greedy iawes auoids;
 Now, with his fauchion wounds his scaly sides;
 Now, his shell-rough-cast back; now, where the taile
 Ends in a Fith, or parts expos'd t'assaile.
 A streame mixt with his bloud the Monster flings
 From his wide throat; which wets his heavy wings:
 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
 On their support. He sees a rock hard by,
 Whose top aboue the quiet waters stood;
 But vnderneath the winde-incensed flood.
 There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,
 His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.
 The shore rings with th' applause that fills the skye.
 Then, *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with ioy,
 Salute him for their son: whom now they call
 The Sauour of their House, and of them all.
 Vp came *Andromeda*, freed from her chaines;
 The cause, and recompence of all his paines.
 Meane-while, he watheth his victorious hands
 In cleansing waues. And lest the beachy Sands

Should

Should hurt the snaky head, the ground he strew
 With leaues and twigs that vnder water grew:
 Whereon, *Medusa's* vgly face he layes.
 The Greene, yet iuicy, and attractive sprays
 From the toucht Monster stiffning hard asse tooke;
 And their owne natue pliancy forlooke.
 The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie:
 On other Sprigs, and in the issue ioy:
 Who sow againe their Seeds vpon the Deepe.
 The Corall now that propertie doth keepe,
 Receiuing hardnes from felt ayre alone:
 Beneath the Sea a twig, aboue a stone.
 Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
 To *Hermes*, *Ioue*, and *Her* who warre affects:
Minerua's on the right; on the left hand
 Stood *Mercurius's*: *Ioue's* in the midst did stand.
 To *Mercurie*, a Calfe they sacrifice;
 To *Ioue*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:
 Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
 Of so great worth; with Dow'r, of lesse regard.
 Now, *Ioue* and *Hymen* vige the Nupriall Bed:
 The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
 The house hung round with Garlands; euery where
 Melodious Harps and Songs salute the eare;
 Of iocund mirth the free and happy signes:
 With Dores display'd, the golden Palace shines.
 The *Cephen* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,
 Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.
 The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare
 Their heightened spirits: *Uisicus* longs to heare
 Their fashions, manners, and originall;
 Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.

This

This told; he said: Now tell, O valiant Knight,
 By what felicitie of force or sleight,
 You got this purchase of the snaky haire.
 Then *Abantides* forthwith declares,
 How vnder frosty *Atlas* clifsy side
 There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortify'd:
 In whose access the *Phorcydes* did lye;
 Two sisters; both of them had but one eye:
 How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,
 As they from one another it conuay'd.
 Then through blind waits, and rocky Forrests came
 To *Gorgon's* house: the way vnto the same,
 Beset with formes of men and beasts, alone
 By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:
 Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,
 In his bright target's cleere refulgency.
 And how her head he from her shoulders tooke,
 Ere heauy sleepe her snakes and her forlooke.
 Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother,
 Sprung from the bloud of their new-slaughtred mother:
 Adding the perils past in his long way;
 What seas, what soyles, his eyes below suruay;
 And to what starres his lofty pitch ascends:
 Yet long afore their expectation ends.
 One Lord among the rest would gladly know,
 Why Serpents onely on her head did grow.
 Stranger, said he, since this that you require
 Deserues the knowledge, take what you desire:
 Her passing beautie was the onely scope
 Of mens affections, and their enuied hope:
 Yet was not any part of her more rare
 (So say they who haue seene her) than her haire.

Whom

Whom Neptune in Minerva's Fane comprest.
 Iove's daughter, with the *Aëtas* on her brest,
 Hid her chaste blushes: and due vengeance takes,
 In turning of the Gorgon's haire to Snakes.
 Who now, to make her enemies affrayd,
 Beares in her shield the Serpents which she made.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The fifth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

THe Gorgon scene, Cepheus, Statues growe:
 So Phineus, Praxus, Polydect, the see
 To Perseus prayse. The fountain Hippocrene
 By Horse-boots rays'd. The Idalus into Nine
 Rape-spring Birds: Pierides, to Tyes.
 The Gods, by Typhon chas'd, themselves disguise.
 Sad Lycane into a Fountayne flowes.
 Th' ill-nurtur'd Boy a spotted Stellion growes.
 Low'd Arcthula shewes into a spring.
 Atealaphus an Owle, by his feathers wing
 The swart-tongued Syrens, by an Waters murmur.
 Stern Lynceus Ceres to a Lynx darth turne.

VV Hil't the Danaean Heros this relates,
 Amidst th' assembly of the Cephene States;
 Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:
 Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;
 But such as menace warre. The nuptiall Feast,
 Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life express
 A peacefull Sea, whose brow no frown deforms,
 Streight ruffled into billowes by rude stormes.
 First, *Minos*, the rash Author of this warre,
 Shaking a Lance, began the deadly iarre.
 Lo, I the man, that will vpon thy life
 Revenge, said he, the rapture of my wife.

Nor

Nor shall thy wings, nor *Ione* ingorged gold,
 Worke thy escape. About to throw: O hold!
 Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?
 What furie, frantick brother, tempts thee to
 So foule a fact? Is this the recompence
 For such high merit? for her life's defence?
 Not *Perseus*, but th' incens't *Nereides*,
 But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas
 (That Orke that sought my bowels to deuoure)
 Haue snatcht her from thee; rauisht in the houre
 Of her exposure. But thy cheltic
 Perhaps was well content that she should die,
 To ease thy losse with ours. May't not suffice,
 That shee was bound in chaynes before thine eyes;
 That thou, her Vncle, and her Husband, brought
 Her perill no preuention, nor none sought;
 But that anothers aid thou must enuy,
 And claime the Trophies of his victory?
 Which, if of such esteeme, thou shouldst haue strair'd
 T'haue forc't them from those Rocks, where lately chain'd.
 Let him, who did, enioy them: nor exact
 What is his dew by merit and compact.
 Nor thinke, we *Perseus* before thee prefer;
 But him, before so abhorr'd a sepulcher.
 He, without answer, rowling to and fro
 His eyes on either, doubts at which to throwe:
 And pausing, his ill-aymed lance at length
 At *Perseus* hurles, with rage-redoubled strength,
 Fixt in the bed-stock; vp fierce *Perseus* starts,
 And his retorted Speare at *Phineus* darts:
 Who suddenly behind an Altar stept;
 An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept:

And

And yet in *Rhætus* brow the weapon stuck.
 He fell: the Steele out of his scull they pluck:
 Who spurnes the earth, and staynes the board with blood;
 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
 Their Lances sling, and some there be who crye,
 That *Cepheus*, and his sonne in law, should die.
 But *Cepheus* wisely quits the clamorous Halk,
 Who Faith and Iustice doth to record call,
 With all the hospitable Gods; that hee
 Was from this execrable vp-rore free.
 The warlike *Pallas*, present, with her shield
 Protects her Brother, and his courage steeld;
 Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there;
 Whom *Ganges* got *Lamiae* did beare
 In her cleare Waues: his beaurie excellent,
 Which rare and costly ornaments augment
 Who scarce had fully fixtene Summers told
 Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
 About his neck he wore a carquet;
 His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.
 Although he cunningly a Dart could throwe
 Yet with more cunning could he vse his Bowe.
 Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
 Quick *Perseus* from the Altar snatcht a Brand,
 And dasht it on his face: one-start his eyes;
 And through his flesh the shinered bones arise.
 When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
 Shaking his formlesse looks, with bloud imbrow'd
 To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,
 And one who could not his affection hide:
 After he had his tragedie bewail'd;
 Who through the better wound his soule exhal'd;

G

Hes

He took the Bowe, which erst the Youth did bend;
 And said; With me, thou Murderer contend;
 Nor longer glory in a Boye's sad fate,
 Which stains thy actions with deserved hate.
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew:
 Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew.
Acrisaniades vpon him prest;
 And sheath'd his Harpy in his groning brest.
 Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
 That swim in night; and on his bosome lyes:
 Then chearfully expires his parting breath:
 Reioycing to be ioyn'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syënis*, *Metbion's* son
 With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*;
 Eager of combat, slipping in the blood.
 That drencht the pavement, fell: his sword withstood.
 Their re-ascent, which through the short-ribs smote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throte.
 Yet *Persens* would not venture to invade
 The Halberter *Eritheus* with his blade;
 But in both hands a Goble high inboft
 And massie, tooke; which at his head he tost:
 Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,
 Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crowne.
 Then *Polydamon* (sprung from Goddess-borne
Semiramis) *Phlegyas*, the vnshorne
Elyce, *Chytus*, *Scythian Abus*,
 And braue *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* blisse)
 Fell by his hand: whose feet in triumph tread
 Vpon the slaughtred bodies of the dead.
 But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
 In close assault, far-off a dart doth throwe

Which

Which led by error, did on *Ida* fight;
 A Neuter, who in vaine forbore to fight.
 He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake:
 Since you, me an vnwilling partie make,
 Receiue the enemie whom you haue made;
 That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
 About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his sides
 With losse of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
 Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Chymus*'s sword;
 Next to the King, the greatest *Cephen* Lord:
Hypsen slew *Protemar*; *Lyxedes*
Hipsans. Old *Emathion* fell with these;
 Who fear'd the Gods, and fauoured the right.
 He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
 Fights with his tongue, himselfe doth interpose,
 And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar, lopt
 His shaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
 Whose halfe-dead tongue yet curses; & expires
 His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.
 Then *Biorkas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew;
 Who from one womb at once their being drew:
 Inuincible with hurlo-bats, could they quell
 The dints of swords. Neere these *Alphytus* fell,
 The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
 Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
 And thou *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit,
 Detesting discord, in soft peace more fit
 To sing vnto thy tunefull Lir; now prest
 With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feast:
 When *Pettalus*, at him who stood far off
 With his defenselesse Harp; strikes with this scoff;

G 2

Coc

Goe sing the rest vnto the Ghosts below:
 And pearc't his Temples with a deadly blow.
 His dying fingers warble in his fall:
 And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.
 This, vnreueg'd, *Lycormas* could not brooke;
 But from the door's right side a Leauer tooke,
 And him between the head and shoulders knocks:
 Downe falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.
Ciniphean Palates then sought to seaze
 Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
 His hand nayl'd to the door-post with a Speare:
 Whose side stern *Abas* pierc't as he stuck there.
 Nor could he fall; but, giuing vp the ghost,
 Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melanus then, of *Persens* partie, fell;
 And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell:
 In *Nasamon* none than he more great
 For large Possellions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
 The steel stuck in his groin, which death pursu'd:
 Whom *Halcyonius*, of *Bactria* view'd
 (The Author of the wound) as he did roule
 His turn'd-vp eyes, and sigh'd-out his soule:
 For all thy land, said he, by this diuorce
 Receiue thy longth; and left his bloudlesse corse.
 The Speare, reuengefull *Abasides* drew
 From his warm wound; and at the Thrower threw:
 Which in the middle doth his nares diuide;
 And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
 Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytus* he confounds
 And *Danns*, of one womb, with different wounds:
 Through *Clytus* thighs a ready Dart he cast;
 An other 'twixt the iawes of *Danns* past.

Mindeſan

Mindeſan celadon and After ſlew,
 His Father doubtfull, gotten on a lew:
Ecbion, late well ſcene in things to come;
 Now ouer-taken by an vnknowne doomer
Theocles, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd
 And fell *Agyrtes*, that ſould parricide.
 Yet more remayn'd than were already ſpent:
 For, all of them, to murder one, conſent.
 The bold Conſpirators on all ſides fight;
 Impugning promiſe, merit, and his right.
 The vainely-pious Father ſides with th'other;
 With him, the frighted Bride, and penſiue Mother;
 Who fill the Court with out-cries; by the ſound
 Of clashing Armes, and dying ſcreeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floore imbrows
 With ſtreams of bloud, and horrid warre renewes.
 False *Phineus*, with a thouſand, in a ring
 Begirt the Heros: who their Lances ſling
 As thick as Winters haile; that blinde his fight,
 Sing in his eares, and round about him light.
 His guarded back he to a pillar ſets;
 And with vndaunted force confronts their threats.
chaonian Molpeus preſt to his left ſide:
 The right, *Nabaſbean Ethemon* ply'd.
 As when a Tyger, pinch't with famine, heares
 Two bellowing Herds within one Vale; forbearcy,
 Nor knowes on which to ruſh, as being loth
 To leaue the other, and would fall on both:
 So *Persens*, which to ſtrike, vncertayne proues;
 Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound remoues;
 Contented with his flight, in that the rage
 Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:

G 3.

Who

Who at his neck vncircumspectly stroke,
 And his keene sword against the pillar broke;
 The blade from vrelenting stone rebounds;
 And in his throte th' vnhappy owner wounde.
 Yet was not that enough to work his end;
 Who fearfully doth now his armes extend
 For pittie vnto *Perseus*, all in vaine;
 Who thrust him through with his *Cykenian* skeinc.
 But, when he saw his valour ouer-sway'd
 By multitude: I must, said he, seek ayd
 (Since you your selues compell me) from my foe;
 Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgon's* head doth show.
 Some others seek, said *Theffalus*, to fright
 With this thy Monster; and with all his might
 A deadly dart in deuour'd to haue throwne:
 But in that posture became a stone.
 Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest;
 And thrust his sword at bold *Lycides* brest:
 When, in the passe, his fingers stupid grow;
 Nor had the power of mouing to or fro.
 But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile
 Vanted to be the sonne of seuen-fold *Nile*,
 And bare seuen siber Riuers in his shield,
 Distinctly wauiug through a golden field)
 To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung
 To euer-silent shadowes beare a-long
 This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
 By such a braue and high-orne enemy.
 His viterance faultred in the latter clause:
 The yet vnfinisht sound stuck in his iawes;
 Who gaping stood as he would something say:
 And so had done, if words had found a way.

These

These *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faire soules that dead
 Your powres, said he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.
 Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds
 This Youth, who thus with Magick Armes confounde.
 Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd;
 Now mutely fixt: an armed Statue made.

These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
 For *Perseus*, bold *Acontes*, at the sight
 Of *Gorgon's* snakes abortiue marble grew.
 On whom *Astyages* in fury flew,
 As if aliue, with his two-handed blade;
 Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made:
 Who, whilst he wonders, the same nature took;
 And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
 It were too tedious for me to report
 Their names, who perisht of the vulgar sort.
 Two hundred scap't the furie of the light:
 Two hundred turne to stone at *Gorgon's* sight.
 Now *Phineus* his vniust commotion rewes:
 What should he doe? the senselesse shapes he views
 Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;
 And doth by name their seuerall ayd implore.
 And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,
 The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.
 Then turns aside: and now, a Penitent,
 With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent,
 O *Perseus*, thine said he, shine is the day!
 Remoue this Monster. Hence, O hence conuay
Medusa's ugly looks, or what more strange,
 Which humane bodyes into marble change!
 Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife:
 I onely fought to re-obtaine my Wife.

G 4

Thine

Thine is the plea of Merit ; mine, of Time:
 Yet, in contending I confesse my crime:
 For life (O chiefe of men!) I onely sew:
 Afford me that : the rest I yeeld to you.
 Thus he ; not daring to reuert his eyes
 On him whom he intreats : who thus replyes.

Faint-hearted *Ibicus*, what I can afford,
 (A gift of worth to such a fearefull Lord)
 Take courage, and perswade thy selfe I will:
 No wounding sword thy bloud shall euer spill.
 Moreover, that I may thy wish preuent,
 Here will I fix thy lasting monument:
 That thou by her thou lou'st maist still be seene;
 And with her Spouse's image cheare our Queene.
 Then, on that side *Phorcyns* head doth place,
 To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
 And as from thence his eyes he would haue throwne,
 His neck grew stiffe : his teares congeale to stone.
 With fearfull suppliant looks, submissiue hands,
 And guiltie countenance, the Statue stands.

Victorious *Abantiades* now lyes
 T his natiue Citie, with the rescu'd prize:
 There, vengeance takes on *Priatus*, and restor'd
 His Grand-father ; whose wrongs redresse implor'd
 For *Priatus* had by force of Armes expeld
 His brother ; and vsurped *Argos* held.
 But him, nor Armes, nor Bulwarks, could protect
 Against the snaky Monsters grim aspect.

Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone
 Through so great toyle, nor sorrowes vnder-gone ;
 With thee, O *Polydette*, King of small
 Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could preuaile at all.

Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable
 Detracting ; and condemning for a fable
Medusa's death. The moued Youth replyes:
 The truth your selfe shall see ; Friends, shut your eyes.
 Then, represents *Medusa* to his view:
 Who presently a bloudlesse Statue grew.

Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaues:
 Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaues
 (*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)
 And o're the toyling Seas her course apply'd.
 To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon* ; there stay'd:
 And thus vnto the learned Sisters said.

The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force:
 Of that swift-winged *Medusan* horse,
 Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood:
 Who saw him issue from his Mothers blood.

Goddesse, *P'rania* answered, what cause
 So-euer you to this our Mansion drawes ;
 You are most wel-come. What you heard is true:
 And from that *Peg'us* this Fountaine grew.
 Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring conuay'd,
 Shee admires the waters by the horse-hoofe made ;
 Suruay's their high-grown groues, coole caues, fresh bowrs,
 And meadows painted with all sorts of flowers:
 Then happy stiles shee the *Maonides*,
 Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.

O heauenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
 Most worthy our Societie to guide,
 If so your actiue vertue did not moue.
 To greater deeds : deseru'dly you approue
 Our Studies, pleasant seat, and happie state,
 Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.

Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
 And still her voyce vnto her Harp apply'd:
 Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,
 Nor leisure serues you, nor is't worth your care.
 Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat
 Your long'd-for Verse; and takes a shady seat.
 Then shee; On one we did the task impose:
Calliope, with Iuy crown'd, vp-rose;
 Who with her thumb first tun'd the quauering strings,
 And then this Dirty to the musique sings.

The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent;
 First gaue vs corne, a better nourishment;
 First Lawes prescrib'd: all from her bountie sprung.
 By me, the Goddess *Ceres* shall be sung.
 Would We could Verses, worthy her, rehearse:
 For shee is more than worthy of our Verse.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;
 Who vnderneath the Ilands waight doth grone;
 That durst affect the Empire of the skyes:
 Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to rise.
Ausonian Pelion, his right hand
 Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;
 His legs are vnder *Lithæus* spread;
 And *Aëtae's* bases charge his horrid head:
 Where, lying on his back, his iawes expire
 Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.
 Oft times he struggles with his load below:
 And Townes, and Mountaynes labours to ore-throw.
 Earth-quakes therewith, the King of shadows dreads,
 For feare the ground should split about their heads,
 And let-in Day t'affright the trembling Ghosts.
 For this, he from his wient Empire posts,

Drawne

Drawne by black horses; tracing all the Round
 Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
 Him *Erycina* from her Mount suruay'd
 (Now scarcelesse) and, her sonne embracing, said.

My Armes, my strength, my glorie; for my sake,
O Cupid, thy all-conquering weapons take;
 And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,
 Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
 The Gods, euen *Joue* himselfe; the God of waues;
 And who illustrates earth haue beene thy slaues.
 Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway,
 Inlarge, and make th'internall Powr's obey,
 Yet we (such is our patience!) are dispis'd
 In our owne heauen; and all our force vnpriz'd.
 Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,
 Far-darting *Dian*; how my worth they slight?
 And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
 If we permit; for shee affects their pride.
 But, if thou fauour our ioynt Monarchy,
 Thy Vncle to the Virgin-Goddess tie.

Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth vncluse;
 And one, out of a thousand arrows, chose.
 At her Arbitriment: a sharper head
 None had; more ready, or that surer sped.
 Then bends his Bow: the string & his care arrives,
 And through the heart of *Diu* the arrow driues.
 Not far remou'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,
 A Lake there is, which men *Pergusa* call.
Cayster's slowly-gliding waters beare
 Far fewer singing Swans than are heard there.
 Woods crown the Lake, and clothe it round about
 With leamy veils, which *Phæbus* beames keep out.

The

The trees create fresh ayr, th'Earth various flowres:
 Where heat nor cold th'eternall Spring deuoures.
 Whil'ft in this groue *Proserpina* disports,
 Or Violets pulls, or Lyllyes of all sorts;
 And while she stroue with childish care and speed
 To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Lis saw, affected, carryed her away,
 Almost at once. Loue could not brooke delay.
 The sad-fac't Goddesse cryes (with feare appall'd)
 To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
 And as she tore th'adornment of her haire,
 Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap shee bare.
 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicitie,
 That their losse also made the Virgin crie.
 The Rauisher flies on swift wheelles; his horses
 Excites by name, and their full speed inforces:
 Shaking for haste the rust-obscur'd raignes
 Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy maines.
 Through Lakes, through *Palicene*, which expires
 A sulphurous breath, through earth ingendring fires,
 They passe to where *Corinibian Bacchides*
 Their Citie built betweene vnequall Seas.

The Land 'twixt *Aretusa* and *Cyane*
 With stretcht-out hornes begirts th'included Sea.
 Here *Cyane* who gaue the Lake a name,
 Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of speciall fame,
 Her head aduanc't: who did the Goddesse know?
 And boldly said, You shall no farther goe;
 Nor can you be vnwilling *Ceres* son:
 What you compell, perswasion should haue won.
 If humble things I may compare with great;
Anaps lou'd me: yet did he intreat;

And

And me, noe frighted thus, espous'd. This said,
 With out-stretcht armes his farther passage staid.
 His wrath no longer *Pluto* could restraine;
 But giues his terror-striking steeds the raignes;
 And with his Regall mace, through the profound
 And yeelding water, cleaues the solid ground:
 The breath t' infernall *Tartarus* extends:
 At whose darke iawes the Chariot descends.
 But *Cyane* the Goddesse Rape laments;
 And her owne iniur'd Spring; whose discontent
 Admit no comfort: in her heart shee beares
 Her silent sorrow: now, resolves to teares;
 And with that Fountayne doth incorporate,
 Whereof th'immortall Deitie but late.
 Her softned members thaw into a drow:
 Her nailes lesse hard, her bones now limber grow.
 The stendrest parts first melt away: her haire,
 Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that soon impaire,
 And drop to streames: then, arms, back, shoulders, side,
 And bosom, into little Currents glide.
 Water, in stead of blood, fills her pale veines:
 And nothing now, that may be graspt, remains.
 Mean-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine,
 The fearfull Mother sought her childe in vaine.
 Not dewy-hayr'd *Aurora*, when shee rose,
 Nor *Hesperus*, could witness her repose.
 Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Aetna* lights;
 And restless, carries them through freezing Nights:
 Again, when Day the vanquish't Starres suppress,
 Her vanisht comfort seeks from East to West.
 Thirsty with trauell, and no Fountayne nyc,
 A cottage thatcht with straw, inuites her eye.

At

At th' humble gate she knocks : An old wife shewes
 Her selfe thereat ; and seeing her, bestowes
 The water so desir'd ; which shee before
 Had boyld with barly. Drinking at the doore,
 A rude hard-favour'd Boy beside her stood,
 Who laught, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood
 Inflam'd with anger, what remayn'd shee threw
 Full in his face ; which forthwith speckled grew.
 His armes conuert to legs ; a taile withall
 Spines from his changed shape : of body small,
 Lest he might proue too great a foe to life :
 Though lesse, yet like a Lizard : th' aged wife
 (That wonders, weeps, and feares to touch it) shuns,
 And presently into a creuise runs.
 Fit to his colour they a name clost ;
 With sundry little stars all-ouerspeckt.

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddesse wandred through
 Were long to tell : Earth had not roome enough.
 To *Sick* shee returns : where ere shee goes,
 Inquires ; and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
 Shee, had shee not beene changed, all had told ;
 Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to vnfold :
 Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gaue
 A sure ostent : who bore vpon a waue
Persephone's rich zone ; that from her fell ;
 When, through the sacred Spring, shee sunke to hell.
 This seen, and knowne ; as but then lost, shee tare,
 Without selfe-pitty, her dis-theueled haire ;
 And with redoubled blowes her brest inuades :
 Nor knowes what Land t'accuse, yet all vpbraids ;
 Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t'abound :
Triuacria chieftly ; where the steps shee found.

OF

Of her misfortunes. Therefore there shee brake
 The furrowing plough ; the Oxe and owner strake
 Both with one death ; then, bade the fields beguile
 The trust impos'd, thrunke seed corrupts. That soile,
 So celebrated for fertilitie,
 Now barren grew : come in the blade doth die.
 Now, too much drouth annoys ; now, lodging showres ;
 Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy fowle deuoures
 The new-sowne graine : Kintare, and Darnell tire
 The setter'd Wheat ; and weeds that through it spire.
 In *Elcan* waues *Alpheus* Loue appeard ;
 And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd :
 O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend
 To life, said she ; here let thy labour end :
 Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land ;
 That blamelesse is, nor could her rape with-stand.
 I, here a guest, not for my Country plead :
 My Country *Pisa* is, in *Elis* bred ;
 And, as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell :
 But yet no Country pleaseth me so well :
 I, *Aresbusa*, now these Springs possesse :
 This is my seat : which, courteous Goddesse, blesse.
 Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
 Through such vast Seas ; I shall impart the same
 To your desire ; when you, more fit to heare,
 Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.
 Earth giues me way : through whose darke cauerns roll'd,
 I here ascend ; and vnkowne stars behold.
 While vnder ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
 Your sweet *Proserpina* I there spy'd.
 Full sad shee was : euen then you might haue seen
 Feare in her face : and yet shee is a Queen ;

And

And yet shee in that gloomy Empire swayes;
And yet her will th' infernall King obayes.

Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heauy newes;
And, staring, long continued in a muse.
When griefe had quickned her stupiditie,
Shee tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:
'There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,
Shee kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r.
Both for my blood and thine, O *Ioue*, I sew:
If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you
A Father to your Daughter proue; nor be
Your care the lesse, because shee sprung from me.
Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
The spacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the losse assures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Finde, I haue found her so.
And yet I would the iniurie remit,
So he the stolne restore: 'Twere most vnfit
That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter ioyne
To such a Thiefe; although shee were not mine.

Then *Ioue*: The pledge is mutuall, and these cares
To either equall: Yet this deed declares
Much loue, mis-called Wrong: nor should we shame
Of such a sonne, could you but thinke the same.
All wants suppose, can he be lesse than great,
And be *Ioue*'s brother? What, when all compleat?
I, but prefer'd by lot? Or if you burne
In endlesse spleen; Let *Proserpine* returne:
On this condition, That shee yet haue ta'en
No sustenance: so *Destinies* ordaine.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* postes in haste:
But, Fates with-stand: the Maid had broke her fast.

For,

For, wandering in the Ort-yard, simply shee
Pluckt a Pomegranet from the stooping Tree;
Thence tooke seuen grains and eats them one by one:
Observed by *Ascalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orpheus* erst begot
In pitchy *Caucas*: a Dame of speciall note
Amongst th' *Auerne* Nymphs. This vtter'd, stayd
The sighing Queene of *Erebus*; who made
The Blab a Bird: with waues of *Phlegeton*
His face besprinkles; plume appears thereon,
Crookt beake, and broader eyes: the shape he had
He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head or'e-siz'd, his long nailes talons prone;
His winged armes for lazinesse scarce moue:
A filthy, euer ill-presaging Fowle,
To Mortals ominous: a screeching Owle.

Yet was the punishment no more than due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and clawes disgrace;
Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathlesse Powers
Were with the Goddess when shee gatherd flowrs?
Whom when through all the Earth you sought in vaine,
You wisht for wings to swim vpon the Main;
That pathlesse Seas might testifie your care:
The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.
Streight, golden feathers on your backs appeare:
But, lest that musick, fram'd to inchant the eare,
And so great gifts of speech should be prophan'd;
Your Virgin-lookes, and humane voyce remayn'd.

But *Ioue*, his sister's discontent to cheare,
Between her and her Brother parts the yeare,

The

The Goddesse now in either Empire swayes:
Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* stayes.
Proserpina then chang'd her minde, and looke
(Late such as fullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)
And clear'd her browes; as *Sol*, obscur'd in throwds.
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquish'd cloudes.

Pleas'd *Ceres* now bad *Arethusa* tell
Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well.
Th'obsequious waters left their murmuring:
The Goddesse then about the Crystall Spring
Her head advanc't; and, wringing her green haire,
Shee thus *Alpheus* ancient loue declares.

I, of *Asbeia* once a Nymph: none more.
The chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.
By beautie though I neuer sought for fame;
Though masculine; offaire I bare the name,
Nor tooke I pleasure in my prayd face,
Which others valed as their only grace:
But, simple, was ashamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to please too-well:
As from *Symphalian* woods I made retreat
(Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd; a silent streame I found;
All eddies, peripicuous to the ground:
Through which you euery pebble might haue seen;
And ran, as if it had no Riuer been.
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordering streames, their gratefull shadow spread:
In this coole Rivulet my foot I dipt;
And by and by into the middle skipt:
Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro
A thousand wayes, with armes that swiftly row,

I from the bottom heard an vnknowne tongue;
And frighted, to the higher margent sprung.
Whither so fast, & *Arethusa* twice
Out cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voyce.
Vnclothed as I was, I ran away
(For, on the other side my garments lay)
The faster followed he, the more did burne;
Who naked, seeme the readier for his turne.
As trembling Doues the eger Hawkes eschew;
As eger Hawkes the trembling Doues pursue;
I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Psephis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Manalans*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintayned; nor could he come ny:
But, far vnable to hold out so long;
He, patient of much labour, and more strong.
And yet o're Plaines, o're woody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did neuer tread.
The Sunne was at our backs: before my feet
I saw his shadow; or my feare did see't.
How-ere his sounding steps, and thick drawne breath
That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.
Starke tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught I help (& forlornel)
Diana helpe thy Squire, who oft haue borne
Thy Bowe and Quiver! Mou'd at my request,
With muffling cloudes she couer'd the distress.
The Riuer seeks me in that pitchy shroud;
And searches round about the hollow cloud:
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;
And twice he id *Arethusa* cry'd.
Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so feares
When howling Wolves about the Fold she beares!

So heartlesse Hare, when trayling Hounds draw aye
 Her sented fortue; nor dares to moue an eye.
 Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
 My further steps; but guards the clowd and place.
 Cold sweats my then-besieged lims possesse:
 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreasse.
 Where-ere I step, streames run; my haire now fell
 In trickling dew; and, sooner than I tell
 My destinie, into a Flood I grew.
 The Riuer his beloued waters knew;
 And, putting off th' assumed shape of man,
 Resumes his owne; and in my Current ran.
 Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind cause,
 To lou'd *Orygia* she conducts my waues;
 Affected for her name: where first I take
 Reuiew of day. This, *Arethusa* spake.

The fertill Goddesse to her Chariot chaines
 Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn raignes:
 Her course, 'twixt heauen and earth, to *Athens* bends;
 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.
 Part of the seed shee gaue, shee bade him throw
 On vntill'd earth; part on the till'd to sow.
 O're *Europe*, and the *Asian* soyle conuay'd,
 The Youth to *Scythia* turnes; where *Lyncus* sway'd.
 His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,
 His cause of coming, Countrie, and his Name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
 And in renowned *Athens* I reside.
 No ship through soyling Seas me hither bare;
 Nor ouer-land came I; but through the ayre.
 I bring you *Ceres* gift: which sowne in fields,
 Corn-bearing crops (a better seed) yeelds.

The

The barbarous King enuies it: and, that he
 The Author of so great a good might be;
 Giues entertaynement; but, when sleep opprest
 His heauy eyes, with Steele attempts his brest.
 Whom *Ceres* turn's to a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
 The young *Mopsop* drive her sacred Snakes.

Our Chiefe concluded here her learned Layes.
 The Nymphs, with one consent, giue vs the Bayes:
 The vanquisht raile. To whom the Muse: Since you
 Esteeme it nothing to deserue the due
 To your contention, but must adde foule words
 To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
 Our patience roome: we'll wreak it on your heads,
 And tread the path which Indignation leads.
 The *Pæons* laugh, and our sharp threats despise.
 About to scould, and with disgracefull noyse
 To clap their hands; they saw the feathers sprout
 Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes through out.
 Hard nebs in one another's faces spie;
 And now, new birds, into the Forrest flie.
 These Syluan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare
 To beat their bosoms; mount, and hang in ayre.
 Who yet retayne their ancient eloquence;
 Full of harsh chat, and prating without sense.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Sixth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

PALLAS, an old-wife, Hæm's thoughts o're-shoot
 Hæmus and Rhodope; who Mountains grow.
 The Pigeon, a Crane. Antigone becomes
 A Stork. A Satyr Cynarus becomes:
 His impious daughters, flowers. In various shapes
 The Gods commit adulteries, and rapes.
 Arachne, a Spider. Niobe yet drowns
 Her marble cheeks in tears. Uncivill Clowns
 Are curst to Frogs. From teares down Martyrs flow
 His ivory shoulder new-made Pelops flows.
 Progne, a Swallow; Men'd with murders stains.
 Sad Philomel to secret night complains.
 Rage to a Lapwing turns the Odrysian King.
 Calais and Zetes nas into feathers wing.

TRitonia to the Muse attention lends:
 Who both her Verse, and just revenge commends.
 Then said t'her selfe: To praise is of no worth
 Let our revenged Powre our praise set forth.
 Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, the heard,
 Before her curious webs, her owne prefer'd.
 Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
 Vnto the Damsell, but excelling *Arachne*.

H

Derin's

Deriu'd from *Colophonian Idmons* side;
 Who thirstie Wooll in *Phocian* purple dide.
 Her mother (who had pay'd her debt to fate)
 Was also meane, and equall to her mate.
 Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praise was spread;
 Though poore her birth, in poore *Hypepa* bred.
 The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forooke;
 The sleek *Pactolus* Nymphs their streames; to looke
 On her rare workes: nor more delight in viewing
 The don (don with such grace) than when a doing.
 Whether she orbe-like roule the ruder wooll;
 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;
 Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;
 Or equall twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;
 Or with her lively-painting needle wrought:
 You might perceine she was by *Pallas* taught.
 Yet such a Mistresse her proud thoughts disclame:
 Let her with me contend; if foyld, no shame
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.
Pallas, forth-with, an old-wines shape indues:
 Her haire all white; her lims, appearing weake,
 A staffe supports: who thus began to speake.

Old Age hath something which we need not shun:
 Experience by long tract of time is won.
 Scorne not aduice: with dames of humane race
 Contend for fame, but giue a Goddess place.
 Craue pardon, and she will thy crime remit.

With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knir,
 (Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)
 She, masked *Pallas* with these words prouokes.

Old foole, that dot'st with age; to whom long-life
 Is now a curle: thy daughter, or sons wife,

(If thou hast eider) taught be they by this:
 My wisdom, for my selfe, sufficient is.
 And least thy counsell should an intrest clame
 In my diuersion, I abide the same.

Why comes she now? why tryall thus delays?

She comes, said *Pallas*, and her selfe displays,
 Nymphs, and *Megdonian* dames the Powre adore;
 Onely the maid her selfe vndaunted bore:
 And yet she blushe; against her will the red
 Flusht in her cheeks, and chance as swiftly fled.
 Euen so the purple Morning paints the skyes;
 And so they whirle at the Sunne vprils.

Who now, as desperately obstinate,
 Praise ill affecting, runs on her owne fate.
 No more *Iones* daughter labors to dissuade;
 No more refuseth; nor the strife delayde.
 Both settle to their tasks apart: both spread
 At once their warps, consisting of fine thread,
 Ty'd to their beames: a reed the dired diuider,
 Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,
 Shot by swift hands. The comb inserted tooth
 Betwene the warp suppress the rising woofe:
 Strife less'ning toyle. With skirts nicks to their waste,
 Both moue their cunning armes with nimble haste.
 Here crimson, dyed in *Tyr* as brasse, they weaue:
 The scarce distinguishing shadows fight decaue.
 So watry clouds, shot by *Apollo*, shoue;
 The vast sky painted with a nightie Bowe:
 Where, though a thousand severall colours shine,
 No eye their close transition can define:
 What touch, the same so neerely represents;
 And by degrees, scarce sensible, dissent.

Through-out imbellished with duetill gold :
And both reuiu'd antiquities vnfold.

Pallas, in *Athens*, *Mars*'s Rock doth frame:

And that old strife about the *Citties* name.

Twice six *Cælestials* sit in thron'd on his,

Repleat with awe-insufing grauities

Ioue in the midst. The sur'd figures tooke

Their liuely formes: *Ioue* had a regall looke.

The Sea-god stood, and with his *Trident* strake

The cleauing rock, from whence a fountaine brake:

Whereon he grounds his clame: With speare and shield

Her selfe the armes: her head a nutt'ion shield:

Her brest her *Egis* guards. Her lance the ground

Appeares to strike; and from that pregnant wound

The hoary oliue, charg'd with fruit, ascends.

The Gods admire: with victory she ends.

Yet she, to show the Riual of her prayse

What hopes to cherish for such bold assaies,

Add's foure contentions in the vtmost bounds

Of euery angle, wrought in little Round.

One, *Thracian Roder* and *Him*us shewes,

Now mountaines, ropt with neuer-melting snowes,

Once humane bodyes: who durst emulate

The blest *Cælestials* both in stile and itate.

The next contains the miserable doome

Of that *Pygmean* marraill, ouer-come

By *Iuno*; made a Crane, and fort't to far

With her owne nation in perpetuall war.

A third presents *Antigon*, who stroue

For vnmatcht beaurtie with the wife of *Ioue*.

Not *Ilium*, nor *Lamedon* her fire;

Precuail'd with violent *Saxonia*'s ire.

Turn'd

Turn'd to a *Stork*; who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is euer by her creaking bill selfe-prais'd.

In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;

Who, on the temples staires, the formes imbrac't

Of his late daughters, by their pride o're-throwne:

And seemes himselfe to be a weeping stone.

The web a wreath of peacefull olue bounds:

And her owne tree her work both ends and crowns.

Arachne weanes *Europa*'s rape by *Tau*s:

The Bull appeares to liue, the Sea to moue.

Back to the shore she casts a heauy eye;

To her distracted damselfe seemes to cry:

And from the sprinkling waues, that skip to meet

With such a burden, shrinks her weeping feet.

Aleria there a struggling Eagle prest:

A Swan here spreads his wings o're *Leda*'s brest.

Ioue, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;

Whose fruitfull womb with double issue swels:

Amphitryo for *Alcmena*'s loue became:

A showre for *Danaë*; for *Egina* flame:

For beautifull *Mnemossyne* he takes

A pastors forme; for *Deio*, a lincke:

Thence also, *Nephele*, like a lustfull Suer,

She makes the faire *Asian* Virgin beare:

To get th' *Aloids* in *Enipe*'s shape:

Now turn'd t'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.

The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening Seede;

The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steede,

Found thee a *Sealion*; thence *Malantho* findes

A Delphin. She to euery forme assigns

Life-equald looks; to euery place their fires.

Here *Phæbus* in a *Heards-mans* shape delights;

H 3

A Lyon's now ; now falcons wings displays :
Macarian Issa shepheard-like betrayes.
Liber, a grape, *Erigone* comprést :
 And *Saturne*, horse-like, *Chiron* gets, halfe-beast.
 A slender wreath her swift web confines ;
 Flowers intermixt with clasping ity twines.

Not *Pallas* this, not *Eriny* this reproves :
 Her faire successe the vext *Virago* moves ;
 Who reares the web, with crimes coelestiall fraught :
 With shurele from *Cytarian* mountaines brought,
Arachne thrice vpon the fore-head hits.
 Her great heart brooks it not. A cord she knits
 About her neck. Remorsefull *Pallas* stay'd
 Her falling waight : Liue wretch, yet hang, she said.
 This curse (least after times thy pride secure)
 Still to thy issue, and their race, indure.
 Sprinkled with *Hecar's* banefull weeds, her haire
 She forthwith sheds : her nose and eares impaire ;
 Her head growes little ; her whole body so ;
 Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow :
 The rest all belly. Whence a thred she sends :
 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.

All *Lydia* storms ; the same through *Phrygia* rung :
 And gaue an argument to euery tongue.
 Her, *Niobe* had knowne ; when she, a maid,
 In *Sipylus*, and in *Maonia* staid.
 Yet slights that home example : still rebels
 Against the Gods ; and with proud language swels.
 Many things sweld her. Yet *Amphion's* towne,
 Their high descents ; nor glory of a crowne,
 So pleas'd her (though she pleas'd her selfe in all)
 As her faire race. We *Niobe* might call

The

The happiest mother that yet euer brought
 Life vnto light ; had not her selfe so thought.
Tiresias *Manio*, in presages skild,
 The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, filld
 With these exhortes : *Ismenides*, prepare :
 To great *Latona*, and her Twins ; with prayer
 Mix sweet perfumes ; your brows with Laurel bind :
 Byme *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
 About their temples the commaunded Bay :
 And sacred fires, with incense feeding, pray.
 Behold, the Queene in height of state appeares :
 A *Phrygian* mantle, wean'd with gold, she weares :
 Her face, as much as rage would suffer, faire.
 She stops ; and shaking her disheuel'd haire ;
 The godly troope with haughty eyes suruayes.

What madnesse is it Hero-lay Gods (she sayes)
 Before the scene Coelestials to prefer ?
 Or while I Altars want, to worship her ?
 Me *Tantalus* begot, alowd to feast
 In heauenly bowres ; my mother not the least
Pleias ; greatest *Atlas* sire to those,
 On whole high shoulders all the stars repose.
 Ione is my other Grandfather ; and he
 My father in law : a double grace to me.
 Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdomes me obay :
 My husbands harp-raisd walls we ioyntly sway.
 Through-out my Court behold in euery place
 Infinite riches : adde to this, a face
 Worthy a Goddesse. Then, to crowne my ioyes ;
 Seuen beauteous daughters, and as many boyes :
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.
 Say now, haue we not reason for our pride ?

H 4.

How

How dare you then *Latona*, *Caus* birth
 Before me place ? to whom the ample Earth
 Deny'd a little spot t'vnlade her wombe ?
 Heauen, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddesse roome:
 A Vagabond, till *Delas* harbor gaue.
 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the waue,
 It said ; and granted an vnstable place.
 She brought forth two ; the seuenth part of my race :
 Happy ! who doubts ? I happy will abide :
 Or who doubts that ? with plentie fortifi'd.
 My state too great for fortune to bemaue :
 Though much she rauish, she much more must leaue.
 My blessings are about low feare. Suppose
 Some of my hopefull sons this people lose,
 They cannot be reduc't to such a few.
 Off with your bayes ; these idle Rites eschew.
 They put them off ; the sacrifice forbore :
 And yet *Latona* silently adore.

As far as free from barrenesse, so much
 Disdaine and grieve th'inraged Goddesse touch.
 Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins
 To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.

Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone ;
 (Excepting *Iuno*, second vnto none)
 Am question'd if a Goddesse : and must loose,
 If you assist not, all religious dewes.
 Nor is this all : that curst *Tantalian* Seede
 Adds foule reproches to her impious deede.
 She dares her children before you prefer ;
 And calls me childlesse : may it light on her !
 Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare
 About to second her report with praier ;

Peace,

Peace, *Phæbus* said, complaint too long delayes
 Conceau'd reuenge: the same vext *Phæbe* sayes.
 Then swiftly through the yeilding ayre they glide
 To *Cadmus* towres ; whom thicken'd vapors hide.
 A spacious plaine before the citty lies,
 Made dusty with the daily exercise
 Of trampling hooues ; by strife-full chariots trackt,
 Part of *Amphions* actiue sons here backt
 High-bounding steeds ; whose rich caparison
 With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridle shone.
Ismenus loe, her pregnant wombs first spring.
 As with his ready horse he beats a Ring,
 And checks his fomy iawes ; ay me ! he cryes ;
 While through his growing breast an arrow flies.
 His bridle slackning with his dying force,
 He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.
 Next, *Siphilus* from clashing quiver flies
 With slackned raignes : as when a Pilot spies
 A growing storme ; and, least the gentle gale
 Should scape besides him, claps on all his saile.
 His haste th'vneuitable bowe o're-rook,
 And through his throte the deadly arrow strook.
 Who, by the horses mane and speedy thighes
 Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.
 Now *Phœdimus* ; and *Tantalus*, the heire
 This Grand-fires name ; that labour done, prepare
 To wrastle. Whilst with oyled lims they prest
 Each others power, close grasping breast to breast ;
 A shaft, which from th'impulsue bow-string flew,
 Them, in that sad Coniunction ioyntly flew.
 Both grone at once, at once their bodyes bend
 With bitter pang's, at once to earth descend :

H s

Their

Her tongue, and pallat rob'd of inward heat
 At once congeale: her pulse forbeares to beat:
 Her neck wants power to turne, her feet to goe,
 Her armes to moue: her very bowels grow
 Into a stone. She yet retaines her teares.
 Whom straight a hurle-wind to her Countrie beares;
 And fixes on the summit of a hill.

Now from that mourning marble teares distill.

Th'exemplary reuenge struck all with feare:
 Who offerings to *Latona's* altars beare
 With doubled zeale. When, one as oft befalls,
 By present accidents the past recalls.

In fruitfull *Lycia* once, said he, there dwelt
 A sort of Peasants, who her vengeance felt.
 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base:
 Yet wonderfull. I saw the poole, and place,
 Sign'd with the prodigie. My father, spent
 Almost with age, ill brooking trauell, sent
 Me thither for choice Streets: and for my guide.
 A native gaue. Those pastures searcht, we spy'd
 An ancient Altar, black with cinders; plac't
 Amidst a Lake, with shiuering reeds imbrac't.
 O fauour me! he, softly murmuring, said:
 O fauour me! I, softly murmuring, praid:
 Then askt, if Nymph, or Faune therein reside,
 Or rurall God. The stranger thus reply'd.

O youth, no mountaine Powres this altar hold:
 Shee calls it hers, to whom *Ioue's* wife, of old,
 Earth interdicted: till that floting Ile,
 Waue-wandering *Delo*, turnt her exile.
 Where, coucht on palmes and olives, she in spight
 Of fiesfull *Iuno*, brought her Twins to light.

Thence.

Thence also, frighted from her painefull bed,
 With her two infans Deities she fled.
 Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
 By burning beames) and with long trauell tyr'd,
 Heat-raised thirst the Goddesse sore oppress:
 By their exhausting of her milk increast.
 By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
 A Lake of shallow water she desires:
 Where Clownes were then a gathering pickt weeds,
 With shrubby ofiers, and plash-louing reedes.
 Approcht; *Titania* kneeles vpon the brink:
 And of the cooling liquor stoops to drinke.
 The Clownes with-stood. Why hinder you, said she,
 The vse of water, that to all is free?
 The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame.
 Peculiar; a publick gift to all.
 Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
 My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
 My tongue wanes moisture, & my iawes are drye.
 Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I dye.
 Water to me, were Nectar. If I liue,
 'Tis by your fauour: life with water giue.
 Pity these babes: for pity they aduance
 Their little armes! their armes they stretch by chance.
 With whom would not such gentle words preuaile?
 But they, perseuering to prohibit, saile;
 The place with threats command her to forsake.
 Then with their hands and feet disturbe the lake:
 And leaping with malicious motion, moue
 The troubled mud; which rising, flotes about.
 Rage quencht her thirst: no more *Latona* suct
 To such base slaues; but Goddesse-like doth vse.

He.

Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd :
 May you for euer in this lake reside !
 Her wish succeeds. In loued lakes they strue;
 Now sprawle aboue, now vnder water diue;
 Oft hop vpon the banke, as oft againe
 Back to the water: nor can yet restraine
 Their brawling tongues; but setting shame aside;
 Though hid in water, vnder water chide.
 Their voyces still are hoarce: the breath they fetch
 Swells their wide throates; their iawes with railing stretch
 Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck betwene,
 As intercepted. All the back is greene:
 Their bellies (euery part o're-fizing) white:
 Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pooles delight.

Thus much, I know not by what *Lycian*, laid:
 An other mention of a Satyre made,
 By *Phabus*, with *Tritona's* reede, o're-come:
 Who for presuming felt a heauy doome.
 Why doe you (oh!) me from my selfe distract?
 (Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
 Deserues not such a vengeance! Whilst he cry'd;
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
 His body was one wound, bloud euery way
 Streames from all parts: his sinewes naked lay.
 His bare veines pant: his heart you might behold;
 And all the fruers in his brest haue told.
 For him the Faunes, that in the Forrests keepe;
 I or him the Nymphs, and german Satyres weepe:
 His end, *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes;
 With all the shepheards of those hills and dales.
 The pregnant Earth conceiueth with their teares;
 Which in her penetrated womb she beares,

Till

Till big with waters: then discharg'd her fraught.
 This purest *Phrygian* Stream came a way our sought.
 By down-falls, till to toyling seas he came:
 Now called *Marsyas* of the Satyres name.

The Vulgar, these examples told, returne
 Vnto the present: for *Ambion* mourne,
 And his poore issue, All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his sisters fate.
 While with coare garments he presents his woes,
 The ivory peece on his left shoulder shewes.
 This fleshy was, and coloured like the right.
 Blaine by his fire, the Gods his lims vnite:
 His scattered parts all found; saue that alone
 Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.
 They then with ivory supply'd th' vnfound:
 And thus restored *Pelops* was made found.

The neighboring princes meet: the Cities neare
 Intreat their kings, the desolate to cheare.
Pelops *Mycene*, *Sparta*, th' *Argive* State;
 And *Calydon*, not yett in *Dian's* hate;
 Fertill *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus* fam'd
 For high-priz'd brasse; *Messene*, neuer tam'd;
Cicron; *Patra*; *Pylos*, *Nelius* crowne;
 And *Traxen*, not then knowne for Pitt's towne;
 With all that two-sea'd *Isthmos* Streights include:
 And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.
Athens alone (who would belceu't) with-held:
 Thee, from that euill office, war compeld.
 Th' inhabitants about the *Ionic* coast
 Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous host:
 Whom *Thracian Terent*, with his Aids, o'rethrew;
 And by that victorie renowned grew.

Potent

Potent in wealth, and people; from the loynes
 Of *Mars* deriu'd: *Pandion* *Progne* ioynes
 To him in marriage. This, nor *Inno* blest;
 Nor *Hymen*, nor the *Graces* grac't that feast.
Eumenides the nuptiall tapers light
 At funerall fires; and made the bed that Night.
 Th' ill-boading Owle vpon the roofo was set.
Progne and *Tereus* with these omens met:
 Thus parents grew. The *Thracians* yet reioyce;
 And thanke the Gods with harmonic of voyce.
 The marriage day, and that of *Irys* birth,
 They consecrate to vniuersall mirth.
 So lyes the good vnscene. By this the Sun,
 Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run;
 When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
 If I haue any grace with thee, afford.
 This fauour, that I may my sister see:
 Send me to her, or bring thou her to me.
 Promise my father that with swiftest speede
 She shall returne. If this attempt succede,
 The summe of all my wishes I obtaine.
 He bids them lanch his ships into the maine:
 Then makes th' *Athenian* port with sailes and oares;
 And lands vpon the wisht *Pyraean* shores.
 Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they salure.
 The King with bad presage begins his sure.
 For loe, as he his wifes command recites,
 And for her quick returne his promise plights,
 Comes *Philomela*; clad in rich array;
 More rich in beauty. So they vse to say
 The stately *Naiades*, and *Dryad's* goe
 In *Sylvan* shades; were they apparel'd so.

This

This sight in *Tereus* such a burning breeds,
 As when we fire a heape of hoary reeds;
 Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.
 Her face was excellent: but in-bred lust
 Inrag'd his bloud; to which those Climes are prone:
 Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.
 He streight intends her women to intice,
 And bribe her Nurse to prosecute his vice;
 Her selfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to spende
 Or rauish, and by warre his rape defend.
 What dares he not, thrust on by wilde desire?
 Nor can his brest containe so great a fire.
 Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* fire renews:
 And for himselfe in that pretention lyes.
 Loue made him eloquent. As oft as he
 Exceeded, he would say, Thus charged she.
 And mouing teares (as she had sent them) shed.
 O Gods! how dark a blindness euer spreads
 The soules of men! whilst to his sin he climes,
 They think him good; and praise him for his crimes.
 Euen *Philomela* wisht it! with soft armes
 She hugs her father, and with winning charmes
 Of her liues safety, her destruction prest:
 While *Tereus* by beholding pre-pollst.
 Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood;
 And all afford his fire and fury food.
 And wisht, as oft as she her fire imbrac't,
 He were her fire: nor would haue been more chaste.
 He, by their importunities is wrought.
 She, ouer-joy'd, her father thanks; and thought
 Her selfe and sister in that fortunate,
 Which drew on both a lamentable fate.

The

The labour of the Day now neere an end,
 From steep *Olympus Phæbus* Steeds descend.
 The boards are princely seru'd: *Lyons* flowes
 In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose,
 And yet th' *Odrysian* King, though parted, cries:
 Her face and graces euer in his eyes.
 Who parts vnseene vnto his fancy faines;
 And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled braines.
 Day vp: *Pandion* his departing son
 Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun

Deare Son, since Pietie this dew requires;
 With her, receiue both your and their desires.
 By faith, aliance, by the Gods above,
 I charge you guard her with a fathers loue:
 And suddenly send back (for all delay
 To me is death) my ages onely stay.
 And daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)
 For pittie leaue me not too long alone.
 As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all:
 And drops of teares at euery accent fall.
 The pledges then of promis'd faith demands
 (Which mutually they giue) their plighted hands.
 To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,
 My loue remember, and salute from me.
 Scarce could he bid farewell: sobbs so ingage
 His troubled speech; who dreads his soules presage.
 As soone as thipt; as soone as a true ores
 Had mou'd the surges, and remou'd the shores;
 Shee's ours! with me my with I beare! he cries.
 Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his ioyes:
 His eyes fast fixt. As when *Ioues* eagle beares
 A Hare t'her ayery, trust in rapessull feares:

And

And to the trembling prisoner leaues no way
 For hoped flight; but still beholds her pray.
 The Voyage made; on his owne land he treads:
 And to a Lodge *Pandion's* daughter leads;
 Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of feares;
 And for her sister asking now with teares.
 There mues her vp; his foule intent makes knowne:
 Inforc't her; a weake Virgin, and but one.
 Helpe father! sister helpe! in her distresse
 She cries; and on the Gods, with like success.
 She trembles like a lamb, snatcht from the phangs
 Of some fell wolke; that dreads her former pangs:
 Or as a dove, who on her gorget beares
 Her blouds fresh staines, and late-sekt talents feares.
 Restor'd vnto her mind, her ruffled haire,
 As at a wofull funerall she care;
 Her armes with her owne fury bloudy made:
 Who, wringing her vp-beaued hands, thus said:
 O monster! barbarous in thy horrid lust!
 Trecherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust;
 Impos'd with holy teares; my sisters loue;
 My virgin state; nor nuptiall ties, could moue!
 O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!
 I, an adulteresse to my sisters bed;
 Thou husband to vs both; to me a foe;
 To all a punishment; and iustly so.
 Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;
 By forcing life from her abhorred seat?
 O would thou hadst; ere I my honour lost!
 Then had I parted with a spotlesse ghost.
 Yet, if the Gods haue eyes; if their Powers be
 Of any powre; not all decay with me;

Thou

Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclaime:
To men, if free; if not, my voice shall breake
Through these thick walls; and teach the woods to speake:
Hard rockes resolute to ruth. Let heauen this heare;
And Heauen-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!

These words the saluage Tyrant moues to wroth:
Nor lesse his feare: a like prouok't by both.
Who drawes his sword: his cruell hands he winds
In her loose haire: her armes behind her binds.
Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made:
Conceiuing hope of death from his drawne blade.
Whilst she reuiles, inuokes her father; sought
To vent her spleene; her tongue in pincers caught.
His sword deuiceth from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.
And as a serpents taile, disseuer'd, skips:
Euen so her tongue: and dying sought her lips.
After this fact (if we may Rumor trust)
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.
Yet home to *Progne*, in the end, retires:
Who for her sister hastily inquires.
He funeralls belyes, with fained griefe:
And by instructed teares begets beliefe.
Progne her royall ornaments reiects;
And puts on black: an emptie tombe erects;
To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burnes:
Her sisters fate, not as she should, she mournes.
Now through twelue Signes the yeere his period drew.
What should distressed *Philomela* doe?
A guard restraind her flight; the walls were strong;
Her mouth had lost the index of her tongue.

The

The wit that miserie begots is great:
Great sorrow addes a quicknesse to conceit.
A woofe vpon a *Thracian* loome she spreads;
And inter-weaues the white with crimson threds;
That character her wrong: The closely wrought,
As closely to a *seruant* gaue; be sought
To beare it to her *Mistresse*, who presents
The *Queene* therewith; not knowing the contents.
The wife to that dire Tyrant this vnolds:
And in a wofull verse her state beholds.
She held her peace: 'twas strange! griefe struck her mute.
No language could with such a passion sute.
Nor had she time to weepe. Right, wrong, were mixt:
In her fell thought, her soule on vengeance fixt.
It was that time; when, in a wilde disguise,
Sithonian matrons vs'd to solemneise
Iyeus three-yeares Feast. Night spreads her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night the impatient *Queene* a *Iaelin* takes,
And now a *Bacchanal*, the Court forsakes.
Vines shade her browes: the rough hide of a Deare
Shogs at her sides: her shoulder bare a speare.
Hurried through woods, with her attendant flocks,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy milder fury, *Bacchus*, counterfers.
At length vnto the desert cottage gets:
Howles; *Enahé*, cries: breakes open the doores, and rooke
Her sister thence: with iuy hides her looke:
In habit of a *Bacchanal* arrayd:
And to her *cruel* *amant* *d'ouuy*
That hated rooke when *Philomela* knew;
The poore soule thooke; her visage bloudlesse grew.

progne

Progne with-drawes; the sacred weeds vnlos'd;
 Her wofull sisters bashfull face disclos'd :
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise
 Her down-cast eyes: her sisters wrong suruayes
 In her dishonour. As she stroue t'haue sworne
 With vp-raisd lookes; and call the Gods t' haue borne
 Her pure thoughts witnesse, how she was compeld
 To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, vpheld.
Sterne Progne broiles; her bosome hardly beares
 So vast a rage: who chides her sisters teares.

No teares, said she, our lost condition needs:
 But Steele; or if thou hast what Steele exceeds-
 I, for all horrid practices, am fit:
 To wrap this roose in flame, and him in it:
 His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
 T'extirp; or with a thousand wounds, diuorce
 His guiltie soule? The deed I intend, is great:
 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
 Came *Irys* in, and taught her what to doe.
 Beheld with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view
 In thee, said she, thy father! and began
 Her tragick Scene: with silent anger warr.
 But when her sonne saluted her, and ching
 Vnto her neck; mixt kisses, as he hung,
 With childish blandishments; her high-wrought blood
 Began to calme, and rage distracted stood.
 Teares trick'd from her eyes by strong constraint.
 But when she found her resolution faint
 With too much pittie, her sad sister viewes,
 And said, while both, her eyes by turnes peruse.
 Why flatters he? why tonguelesse weepes the other?
 Why sister calls not she, whom he calls mother?

Degen-

Degenerate! thinke whose daughter; to whom wed:
 All pietie is finne to *Tereus* bed.
 Then *Irys* trailes: as when by *Ganges* floods
 A Tigresse drags a Fawne through silent woods.
 Retiring to the most sequestred roome:
 While he, with hands vp-heau'd, fore-sees his doome,
 Clings to her bosom; mother! mother! cry'd;
 She stabs him: nor once turn'd her face aside.
 His throte was cut by *Philomela's* knife:
 Although one wound suffiz'd to vanquish life.
 His yet quick lims, ere all his soule could passe,
 Shee piece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow brasse,
 Some hisse on spits. The pauerments blutht with blood.
Progne inuites her husband to this food:
 And faines her Countries Rite, which would afford
 No attendant, nor companion, but her Lord.
 Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-fires throne,
 With his sons carued entrailles stuffes his owne:
 And bids her (so Soule-blinded!) call his boy.
Progne could not disguise her cruell ioy:
 In full fruition of her horrid ire,
 Thou hast, said she, within thee thy desire.
 He looks about: asks where. And while againe
 He asks, and calls: all bloody with the staine,
 Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
 And at his face the head of *Irys* threw.
 Nor euer more than now desir'd a tongue;
 T'expresse the ioy of her reuenged wrong.
 He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;
 And cites the Furies from the depth of hell.
 Now from his rising stomach strues to cast
 Th' abhorred food: now weeps, with griefe againe:

And

And calls himselfe his sons vnhappy tombe.
Then drawes his sword; and through the guilty roome
Pursues the Sisters; who appeare with wings
To cut the ayre: and so they did. One sings
In woods, the other neare the house remains:
And on her brest yet beares her murders stains.
He, swift with griefe and fury, in that space
His person chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace
His shining crowne; his sword a bill became;
His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing newes, ere halfe his age was spent,
Pandion to th' infernall Shadowes sent.

Erichtheus his throne and scepter held:
Who, both in iustice, and bold armes exceld.
To him his wife foure sons, all hopefull, bare:
As many daughters: two, surpassing faire.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptiall stayd.
The God belou'd *Orithya* wanted long;
While he put off his powre, to vse his tongue.
His sute reiected; horridly inclin'd
To anger (too familiar with that Wind.)

I iustly suffer this indignity:
For why, said he, haue I my armes laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.
'Tis my dishonour to haue vs'd intreats.
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I driue;
To offe the blew billowes, knotty Okes vp-riue;
Congeale soft snow, and beat the earth with haile.
When I my brethren in the ayre assaile,
(For that's our field) we meet with such a shooke,
That thundring skyes with our incounters rock,

And

And clowd-struck lightning flashes from on high.
When through the crannies of the earth I flye,
And force her in her hollow caues, I make
The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus should I haue wood; with these my match haue made
Erichtheus should haue been compeld, not pray'd.
Thus *Boreas* chafed, or no lesse storming, shooke
His horrid wings; whose ayery motion strooke
The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean rore.
Trayling his dusky mantle on the flore,
He hid himselfe in clouds of dust, and caught
Belou'd *Orithya*, with her feare distraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increast:
Nor of his ayerie race the raignes suppress
Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th' espous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gauc to the Icie author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings and mothers shape.
Yet not so borne. Before their faces bare
The manly ensignes of their yellow haire,
Calais and *Zetes* both vnplumed were.
But as the downe did on their chins appeare;
So, foule-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the first vessell, with the flowre of *Greece*,
Through vnknowne seas, they sought the Golden Fleece.

!

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The seventh Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEN, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their years
 By odors cast. A faire branch Olives beares.
 Drops sprouts to Flowers. Old Aeson yong becomes,
 So Libers Nurses. An old Sheepe a Lambe.
 Cerambus flies. A Snake, a Snake-like Stone.
 An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Mera barks unknowne.
 Hornes front the Colu'dames. The Felchines
 All change. A Deuoturn'd Maid, The hard to please,
 Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie weepes
 Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe keepe
 Her son-sought Life. A King and Queene estrang'd
 To sightfull Fowls. Cephalus Nephew chang'd
 Into a Seale. Eumelus daughter flies
 Through tracelesse regions. Men from Musfurumps rise
 Phinius and Periphas light wings assume.
 So Polyphemous neece. From Cerberus spruno
 Springs Aconite. Lust Earth a graine denies
 To Scyrons bones; which now in rocke arise.
 Arne, a Chough. Stout Myrmidons are borne
 Of seyling Anes. The late reioic'd Morne
 Marks Cephalus. The Dog, has did pursue,
 And Beast putt'd do; two marblo Seatus grew.

With Pagasean keele the Minye plow
 The curling waues; and Pb: newes see; who now

In endlesse night his needy age consumes.
 The youthfull sons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,
 Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the virgin face,
 Far-off from his polluted table chace.
 They, vnder *Iason*, hauing suffer'd much;
 At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch.
 Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minye* aske:
 And from the King receiue a dreadfull taske.
 Meane-while *Aëtias* fries in secret fires:
 Who struggling long with ouer-strong desires,
 When reason could not such a rage restraine;
 She said: *Medea*, thou resistest in vaine.
 Some God, vnknowne, with-stands. What will this prote!
 Or is it such as others fancie, Ioue?
 Why seeme the Kings commands so too seuer?
 And so, in truth they be. Why should I feare
 A strangers ruine, neuer seene before?
 Whence spring these cares? Why feare I more and more?
 These furies from thy virgin brest repell,
 Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.
 A new-felt force my struiuing powers inuades:
 Affection this, discretion that, perswades.
 I see the better, I approue it too:
 The worse I follow. Why shouldst thou pursue
 A husband of an other world; that art
 Of royall birth? Our country may impart
 A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate;
 Or liue, or dye; 't is in the hands of fate.
 Yet, may he liue! I such a sute might moue
 To equall Gods, although I did not loue.
 For what hath *Iason* done? his hopefull Youth
 Would moue all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;

His birth, his valour. Set all these apart;
 His person would: I am sure it moues my heart.
 Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath
 Of Bulls would blast him; or, assaults of death
 Spring vp in armes from *Tellus* hostill womb:
 Or else the greedie *Dragon* proues his tomb.
 This suffer, and thou hast a heart of stone;
 borne of a Tygresse, and more sauage growne.
 Yet why stand I not by? behold him slaine?
 And with that spectacle my eyes profane?
 Adde fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-borne ire?
 And sleepleffe *Dragon* with more spleene inspire?
 The Gods forbid! yet rather helpe, than pray.
 My fathers kingdome shall I then betray?
 And saue this fellow, whom I hardly know,
 That sau'd by me, he should without me goe,
 Marry an other, and leaue me behind
 To punishment? could he proue so vnkind;
 Or for an other my deserts neglect;
 Then should he dye. Such is not his aspect;
 The clearenesse of his mind; his euery grace;
 To scare deceit, or censure him so base.
 Besides, before hand he shall plight his troth:
 And bind the contract by a solemne oath.
 What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:
 Obliged *Iason* will be euer thine.
Hymen shall crowne, and mothers celebrate
 Their sons Protectresse through th' *Achaian* State.
 My sister, brother, father, country, Gods;
 Shall I abandon for vnknowne abodes?
 Austere my father, barbarous my land,
 My brother, a child; my sisters wishes stand

With my desires; the greatest God of all
 My brest inshrines. What I forsake is small :
 Great hopes I follow. To receiue the grace
 For *Argo's* safetie: know a better place
 And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,
 Are famous; with ciuilitie, and arts:
 And *Aeson's* son, whom I more dearely prize
 Than wealthy Earth and all her Monarchies.
 In him most happy, and affected by
 The bounteous gods, my crown shall reach the sky.
 They tell of Rocks that iustle in the maine:
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts againe
 The wrackfull waues: how rau'nous *Scylla* waies
 With barking dogs in rough *Sicilian* straits.
 My loue possitt; in *Iasons* bosome laid;
 Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismayd
 While I infold my husband in my armes.
 Or should I feare, I should but feare his harmes.
 Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Nedea, varnish with an honest name?
 Consider well what thou intendst to doe;
 And, while thou maist, so foule a crime eschue.
 Thus she. When honour, pietie, the right,
 Before her stood; and *Cupid* put to flight.
 Then goes where *Herates* old Altar stood;
 O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.
 Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd:
 Which *Iasons* presence forth-with re-inflam'd.
 Her cheeks bluish fire: her face with seruor flashes.
 And as a dying cinder, rak't in ashes,
 Fed by reuiuing windes, augmenting, glowes;
 And toll'd, to accustom'd fury growes:

So sickly Loue, which late appear'd to dye;
 New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.
 Whose looks by chance more beauty now discover
 Than heretofore: you might forgieue the louer.
 Her eager eyes she riuets on his face;
 And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
 Nor could diuert her looks. As he his tongue
 Began t'vnloose, her faire hand softly wrung,
 Implor'd her aide, and promis'd her his bed:
 She answer made, with teares profusely shed.
 I see to what euent m' intentions moue:
 Nor ignorance deceiues me thus; but loue.
 You, by the vertue of my art, shall liue:
 In recompence, your faithfull promise giue.
 He, by the Altar of the Triple Powre,
 The groues which that great Deity imbowre,
 Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appears,
 His owne successie, and so great danger, swears.
 Beleu'd: from her th' enchanted herbs receiues;
 With them, their vse: and his Protectresse leaues.
 The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac't:
 When all in *Marse's* field assemble; plac't
 On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,
 The iuory-scepter'd King in scarlet thone.
 From adamant nostrils bras-hoou'd Bulls now cast
 Hot *Vulcan*, and the grasse with vapors blast.
 And as full forges, blowne by art, resound;
 As puluer'd flints, infurnest vnder ground;
 By sprinkled water fire conceiue: so they
 Pent flames, inuolu'd in noysfull brests, betray;
 So rumble their scorcht throates. Yet *Aeson's* Heire
 Came brauely on: on whom they turne, and stare

With terrible aspects; his ruine threat
 With Steele-tipt hornes. Inrag'd, their cleft hooues beat
 The thundring ground; whence clouds of dust arise;
 And with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.
 The *Mima* freeze with feare; but he remains
 Vntoucht: such vertue Sorcery containes.
 Their dew-lips boldly with his hand he strokes.
 Inforc't to draw the plough with heavy yokes.
 The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire:
 The *Minea* shout, and set his powres on fire.
 Then, in his caske, the vipers teeth assumes:
 Those in the turn'd-y^e furrowes he inhumes.
 Earth mollifies the poy's'nous seeds, which spring;
 And forth a haruest of new People bring.
 And as an Embrion, in the womb inclos'd,
 Assumes the forme of man; within compos'd,
 Through all accomplisht numbers; nor comes forth
 To breathe in ayre, till his maturer growth:
 So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
 Grew great, she gaue mens perfect shapes their birth.
 And, what's more strange; with them, their armes ascend:
 Who at th' *Aemonian* Youth their lances bend.
 When this th' *Acheian* saw, they hung the head:
 And all their courages for terror fled.
 Euen she, who had secur'd him was affraid,
 When she beheld so many one invade.
 A chil cold checks her bloud; death looks lesse pale.
 And lest the hearbs she gaue should chance to faile;
 Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts:
 And calls th' assistance of her secret Arts.
 He hurles a massie stone among his foes:
 Who on themselves conuert their deadly blowes.

The

The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds destroy,
 And ciuill warre. The *Achiues* skip for ioy,
 And throng t' imbrace the Victor. Her the same
 Affection spur'd, but was with-held by shame.
 Yet that too weake if none had lookt vpon her:
 Not vertue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.
 Now, in conceit, she hugs him in her armes;
 Applauds th' inuentiue Gods; with them, her charmes;
 To make the Dragon sleepe that neuer slept,
 Remaines; whose care the golden purchase kept.
 Bright crested, triple tongu'd; his cruell iawes
 Arm'd with sharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes;
 When once besprinkled with *Letbaan* iuyce,
 And words repeated thrice; which sleepe produce,
 Calme the rough seas, and make swift riuers stand;
 His eye-lids vail'd to sleepes vnknowne command.
 The Heros, of the Golden Fleece possist,
 Proud of the spoyle, with her whole fauour blest.
 His enterprize, an other Spoyle, now bore
 To sea; and lands on safe *Iolcian* shore.
Aemonian parents, for their sons returne,
 Bring gratefull gifts, coniested incense burne;
 And chearfully with horne-gilt offerings pay
 Religious vows. But *Aeson* was away;
 Opprest with tedious age, now neere his tomb.
 When thus *Aesonides*: O wife, to whom
 My life I owe: though all I hold in chiefe
 From thy deserts, which far surpass'e beliefe;
 If magick can (what cannot magick do?)
 Take yeeres from me; and his with mine renew.
 Then wept. His pietie her passion stirs:
 Who sighs to thinke how valike she had beene to hers.

I. 5.

Yet.

Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time
I can, or will, anothers life inuest?

Hecat' fore-send! nor is't a iust request.

Yet *Iason*, we a greater gift will giue:

Thy father, by our art renew'd, shall liue,

Without thy losse; if so the triple Powre

Assist me with her presence in that howre.

Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could ioine

Her growing hornes. When with replenisht shine

She fac't the earth; the Court she leaues; her haire

Vntrest, her garments loose, her ankles bare:

And wanders through the dead of drowfie Night

With vnseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,

Deepe Rest had bound in humid gyues; who crept

So silently, as if her selfe had slept.

No Aspen wags, moyst ayre no sound receiues;

Stars onely shine: to which her armes she heaues:

Thrice turnes about; besprinkles thrice her crowne

With gather'd dew; thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe

O Night, thou friend to Secrets; you cleare fires,

That, with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:

Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts

To our designs: you Charmes, and magick Arts:

And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yeelds

Thy powerfull simples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields;

Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and riuers cleare:

You Gods of woods; you Gods of night, appeare!

By you, at will, I make swift streames retire

To their first fountaynes, whilst their banks admire;

Seas tossie, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme;

Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.

With

With spels and charmes I breake the Vipers iaw,
Cleare solid rocks, okes from their seasures draw,
Whole Woods renoue, the ayrie mountaines shake;
Earth grone, and ghosts from beds of death awake.
And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale:
Though ringing Cymballs thy extreames auale.
Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poys'nous weeds,
The frighted Morne; though drawne by rosie Steeds.
Flame-breathing buls you tam'd; you made them bowe
Their stubborne necks vnto the seruill plow;
The Serpents brood by you selfe-slaughter'd lyes;
Your slumbers clos'd the wakefull Dragons eyes,
At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towres of Greece.
Now need I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flowre of youth renue.
Which you shall giue. Nor blaze these stars in vaines
Nor Dragous vainly through the ayrie maine
This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot rests
Mounting, she strokes the bridled dragons crests;
And shakes the raignes. Rapt vp, beneath her spies
Thessalian Tempe; and her snakes applies
To parts retir'd. The heards that *Cissa* beare,
Steepe *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; cuer-cleare
Olympus, who the loftie *Pindus* tops;
Vp-roots, or with her brazen Cycle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
By *Amphrys* much; and where *Enipeus* ran
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
Nor thee smoothe *Heles* with sharpe rushes crown'd.
And raiht from *Euboean Anthedon*,
That heath, as yet by *Glancus* change vnknewne.

By

By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,
 About the romes; and euery field suruayes.
 Return'd: her Snakes, that did but onely smell
 The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.
 Her secte to enter her owne roose refuse
 Rooft by the sky: she touch of man eschues.
 Two Altars builds of liuing turfe: the right
 To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight
 With *Vervin* and greene boughs; hard by, two pits.
 She forthwith digs: and sacrificing, slits
 The throates of black-fleest rams. With reaking blood
 The ditches fills; and powres thereon a flood
 Of honey, and new milke, from turn'd-vp bowles;
 Repeating powerfull words. The King of Soules,
 His rauisht Queene, inuokes; and Powers beneath,
 Not to preuent her by old *Æson*'s death.
 With pray'rs, and long-breath'd murmurings appeas'd:
 She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
 Her sleepe-producing charme his spirits deads:
 Who on the grasse his senselesse body spreads.
 Charg'd *d-asun*, and the rest, far-off with-drew:
 Vnhallowed eyes might not such secrets view.
 Furious *Medea*, with her haire vnbound,
 About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.
 The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
 And on the Altars fires th'infected wood.
 Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
 And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.
 Meane while, in hollow brasse the med'cine boyles:
 And swelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.
 There seethes she what th' *Æonian* vales produce;
 Rootes, iuyces, flowres, and seeds of soueraigne vse.

Addes.

Addes pretious stones, from farthest Orient rest:
 And pibles, by the ebbing Ocean left.
 The dew collected ere the Dawning springs:
 A Screech-owles flesh, with her infamous wings.
 The entrailles of ambiguous Wolues; that can
 Take, and forsake the figure of a man.
 The liuer of a long-liu'd Hart: then takes
 The scaly skins of small *Cinyphæan* snakes.
 A Crowes black head, and poynted boake, was cast:
 Among the rest; which had nine ages past.
 These, and a thousand more, without a name,
 Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame
 For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now
 She mingles with a wither'd oliue bough.
 Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receiues
 First verdure; and a litle after, leaues;
 Forth-with, with ouer-burdaing Oliues deckt.
 The skipping spume which vnder flames ciect,
 Vpon the ground descended in a dew:
 Whence vernall flowres, and springing pasture grew.
 This scene, she cuts the old mans throte; out-scrus'd:
 His scarce-warne blood, and her receipt infus'd.
 Suckt in at mouth or wound, his beard and head
 Black haire forth-with adorne, the hoary shed.
 Pale colour, morphue, meger looks remove:
 And vnder-rising flesh his wrinkles smoothe.
 His limmes wax strong and lustie. *Æson* much
 Admires his change: himselfe remembers such
 Twice twenty summers past. With all, indu'd.
 A youthfull mind: and both at once renew'd.
 This wonder from on high *Lycus* views:
 By *Celebis* gat his nurses daies renews.

Leaft

Least fraud should faile; she, with her bed's Consort
 Distinction faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
 His daughters (for sad Age the King arrests)
 Her entertaine. Who soone with fly protests
 Offorged Ioue assures their quick beliefe.
 Among her maids mentions the reprieft
 Of *Aeson* yeares; insisting on that part.
 This hope ingenders, that her able Art
 Might to their father's vanisht youth restore:
 Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
 She, musing, seemes to doubt: and, with pretence
 Of difficultie, holds them in suspence.
 But when she had a tardy promise made;
 To win your stedfast confidence (she said)
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram;
 And suddenly he shall become a Lamb.
 Streight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew
 A sunk-ey'd Ram; whose youth none liuing knew.
 Now, at his riueld throte, out-lanching life
 (Whole little blood could hardly staine her knife)
 His carcase she into a caldron throwes:
 With it, her drugs. Each limb more slender growes;
 He casts his hornes, and with his hornes his yeares:
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their cares.
 While they admire, out skips a frisking Lamb;
 That sports, and seekes the vnder of his dam.
 Fixt with amaze: they, strongly now possist,
 Her promise more importunately prest.
 Thrice *Phæbus* had vnyok't his panting Steeds,
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whilst Night succeeds,
 Studded with stars: when false *Medea* tooke,
 With vselesse herbs, meere water of the brooke.

On

On *Pelias*, and his drowfie Guard, she hung
 A death-like sleepe with her enchanting tongue.
 Whom now the so-instructed sisters led
 Into his chamber; and besiege his bed.
 Why pause you thus, said she, ô slow to good!
 Vnleath your swords, and shed his aged blood;
 That I his veines with sprightly iuyce may fill:
 His life and youth depend vpon your will.
 If you haue any vertue, nor pursue
 Vnfruitfull hopes, performe this filiall due.
 With Steele your fathers age expulse, and purge
 His dregs through wounds. Their zeale her speeches vrge-
 Who were most pious, impious first became:
 And, by auoyding, perpetrate the same.
 Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
 But, with auerted lookes, blind wounds bestow.
 He, blond-imbrew'd, his hoary head aduanc't:
 Halfe-mangled, stroue to rise. Who now intranc't
 Amidst so many swords, his armes vp-held;
 And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you! what compeld
 Those cruell hands r'iuade your fathers life!
 Downe sunke their hands and hearts. *Medea's* knife,
 With following speech his throte alunder cuts:
 And his hackt limmes in seething liquor puts.
 And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
 Reuenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies
 O're thady *Pelion*, god-like *Chiron* Den,
 Aspiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men
 For old *Cerambus* safety: who, by aide
 Of fauouring Nymphs, relieffull wings displaide;
 While swallowing waues the waighty earth turround:
 And swolne *Deucalions* surges scap't vndrown'd.

Æolian

Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaues;
 That marblè which the Serpents shape receiues;
Idean groues, where *Iber* turn'd a Steere
 (To cloke his sons flye theft) into a Deere;
 The sand-heape which *Corytus* Sire containes;
 And where new-barking *Mere* frights the plaines:
Euryphylus towne, where hornes the Matrons sham'd
 Of *ce*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phæcian Rhodè; *Ial, sian* Telcbines,
 Drencht by *Ioues* vengeance in his brothers seas,
 For all transforming with their vitious eyes:
 By *Cea's* old *Carthetan* turrets flies,
 Where fates *A'cidamas* with wonder moue,
 To thinke his daughter could become a Doue.
 Then *Hyries* lake, *Cyeneian Tempe* view'd,
 Grac't by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.
 For *Phyllus* there, had, at a Boyes command,
 Wild birds, and saluage Lyons, brought to hand.
 Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;
 Yet at so sterne a loue not seldome storm'd,
 And his last purchase to the boy deny'd.
 Pouting, You'l wish you had giuen it me, he cry'd;
 And iumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him bain'd;
 When spredding wings a siluer Swan sustain'd
 His Mother (ignorant thereof) became
 A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.
 Next *Pleuron* lies; where *Opbian Combe* fluns,
 With trembling wings, her life pursuing sons..
 Then neere *Ladona*-lou'd *Calzura* rang'd;
 In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd;
Ull ne on the right hand (where the beast
Metopion would his mother haue comprest.)

Cepbifus

Cepbifus spies (who for his nephew mourn'd;
 Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd).
Eumæus Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,
 With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,
 To *Piren*, *Ephyr*: men, if Fame say true,
 Here at the first from shower-rayld murtherers greue.

But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
 And *Cleons* Pallace, wrapt in Magick flame;
 When impious Steele her childrens blood had shed,
 The ill-reueng'd from *Iasons* fury fled.
 Whom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw
 To *Pallas* towres. Those thee, iust *Phibens*, saw;
 And thee, old *Periphas*, at once to flie:
 Where *Polyphemus* Neece new wings supply.
Ægeus entertaines her (of his life
 The onely staine) and took her for his wife.
 Here *Thiseus* maskt vnknown: who, great in Deed
 Had two-sea'd *Isthmos* from oppression freed.
 Whose vnderfuerd ruin *Phasias* sought
 By mortall *Aconite*, from *Scythia* brought.
 This from *Echidna's* hel-hound essence draws.
 There is a blind steepe caue with foggy iawes,
 Through which the bold *Tyrnbian* Heros strain'd
 Drag'd *Cerberus*, with adamant inchain'd.
 Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt a-skew
 On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew:
 Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;
 And on the grasse his spumy poyson ibeds.
 This sprung; attracting from the fruitfull soyle
 Dire nourishment, and powre of deathfull spoyle.
 The rurall Swaines, because it takes delight
 In liuing rocks, surnam'd it *Aconite*.

Ægeus,

Ægeus, by her fly perswasions wonne;
 As to a foe, presents it to his sonne.
 He took the cup: when by the iuory hilt
 Of *Theseus* sword, *Ægeus* found her guilt;
 And struck the potion from his lips. With charmes
 Ingendring clouds, she escapes his lengthlesse armes.
 Though glad of his sons safetie, a chill feare
 Shooke all his powers, that danger was so neere.
 With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts
 The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts
 (Their hornes with ribands wreath'd) imbrow the ground
 No day, they say, was euer so renown'd
 Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
 Together celebrate that Festiuall.
 And sing, when flowing bowles their spirits raise:
 Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise
 For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
 They liue, who *Cremyons* wastefield manure,
 By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcan*'s Seed
 By thee glad *Epidaur*e beheld to bleed.
 Inhumane *Procrustes* death *Cephisia* view'd:
Elusis, *Cercyon*'s. *Scinis* ill indu'd
 With strength so much abus'd; who Beeches bent,
 And tortur'd bodyes 'twixt their branches rent,
 Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathuë* led
 Is now secure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
 The Earth his scatter'd bones a graue deny'd;
 Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
 Which tossed to and fro, in time became
 A solid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.
 If we thy yeares should number with thy acts;
 Thy yeares would proue a cypher to thy facts.

Great

Great soule! for thee, as for our publique wealth,
 We pray; and quaffe *Lyæus* to thy health.
 The Pallace with the peoples praises rings:
 And sacred Ioy in euery bosome springs.
Ægeus yet (no pleasure is compleat:
 Griefe twins with ioy.) for *Theseus* safe receit
 Reapes little comfort. *Minos* makes a war:
 Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far
 Through vengeance of a father: who, his harmes
 In slaine *Androgeus*, scourgeth with iust armes.
 Yet wisely first endeuours forraine aid:
 And all the Ilands of that Sea suruai'd.
 Who *Anaphe* and *Astipalea* gain'd;
 The one by gifts, the other war constrain'd:
 Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalkie fields,
 High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yeelds,
 Champion *Seriphos*, *Paros* far display'd
 With marble browes, and *Cythnos* il-betray'd
 By impious *Arne* for yet-loued gold;
 Turn'd to a Chough, whom sable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyme* the Sea-lou'd soyle
 Of *Tenos*, *Peperesthos* far with oyle,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; these their aid deny'd
 The *Gnosian* fleet from thence their sailes apply'd
 Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd.
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd:
 But *Æacus*, there raigning, call'd the same.
Ægina, of his honour'd mothers name.
 All throng to see a Prince of so great worth.
 Straight *Ielamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,
 With *Phocus*, youngest of that royall race,
 Make haste to meet him. With a tardie pace

Come

Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cause
Of his repaire. At those sad thoughts he drawes
His breath in sighs: some intermission made,
The Ruler of the hundred Cities said.
Assist our armes, borne for my murdred son;
And in this pious war our fortunes run:
Giue comfort to his graue. The King reply'd:
In vaine you aske what needs must be deny'd.
No Citie is in stricter league than ours
Conioyn'd to *Athens*: mutuall are our powres.
He, parting, said: Your league shall cost you deare.
And held it better far. to threat, than beare
An accidentall warre; whereby he might
Consume his force before he came to fight.

Yet might they see the *Cretans* vnder saile
From high built walls: when, with a leading gale,
The *Attick* ship attain'd their friendly shore:
Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore:
Th^t *Æacides* him knew (though many a day
Vnscene) imbrace, and to the Court conuay.
The goodly Prince, who yet the pledges held
Of those perfections, which in youth exceld,
Enters the Pallace; bearing in his hand
A branch of Oliue. At his elbowes stand
Cytus, and *Butes*; valorous and young:
Who from the loynes of high-borne *Pallas* sprung.
First *Cephalus* his full oration made;
Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:
Their leagues, an ancient loues to mind recalls;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence inforc't his embassie.
When God-like *Æacus* made this replie

(His

(His royall scepter shining in his hand)
Athenians, craue not succour, but command:
This Ilands forces yours vouchsafe to call;
For in your ayde I will aduenture all.
Souldiers I haue enow, at once t'oppose
My enemies, and to repell your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Seeke no excuses. May your Citie still
Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approach I not a little ioy'd
To meet so many youths of equall yeares,
So fresh and lustie. Yet not one appeares
Of those who heretofore your towne possist;
When first you entertayn'd me for a Guest.

Then *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)
A sad beginning had a better end.
Would I could vnder all: Day would expire
Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.
Their bones, and ashes, silent graues inclose:
And what a treasure perished with those!
By *Iuno's* wrath, a dreadfull pestilence
Deuour'd our liues: who tooke vniust offence,
In that this Ile her Riuals name profest.
While it seem'd humane, and the cause vnghest;
So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:
But those diseases vanquish't Art deride:
Heauen first, the earth with thickned vapors throuds;
And lazie heat inuolues in sullen clouds.
Foure pallid moones their growing hornes vnite,
And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light;
Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew.
Sunke springs, and standing lakes infected grow.

Serpents

Serpents in vntild fields by millions creepe;
 And in the streames their tainting poysons steepe.
 First, dogs, sheepe, oxen, fowle that flagging fly,
 And saluage beasts, the swift infection try.
 Sad Swaines, amazed, see their oxen shrink
 Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes sink.
 The fleecie flocks with anguish faintly bleat;
 Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat,
 The generous Horse that from th'*Olympicks* late
 Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
 Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize;
 Grones at his manger, and there deedlesse dyes.
 The Bore forgets his rage: swift feet now faile
 The Hart: nor Beares the horned Herd assaile.
 All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
 Are fill'd with carkalles, that stench the aire.
 Which neither dogs, nor greedy fowle (how much
 To be admir'd!) nor hoary wolues would touch.
 Falling, they rot: which deadly Odors breed,
 That round about their dire contagion spread.
 Now raues among the wretched country Swaines:
 Now in our large and populous Citie raignes.
 At first, their bowels broyle, with feruor stretcht:
 The symptoms; rednesse, hot wind hardly fetcht.
 Their turd tongs swell; their drie iawes gasp for breath;
 And with the ayre inhale a swifter death.
 None could indure or couerture, or bed:
 But on the stones their panting bosoms spread.
 Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat:
 Euen they beneath those burning burdens sweat.
 None cure attempt: the sterne Disease inuades
 The heartlesse Leech; nor Art her author aids.

The

The neere ally'd, whose care the sick attends,
 Sicken themselves, and dye before their friends.
 Of remedy they see no hope at all,
 But onely in approaching funerall.
 All cherish their desires: for helpe none care:
 Help was there none. In shamelesse throngs repaire
 To springs and wells: there cleaue, in bitter strife
 T'extinguish thirst; but first extinguish life.
 Nor could th'o're-charg'd arise; but dying, sink:
 And of those tainted waters, others drink.
 The wretches lothe their tedious beds: thence breake
 With giddy steps. Or, if now growne too weak,
 Roule on the floore: there quitted houses hate,
 As guilty of their miserable fate;
 And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse:
 Halfe-ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could vse.
 You might see others on the earth lye mourning;
 Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning:
 Stretching their armes to heauen, where euer death
 Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh't-out breath.
 O what a heart had I! or ought to haue!
 I loth'd my life, and wisht with them a graue.
 Which way soeuer I conuert my eye,
 The breathlesse multitude disperd lye.
 Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes
 Of rocking windes; or acornes from broad okes.
 See you yon Temple, mounted on high staires?
 'Tis *Iupiter*. Who hath not offer'd prayers,
 And slighted incense there! husbands for wiues;
 Fathers for sons: and while they pray, their liues
 Before th'inexorable altars vent;
 With incense in their hands, halfe yet vnspent!

How

How oft the ox, vnto the temple brought,
 While yet the Priest the angry Powres belought,
 And pour'd pure wine betweene his hornes; fell downe
 Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne
 To *Iupiter* about to sacrifice,
 For me, my country, sons; with horrid noyse
 Th'vnwounded Offering fell: the blood that life
 Bore into exile, hardly staine the knife.
 The Inwards lost their signes of heauens presage;
 Out-raized by the sterne Discaies rage.
 The dead before the sacred doores were laid:
 Before the Altars too; the Gods t'vpbraid.
 Some choke themselves with cords: by death eschue
 The feare of death; and following Fates pursue.
 Dead corps, without the Dues of funerals,
 They weakly beare: the ports are now too small.
 Or vn-inhum'd they lye: or else are throwne
 On wealthlesse pyles. Respect is giuen to none.
 For Pyles they strue: on those their kinsfolke burne,
 That flame for others. None are left to mourne.
 Ghosts wander vndeplor'd by sons or fires:
 Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.
 Astonisht with these tempests of extreames:
 O *Ioue*, said I, if they be more than dreames
 That wrapt thee in *Aegina's* armes; nor shame
 That I, thy son, should thee my father name:
 Render me mine, or render me a graue!
 With prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gaue.
 I take it, said I; let this Omen be
 A happy pledge of thy intents to me;
 Hard by, a goodly Oke, by fortune, stood,
 Sacred to *Ioue*; of *Dadoneian* wood:

Graine.

Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,
 Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthens draw;
 Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
 While I admire their number: O diuine,
 And euer helpfull I giue to me, said I,
 As many men; who may the dead supply.
 The trembling oke his lofty top declin'd:
 And murmured without a breath of wind.
 I shooke with feare: my tresses stood an end
 Yet on the earth and oke I kisses spend.
 I durst not seeme to hope; yet hope I did:
 And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.
 Night came; and Sleepe care-wasted bodies chear'd:
 Before my eyes the selfe-same Oke appear'd;
 So many branches, as before, there were;
 So many busie Ants those branches beare;
 So shooke the Oke, and with that motion threw
 To vnder-earth the graine-supporting crew.
 Greater and greater straight they seeme to sight:
 To raise themselves from earth, and stand vp-right.
 Whom numerous feet, black colour, lanknesse leaues
 And instantly a humane shape receiue.
 Now Sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame:
 And on the small-performing Gods exclaune.
 Yet heard a mightie noyse; and seem'd to heare
 Almost forgotten voyces: yet I feare
 That this a dreame was also. Whereupon,
 The doore thrust open, in rusht *Teſamon*;
 Come forth, said he, O father; and behold
 What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
 Forth went I; and beheld the men which late
 My dreame presented: such in euery state

K

I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Ioue prais'd: a partie to the towne I bring;
 Among the rest I share the fields: and call
 Them *Atymidons* of their originall.
 You see their persons: such their manners are
 As formerly. A people giuen to spare,
 Patient of labour; what they get, preferue.
 They, like in yeares and mindes, these wars shall serue,
 And follow your conduct; when first this wind
 (The wind blew Easterly) that was so kind
 To bring you hither, will to your auail
 Conuert it selfe into a Southerne gale.

Discourse thus entertain'd the day; with feasts
 They crowne the euening: Sleep the Night inuicta
 The morning Sun proiects his golden rayes:
 Still *Furus* blew; and their departure stayes.
 Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,
 And *Cephalus*, with *Pallas* sons, to Court,
 With early visits: (sleepe the King inchaines).
 Whom *Phocus* in the Prefence entertaines.
 For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
 To raise an army were already gone.
 Meane-while th' *Atbenians* *Phocus* leads into
 The Priuy chamber, beautifull to view.
 Talking; his eyes ypon the iaulin seaze,
 Which grac'd the fingers of *Achides*.
 I haunt, said he, the woods; delight in blood
 Of saluage beasts; yet know not of what wood
 Your dart is made of. If of ash it were
 'Tould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appeare
 More knotty: on what tree so'ere it grew,
 My eyes did neuer such another view.

One of th' *Athean* brethren made reply:
 You would more wonder at the quality.
 It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
 And of it selfe returnes with slaughter red.
Phocus the cause desireth much to know:
 From whence it came; and who did it bestow.
 He yeelds to his request; yet things well knowne,
 Restrain'd by modesty, he lets alone.
 Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds
 In his remembrance; thus with teares proceeds.
 This Dart, ô Goddesse-borne, prouokes these teares
 And euer would, if endlesse were my yeares.
 This me, in my vnhappy wife, destroy'd:
 This gift I would I neuer had inioy'd!
Procris *Orithya's* sister was; if Fame
 Haue more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
 Yet the (should you their minds and formes confer)
 More worth the rape. *Erechtus*, mee to her,
 And loue, vnite. Then happy I happy, I
 Might yet haue beene. But ô, the Gods enuy!
 Two months were now consum'd in chaste delights
 When gray *Aurora*, hauing vanquish't Night,
 Beheld me on the euer-fragrant hill
 Of steepe *Hymettus*: and, against my will,
 As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
 I may the truth declare without offence:
 Though rosie be her cheeks; although she sway
 The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,
 And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all possest:
 My heart was hers; my tongue her prayse profest.
 I told her of our holy nuptiall ties;
 Of wedlocks breach; and yet scarce tasted ioyes.

Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbear:
 Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare;
 Thou'lt with th'hadst neuer knowne her, if I know
 Infewing fate: and angry, lets me goe.
 Her words I ponder as I went along:
 And 'gan to doubt she might my honour wrong.
 Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:
 Her vertue checks those feares, as most vnjust.
 But I was absent: but example fed
 My ieaousie: but louers all things dread.
 I seeke my sorrowes; and with gifts intend
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proues a friend
 To this suspicion; and my forme translates.
 Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
 And then my owne. The house from blame was free:
 In decent order, and perplex for me.
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:
 View'd with astonishment, I scarce pursue
 My first intent: scarce coul'd I but reueale
 The truth; and pardon with due kisses seale.
 She was full sad: yet louelier none than she,
 Euen in that sadnesse: sorrowfull for me.
 How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,
 Which could in griefe retaine so sweet a grace?
 What need I tell how often I assail'd
 Her vexed chastitie! how often fail'd!
 How often said she! One I onely serue:
 For him, where euer, I my ioyes preferue.
 What mad man would such faith haue farther prest,
 But I? industrious in my owne vnrest.
 With deepe protests, and gifts still multiply'd,
 At length the wauers. Falsse of faith, I cry'd,

Thou

Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer,
 But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this tryall erre.
 She made no answer, prest with silent shame.
 Th'insidious house, and me, far more in blame,
 Forsaking: man-kind for my sake eschues:
 And *Dian*-like the mountaine chace pursues.
 Abandon'd; hotter flames my blood incense.
 I beg'd her pardon, and confest m' offence:
 And said, *Aurora* might haue me subdude
 With such inticeniements, had but she so woo'd.
 My fault confest, her wrong reuenged, wee
 Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
 Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,
 A Dog she gaue: which *Cynthia* giuing; All,
 Said she, surpass in swiftnesse: and this Speare
 You so commend, which in my hand I beare.
 Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?
 Receiue a wonder: and the fact admire.
 Dark prophesies, not vnderstood of old,
 The *Naiades* with searching wits vnfold.
 When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
 Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.
 A cruell Beast infests th' *Adonian* plains;
 To many farall: fear'd by country Swaines,
 Both for their cattle, and themselues. We meet:
 And with our toyles the aniple fields beset.
 He nimbly skips about the vpper lines:
 And mounting ouer, frustrates our designs.
 Their dogs the'vncouple; whose pursuit he out-spring:
 With no lesse speed, than if supply'd by wings.
 All bid me let my *l'elaps* slip (for so
 My dog was call'd) who struggling long agoe,

K 3

Habit

Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbear:
 Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare;
 Thou'lt with th' hadst neuer knowne her, if I know
 Infewing fate: and angry, lets me goe.
 Her words I ponder as I went along:
 And 'gan to doubt she might my honour wrong.
 Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:
 Her vertue checks those feares, as most vniust.
 But I was absent: but example fed
 My ieaousie: but louers all things dread.
 I seeke my sorrowes; and with gifts intend
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proues a friend
 To this suspition; and my forme translates.
 Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
 And then my owne. The house from blame was free:
 In decent order, and perplex for me.
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:
 View'd with astonishment, I scarce pursue
 My first intent: scarce could I but reueale
 The truth; and pardon with due kisses seale.
 She was full sad: yet louelier none than she,
 Euen in that sadnesse: sorrowfull for me.
 How excellent, o' *Phocus*, was that face,
 Which could in griefe retaine so sweet a grace?
 What need I tell how often I assail'd
 Her vexed chastitie! how often fail'd!
 How often said she! One I onely serue:
 For him, where euer, I my ioyes preferue.
 What mad man would such faith haue farther prest,
 But I? industrious in my owne vnrest.
 With deepe protests, and gifts still multiply'd,
 At length the wauers: I alle of faith, I cry'd,

Thou

Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer,
 But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this tryall erre.
 She made no answer, prest with silent thame.
 Th'insidious house, and me, far more in blame,
 Forsaking: man-kind for my sake eschues:
 And *Dian* like the mountaine chace pursues.
 Abandon'd; hotter flames my blood incense.
 I beg'd her pardon, and confest m' offence:
 And said, *Aurora* might haue me subdude
 With such inticements, had but she so woo'd.
 My fault confest, her wrong reuenged, wee
 Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
 Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,
 A Dog the gaue: which *Cynthia* giuing; All,
 Said she, surpass in swiftnesse: and this Speare
 You so commend, which in my hand I beare.
 Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?
 Receiue a wonder: and the fact admire.
 Dark propheties, not vnderstood of old,
 The *Naiades* with searching wits vnfold.
 When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
 Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.
 A cruell Beast infests th' *Adonian* plains;
 To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,
 Both for their cattle, and themselves. We met:
 And with our toyles the ample fields beset.
 He nimble skips about the ample fields beset.
 And mounting ouer, frustrates our designs.
 Their dogs the vncouple; whose pursuit he out-spring:
 With no lesse speed, than if supply'd by wings.
 All bid me let my *elaps* slip (for so
 My dog was call'd) who struggling long agoe,

K 3

Hali

Haste-throtd, straine the leash. No sooner gone,
 Than out of sight; his foot-steps left vpon
 The burning sand: who vanish from our eyes
 As swiftly as a well-driuen iauelin flies;
 Or as a singing pellet from a sling;
 Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.
 I mount a hill which ouer-topt the place;
 From thence beholding this admired chace.
 The Beast now pincht appeares, now shuns by sight
 His catching iawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right;
 Nor trusts his heeles: with nimble turnings shunning
 His vrgent foe; cast back by ouer-running.
 Who prest, what onely might in speed compare;
 Appeares to catch th'vncought; and mouthes the aire.
 My dart I take to aide: which, while I shooke,
 And on the thong direct my hastie looke
 To fit my fingers; looking vp againe,
 I saw two marble statues on the plaine.
 Had you these seene, you could not chuse but say
 That this appear'd to run, and that to bay.
 That neither should each other ouer-goe
 The Gods decree'd: if Gods descend so low.

Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Phocæus*; Pray'vnfold
 Your darts offence. Which *Cerberus* thus told.
 Ioy grieke fore-runs: that ioy we first recite.
 For o, those times I mention with delight,
 When youth and *ymen* crown'd our happy life:
 She, in her husband blest; I in my wife.
 In both one care, and one affection moues.
 She would not haue exchang'd my bed for *Ioues*;
 Nor *Mercur* could haue tempted my desire:
 Our bodies flamm'd with such an equall fire.

When

When *Sol* had rais'd his beames about the floods;
 My custome was to trace the leauy woods;
 Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went,
 Without horse, huntsmen, toyles, or dogs of sent.
 Much kild; I to the cooler shades repaire:
 And where the vallis breathes a fresher aire.
 Coole aire I seeke, while all with feruor gloses:
 Coole aire expect, my trauels sweet repose.
 Come aire, I wont to sing, relieue th'opprest;
 Come, o most welcome, glide into my brest:
 Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
 By chance I other blandishments repeat;
 (So Fates inforce) as, o my soules delight!
 By thee I am fed and chear'd: thy sweets excite
 My affections to these woods: o life of death!
 May euer I inhale thy quickning breath!
 A busie care these doubtfull speeches caught;
 Who oft nam'd aire some much-lou'd *Dryad* thought;
 And told to *Procris*, with a leuder tongue,
 His false surmises; with the song I sung.
Lone is too credulous. With grieke she faints;
 And scarce reuiuing, bursts into complaints:
 My spotlesse faith with furie execrates.
 Woe's me, she cries, produc't to cruell fates!
 Transported with imaginarie blame,
 What is not, feares: an vnsubstantiall name.
 Yet grieues (poore soule!) as if in truth abus'd:
 Yet often doubts; and her distrust accus'd.
 Now holds the information for a lye:
 Nor will trust other witnesse than her eye.
Amora re-inthron'd th'insuing Day:
 I hunt, and speed. As on the grasse I lay,

K 4

Cont

Come aile, said I, my tyred spirits cheare.
 At this an vnkowne sighe inuades my care.
 Yet I; O come, before all ioyes prefer'd.
 Among the withered leaues a rustling heard;
 I threw my dart; supposing it some beast:
 But ô, 'twas *I'rocris* I wounded on the brest,
 Shee shriek'd, ay me! Her voyce too well I knew:
 And thither, with my griefe distracted, flew.
 Halfe dead, all blood-imbrew'd, my wife I found;
 Her gift (alas!) exhaling from her wound.
 I rais'd her body, than my owne more deare:
 To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare;
 And strue to stench the blood. O pitty take,
 Said I, nor thus a guilty soule forsake!
 She, weake, and now a dying, thus applies
 Her tongues forc't motion: By our nuptiall ties;
 By heauen-imbowred Gods; by those below,
 To whose infernall monarchy I goe:
 By that, if euer I deseru'd well;
 By this ill-fated loue, for which I fell,
 Yet now in death most constantly retaine;
 O, let not *Ayre* our chaster bed prophane.
 This said; I shew'd, and she perceiu'd how
 That error grew: but what auail'd it now?
 She sinkes; her blood along her spirits tooke:
 Who lookes on me as long as she could looke.
 My lips her soule receiue, with her last breath:
 Who, now resolu'd, sweetly smiles in death.
 The weeping *Hero's* told this tragedy
 To those that wept as fast. The King drew nye
 And his two sons, with wel-arm'd Regiments,
 Now-raisd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eighth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*H*armonious walls. Leud *Scylla* now despaires;
 With *Nisus*, chang'd: the *Lark* the *Hobby* dares.
Ariadnes Crowne a Constellation made.
 Th'innocent youth a Partridge; still affraid
 Of mounting. *Meleagers* Sisters mourne
 His tragedie: to *Foule*, so named, turne.
 Fine water Nymphs the fine *Echinades*
 Designe. *Perimele*, nere to these,
 Becomes an Iland. *Ione* and *Hermes* take
 The formes of men. A *Citie* turn'd a Lake
 A Cottage to a Temple. That good pair,
 Old *Baucis* and *Philemon*, chang'd are
 At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes
 Blew *Proteus* sports. Of selfe, chang'd *Metra* scapes
 Scorn'd seruitude. The Streame of *Calydon*
 Forsakes his owne, and other shapes puts on.

*N*OW *Lucifer* exalts the Day: to hell
 Old Night descends. The Easterne winds now fell;
 Moyst clouds arose: when gentle Southerne gales
 Befriend returning *Cephalus*. Full sailes
 Wing his successefull course: who, long before
 All expectation, toucht the withed shore.

Meant

For no heart is so hard, that did but know,
 And would a lance against his bosom throw,
 It takes: with me, my country I intend
 To tender vp; and giue these warres an end.
 What is't to intend? Each passage hath a guard;
 My father keeps the keyes, and sees them bard.
 'Tis he defends my ioyes; 'tis he I dread:
 Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
 Iust, we are our owne Gods. They thriue, that dare:
 And fortune is a foe to slothfull praise.
 Long since, an other, scorcht with such a fire,
 By death had forc't a way to her desire.
 Yet why should any more aduenturous proue?
 I dare through sword and fire make way to Loue.
 And yet here is no use of fire nor sword;
 But of my fathers haire. This must afford
 What I so much affect, and make me blest:
 Richer than all the treasure of the East.

This said, Night, nurse of cares, her curtaines drew:
 When in the dark she more audacious grew.
 In prime of rest, when ty'd with day-bred cares
 Sleepe all inuests; she silently repaires
 Into her fathers bed-chamber, and there
 Extracts (O horrid act!) this fatall haire.
 Shee cut of her wicked prey; with her she bore
 The guilty spoyle; vnlocks a Posset doore:
 That past the foe (bold by her merit made)
 Vnto the King; not vn-astonish'd, said:
 I haue by Loue, I say, a new Seede;
 Yeeld ypon my Country, and my Gods: no meede,
 But this I crave, this ample haire receiue,
 My Country's weadge; nor thinke a haire I giue,

But

But my old fathers head. With that, presents
 The gift with wicked hand, and bad ostents.
Mines reiects it: and much terrifide
 With horror of so foule a deede, replide:
 The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord!)
 Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
 How ere *Ioues* Creete, the world wherein I raigne,
 Shall such a Monster neuer entertaine.
 This said: the most iust Victor doth impose
 Lawes, no lesse iust, vpon his vanquish't foes.
 Then orders, that they forth with ores conuay
 Abord the brasie-beakt ships, and anchors waye.

When *Scylla* saw the *Gnosian* nauy swim;
 And that her treason was abhor'd by him:
 To violent anger she conuerts her prayers,
 And Furie-like, with stretcht armes and spread haire;
 Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leauing me for-lore,
 That conquest-crown'd thee? O preferd before
 My Country! Father! 't was not thou didst win;
 But I that gaue: my meritt, and my sin.
 Not this; nor such affection, could perswade:
 Nor that on thee I all my hopes had layd.
 For whither should I goe, thus left alone?
 What? to my Country? that's by me o're-throwne.
 Wer't not? my treason doomes me to exile.
 Or to my father; giuen vnto thy spoyle?
 Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
 And neighbours feare th'example in their State.
 L, out of all the world my selfe haue throwne,
 To purchase an access to Crete alone.
 Which if deny'd; and left to such despair;
Entopa ne'r one so vngreatfull bare:

But

But swallowing *Syr's*, *Charybdis* chafte with wind;
 Or some fell Tygres of th' *Armenian* kind.
 For thou' not thy father; nor with forged shape
 Of Bull beguild, thy mother culd her rape.
 That story of thy glorious race is faine:
 For thee a wild and louelesse Bull sustaine.
 O father *Nisus*, thy reuenge behold!
 Reioyce, O Citie, by my treason sold!
 Dea'h, I confesse, I merit. Yet would I
 Might, by their hands whom I haue iniur'd, dye.
 I or why shouldst thou, who onely didst subdue
 By my offending, my offence pursue?
 My Country and my father felt this sinne:
 Which vnto thee a courtesie hath beene.
 Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood
 A Bulls hot incest in a Cow of wood;
 Whose shamelesse womb a monstrous burthen bare.
 Ah! doe my sorrowes to thy cares repaire?
 Or are my fruitlesse words borne by that wind
 That brues thee hence, and leaues a wretch behind?
 What though *Tasiphae* a Bull preferd?
 Thou far more brutish than the saluage Herd.
 Woe's me! make hast I must: the waues with ores
 Refund, his ship forsakes, with vs, our shores.
 In vaine 'Tle follow thee vngratefull King:
 And while I to thy crooked vessell cling
 Be drag'd through drenching seas. This hauing said,
 Attempts the waues, by *Cupid's* strengthning aid,
 And cleaues this ship. Her father, now high-flowne
 Strikes a meeringe a red-mauld Hobbie growne)
 And flings to cuff her with his golden teares.
 She lyps her belly, uneebled by her feares.

While

While yet a falling, that she might eschue
 The threatning sea, light wings t'her shoulders grew.
 Now changed to a bird in sight of all:
 This, of her tufted crowne we *Ciris* call.
 No sooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,
 But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd.
 His voves to conquest-giuing *Ioue* he payd:
 And all his pallace with the spoyle arrayd.
 And now his families reproch increast.
 That vncouth prodigic, halfe man, halfe beast,
 His mothers dire adultery descryd.
Minos resolues his marriage shame to hide
 In multitude of roomes, perplext and blind
 The work t'excelling *Dædalus* assignd.
 Who sense distracts, and error leades a maze
 Through subtrill ambages of sundry wayes.
 As *Phygian Meander* sports about
 The flowrie vales; now winding in, now out;
 Himselfe incounters, sees his following floods,
 His streames leades to their springs; and, doubling, scuds
 To long mockt seas: so *Dædalus* compild
 Innumerable by-ways, which beguild
 The senses conduct; that himselfe with much
 Adoe returnes: the fallacies were such.
 When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
 This double forme, of man and beast compos'd;
 The Monster, with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
 His owne, the third Lot, in the ninth yeere, shed
 Then by a Clew reguided to the doore
 (A virgins counsell) neuer found before;
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
 For *Dia*: on the naked shore forsakes.

His

His confident and sleepe-oppressed Mate.
 Now, pining in complaints, the desolate
 Part with marriage, comforts; and that she
 Might glorious by a Constellation be;
 Her head ymburthens of her crowne, and threw
 It up to heauen; through thinner ayre it flew.
 Flying, the jewels that the verge inchace
 Comert to fies; fast-fixed in one place;
 The old time retaining. They their station take,
 Twixt Him that Kneeles, and Him who holds the Snake.
 The Sea inprised *the talus*, meane-while,
 Weary of *Crete*, and of his long exile;
 Toucht with his countries loue, and place of birth;
 Thus said: Though *Minos* bar both sea and earth;
 Yet heauen is free. That course attempt I dare:
 Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.
 This said: to aies vnknowne he bends his wits
 In natures change. The quils in order knits,
 Beginning with the least: the longer still
 The short succeeds; much like a rising hill.
 Their in all pipes, the shepheards, long agoe,
 (From d of vacq all reeds) contriued so.
 With threds the midst, with wax he ioynes the ends;
 And these, as natur all wings, a little bends.
 Young *Amor* stood by, who little thought
 That with his death he playd; and smiling, caught
 The feathers that lay hulling in the ayre:
 Now chafes the yellow waxe with busie care,
 And interrupts his sire. When his last hand
 He had in posid; with new-made wings he fand
 The ayre that bare them. Then instructs his son:
 Be sure that in the middle course thou run,

Daniz

Dank seas will clog the wings that lowly flye:
 The Sun will burne them if thou for'st too high.
 Twixt either keepe. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,
 Nor *Helicè*, nor sterne *Orions* rayes:
 But follow me. At once, he doth aduise;
 And vnknowne pinions to his shoulders ties,
 Amid his work and words a tyde of teares
 Fret his old checks, who trembling fingers reares.
 Then kist him, neuer to be kissed more:
 And rais'd on lightsome feathers flies before;
 His seare behind: as birds through boundlesse sky
 From ayerie nests produce their yong to fly;
 Exhorts to follow: taught his banefull skill;
 Waues his owne wings, his sons obseruing still.
 These, while some Angler, fishing with a cane;
 Or Shepheard, leaning on his staffe; or Swaine;
 With wonder viewes: he thinks them Gods that glide
 Through ayrie regions. Now on the left side
 Leaues *Iuno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,
Labyrinthos, and *Calydna* on the right,
 Flowing with hony. When the boy, much tooke
 With pleasure of his wings, his Guide forooke:
 And rauisht with desire of heauen, aloft
 Ascends. The odor-yeelding wax more soft
 By the swift Suns vicinitie now grew:
 Which late his feathers did together glew.
 That thaw'd; he shakes his naked armes, that bare,
 As then no saile, nor could containe the ayre.
 When crying, Helpe, o father! his exclaime
 Blew Seas suppress't. which tooke from him their name.
 His father, now no father, left alone,
 Cryde *tearus*! where art thou? which way flowne?

What

What region, *Leucus*, doth thee contraine.
Then spies the feathers floting on the Maine.
He curst his arts, interres the couple, that gaue
The land a name, which gaue his sonne a graue.

The Partridge from a thicket him suruayd;
As in a tombe his wretched son he layd;
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
To expresse his toy: as then an onely bird.
So made of late (ynknowne in former times)
Orpheus, by thy eternall crime.

To thee thy Sister gaue him to be taught;
Who little of his destinie fore-thought:
The boy then twelue yeare aged; of a mind
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd.
He sawes inuented, by the bones that grow
In fishes backs; the Steele indenting so.
And two-thankt Compasses with riuet bound;
The one to stand still, the other turning round
In euery distance. *Demetrius* this stung:
Who from *Minerva's* sacred turret flung
The enu'd head-long; and his falling faines.
Him *Pallas*, fautor of good wits, sustaines:
Who straight the figure of a foule assumes;
Clad in the midst of ayre with freckled pluncks.
The vigor of his late swift wit now came
Into his feet, and wings: he keepses his name.
They neuer mount aloft, nor trust their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth,
And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they beare
Then ancient fall, and haughtie places feare.

Lyr'd *Leucis* now in *Sicilia* lights:
In whole defence hospitious *Coccyus* fights.

Now

Now *Athen* by *Aegæus* glorious Seed
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crowne their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, lone,
Inuoke; with all the Deities about.
Whom now they honour with the large expence
Of bloud, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.
Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spread
His praise: and all that rich *Acbaia* fed
His aid in their extremities intreat,
His aid afflicted *Calydon* (though great
In *Meleager*) sought. The cause a Bore:
Dian's reuenge, and horrid Seruatore.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous haruest blest;
To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne address,
To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.
Ambitious honours all the Powres diuine
Reape from the rurals; yet neglect to pay!
Diana dues; her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Vnpunisht beare: nor vnreueng'd, said she,
Though vn-adored, shall they want we be.
With that she sent into *Oenian* fields
A vengefull Bore. Rank-graft *Epirus* yeelds
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
But those are lesse which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze bloud and fire: his stiffe neck beares
Horrible bristles, like a groue of speares.
A boyling some vpon his shoulders flowes
From grinding iawes: his tuthes equall those
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth casts
Hot lightning; and his breath the virdure blasts.
He tramples vnder foot the growing corne;

And

His horrid furie, wounds with ganching blowes.
Filion first his iauelin vainly cast,
 Which struck a beech. The next his sides had past,
 But that with too much strength it ouer-flew:
 The weapon *Pagasean Iason* threw.
Othubus, said *Ampycides*, If I
 Haue honourd, and doe honour thee, apply
 Thy succour in successe of my intents.
 The God, as much as lay in him, assents:
 But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
 Which gaue no wound, although the Bore it strook.
 The beast like lightning burns, thus chaft with ire:
 His grim eyes shine, his brest breathes flames of fire.
 And as a stone which some huge engine throwes
 Against a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:
 The deadly Bore with such sure violence
 Assaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Eupalamon, and *Leagonus*, cast
 On sounding earth: drawne off with timely haste.
Eneides, great *Espeponus* son,
 Could not so well his slaughtering rushes shun:
 Which cut the shinking sinewes in his thigh,
 Euen as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.
 And *Nerion* long had perished, per chance,
 Before *Tras* warre; but, vaunting on a lance,
 He strooke a tree, which there his branches spred;
 And safely saw the foe from whom h' had fled.
 Who, full of rage, his vengefull rushes whets
 Vpon an Oke; and dire destruction threats.
 When, tending to his new-edg'd armes, the Bore
 The manly thigh of great *Cuthus* tore.
 The brother Twins, not yet celestiall Starres;

Conspi-

Conspicuous both, both terrible in warres;
 Both mounted on white Steeds, a loft both bare
 Their glittering speares, which trembled in the aire:
 And both had sped; but that the Swine with-drew
 Where neither horse nor iauelin could pursue.
 In followes *Telamon*, hot of the chace;
 And stumbling at a roote, fell on his face.
 While *Peleus* lifts him vp, a winged flight
Teseu drew, which flew as swift as sight:
 Below his eare the fixed arrow stood,
 And staid his bristles with a little blood.
 The Virgin lesse reioyced in the blow
 Than *Meleager*: who first saw it flow,
 First show'd his mates the blood: O most renownd
 Said he, thy vertue hath thy honour crownd.
 The men, they blush for shame; each other cheare;
 And high-raisd foules, with clamors higher reare:
 Their speares in clusters sling; which make no breach
 Through idle store: and throwes their throwes impeach.
 Behold, *Aeneus* with a polax sterne
 To his owne fate; who said, By me O learne
 You youths, how much a mans sharpe Steele exceeds
 A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
 Though *Dian* should take armes, and in this strife
 Protect her beast, she should not saue his life.
 Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands
 Aduanc't his polax, and on tip-toes stands.
 Whom, ere his armes descend, the furious Swine
 Preuents, and sheathes his rushes in his groyn.
 Downe fell *Aeneus*, out of his bowels gush't,
 All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blubbe
Ixius son *Pirithous* forward prest:

And

And with an able arme his lance addrest.
 To whom *Aegide*; O to me more deare
 Than my owne life! my better halfe, forbear.
 The wile in valour should aloofe contend:
 Foole hardy courage was *Alex* end.
 This said, his heauy cornell; with a head
 Or brail, he hurles: which sure had struck him dead
 (It was deliuered with so true an aime)
 But that a Medlar interpos'd the same.
Apo then threw his thrilling lance;
 Which hit (diuerted from the mark by chance)
 A dog betweene his baying iawes: the wound
 Rust through his guts, and naild him to the ground.
*Cen*es varying hand dischargd two speares:
 The earth the one, the beast the other beares.
 While now he raues, grunts, turnes his body round,
 Casts bloud and fume; the author of his wound
 Run in; prouokes his greater wrath; and where
 His shields disscuer, thrusts his deadly speare.
 They all with cheartfull shouts their ioyes vsfold;
 Shake his victorious hands; the Beast behold
 With wonder, whose huge bulk posselt so much:
 And hardly thinke it safe the flaine to touch:
 Yet with his bloud they die their iaculins red.
 He sets his foot vpon his horrid head;
 My right, said he, receiue rare *Nonacrine*,
 And let my glory euer share with thine.
 Then gaue the bristled poyle, in terror charm'd;
 And gaily head with monstrous tusshes arm'd.
 She in the Girt and Garter pleasure tooke.
 All murther, with prepostorous enuy, strooke.
 On whom the violent *Assada* frowne;

And

And cry aloud with stretcht-out armes; Lay downe:
 Nor, Woman, of our titles vs bereaue,
 I left thee thy beauries confidence deceaue;
 His aid to weake whom loue hath rest of sight:
 And snatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
*O*midus swels; his lookes with anger sterne:
 You rauishers of others honours, learne
 (Said he) the distance betweene words and deeds.
 With wicked Steele secure *Plexippus* speeds.
 While *Toxens*, whether ~~go~~ reuenge his blood,
 Or shun his brothers fortune, wauering stood;
 He clears the doubt: the weapon, hot before
 By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.
 Gifts to the holy Gods *Alibea* brings
 For her sons victorie; and *Pearns* sings.
 When back she saw her slaughtered brothers brought:
 At that sad obiect screecht; and grieve-distraught,
 The Citie sills with out-cries: off she teares
 Her royall robes, and funerall garments weares.
 But told by whom they fell; no longer mournes:
 Rage dries her eyes; her teares to vengeance turnes.
 The triple Sisters earst a brand conuaid
 Into the fire; her belly newly laid;
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatall twine:
 O lately borne, one period we assigne
 To thee and to this brand. The charme they weaue
 Into his fate; and then the chamber leaue.
 His mother snatcht it with an hostie hand
 Out of the fire; and quencht the flagrant brand.
 This in an inward cloister closely layes:
 And by preserving it, preserves his dayes.
 Which now produc't; a pyle of wood she rais'd,

L

Th e

That by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.
 Your times she proffers to the greedy flame
 The fatall brand: as oft with-drew the same.
 A Mother, and a Sister, now contend:
 And two-divided names, one bosome rend.
 Oft feare of future crimes a paleness bred:
 Oft burning Furie gaue her eyes his red.
 Now seemes to threaten with a cruell looke:
 And now appears like one that pitie tooke.
 Her teares the seruor of her anger dryes:
 Yet found she teares againe to drowne her eyes.
 Euen as a ship, when wind and tyde contends,
 Feeles both their furies, and with either bends:
 So *Thetis*, whom vnsteddie passion driues;
 By changes, calmes her rage, and rage reuiues.
 A sisters loue at length subdues a mothers:
 That blood may appease the ghosts of bleeding brothers,
 Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne
 This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burne.
 Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood;
 As she before the funerall altar stood:

You triple Powers, who guiltie Soules pursue;
Furies; these Rites of vengeance view.
 Last the crime I punish. Death must be
 By death atton'd. On murder, murder we
 Accumulate; redoubling funerall.
 Due linage, by congested sorrowes fall.
 Shall *Venus* ioy in his victorious son?
 Had *Thetis* rob'd of his? be both vndone.
 Look vp, O you my brothers ghosts; you late
 Exlodged soules; see how I light your fate.
 Aue! for this infernall sacrifice,

Of

Of high esteeme: my wombs accursed prize.
 Ay me! O whither am I rap't! excuse
 A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse
 Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by
 A mothers rage me thinks he should not dye.
 Then shall hee scape? aliuie, a victor, feast
 In proud successe; of *Calydon* possesse?
 You, little ashes, and chill Shades, forlorne?
 Ile not indure it. Perish Villaine, borne
 To our immortall ruine. Ruinate
 With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state,
 Where is a mothers heart? a parents praier?
 Th'vnthought-of burden which I ten months bare:
 O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
 Had thee deuour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!
 Thy life, my gift; by thine owne merit dye:
 A iust reward for thy impiety.
 Thy twice-giuen life restore; first by my womb,
 Last by this rauisht brand; or me a tomb
 With my poore brothers. Faine I would pursue
 Reuenge; yet would not. O, what shall I doe!
 Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:
 And the sad image of so foule a deed.
 Now pittie, and a mothers name controule
 My sterne intention. O distracted soule!
 You haue won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:
 So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
 Your fate. With eyes reuerst, her quaking hand
 To trembling flames expos'd the funerall brand.
 The Brand appears to sigh, or sighes expires:
 Wrapt in th'imbracements of vnwilling fires,
 Vnknowing *Meleager*, absent broyles

K 2

Euen

Then in these flames: his blood, thick-panting, boyles
 In teene fire. Who such tormenting paines
 With more then manly fortitude sustaines.
 Yet grieues that by a slothfull death he falls
 Without a wound: *Aeneas* happy calls.
 His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,
 Now groning names, with his last words of life:
 Perhaps his mother. Plaines and paines increafe:
 As mine they languish; and together cease.
 To liquid aere his vanisht spirits turne.
 And table coles in shrouds of ashes mourne.

To w her high *Calydon*: the yongue, the old,
 Ignoble, noble, all, their griefes vntold.
 The *Calydonian* matrons cut their haire;
 Thelso are then beauties: cry, woe and despaire!
 His heare head with dust his father hides;
 Eyes grouching on the ground; and old age chides.
 For now his mother, by her guilt persude,
 Letting her Steele in her owne brest imbrude:
 Though *Io* an hundred able tongues bestow,
 A wit that should with tull inuention flow,
 All *Peleus* intuse into my brest;
 His Sisters borrowes could not be exprest.
 Thearklues to getting decency, deface:
 As long as he a bodie, it imbrace;
 Kisse his pale lips: when turn'd to ashes, they
 The ashes in their braisted bosoms lay:
 Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,
 Infold, and fill the characters with reares.
 But when *Diana's* wrath was satistide
 With *Oenone's* cry: they all (beside
 Faire *Gorge* and the lonely *Diana*)

On

On plummy pinions, by her powre, aspire;
 With long-extended wings, and beakes of horne:
 Who through the ayre in varied shapes are borne.
 Meane while to *Pallas* towres *Aegides* hyes
 (His part performd in that ioynt enterprise)
 Whose hast raine-raised *Achelous* staid.
 Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the Riuer said,
 Vouchsafe my rooffe; ne to th' impetuous flood
 Commit thy person: Oft huge logs of wood,
 And broken rocks, downe-tumbling, lowdly rore.
 Houses and Herds not seldome heretofore
 Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force
 To keepe his stand; nor swiftnesse sau'd the Horse.
 And when dissolued snow from mountaines pour'd,
 The turning eddies many haue deuour'd.
 More safe to stay vntill the current run
 Within his bounds. To whom *Aegaeus* son:
 Twere folly, if not madnesse, to refuse
 Thy house and counsell: both I meane to vse.
 Then exters his large caue, where Nature plaid
 The Artisan; of hollow Pumice made,
 And rugged *Tophas*; floord with humid mosse:
 The rooffe pure white and purple shels imbolle.
 Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day:
 When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renowne
 Of *Thæzen*, now appearing gray; sat downe:
 And whom the Riuer glad of such a guest,
 Preferd vnto the honour of his feast.
 Forth-with, bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
 That tane away, vpon the table set
 Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turnd his face

L 3

To

To vnder seas; and poynting, said; What place
Is yon', and of what name, that stands alone?
And yet me thinks it should be more then one.

It is not one, the courteous Flood replies,
But five; their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.
The lesse t'admire *Diana*, late despis'd,
Five Nymphs they were: who hauing sacrific'd
Ten beecues, invited to their festiuall
The rurall Gods; my selfe forgot by all.
At this my surges swell. I, then as great
As euer, with intraged waters fret.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I reare
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare
In exile to the Deep: whose waues, with mine,
That then vnited masse of earth dis-ioyne
Into as many peeces as in seas
Are of the flood imbrac't *Echinades*.

Yet see one Ile, far, ô far off remou'd!
Call'd *Perimle*; once by me belou'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour rooke
Phaëax his daughter could not brooke:
But cast her from a rock into the Deepe.
Whom, while my thickned streames from sinking keepe;
I said: O *Neptune*, thou that do'st command
The wandering waues that beat vpon the land;
To whom we Riuer run, in whom we end;
Incline a gentle eare. I did offend;
In wronging whom I beare: if pious; he
Would both haue pittied her, and pardon'd me.
Her, whom his furie hath from earth exil'd,
And in the strangling waters drencht his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place

Which

Which I may euer with my streames imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward shooke:
And, in assenting, all the Ocean strooke.
The Nymph yet swims; although with feare oppress.
I laid my hand vpon her panting breast:
While thus I handled her, I might perceiue
The earth about her stifning body cleaue.
Now, with a masse infolded, as she swims,
An Iland rose from her transformed lims.

He held his peace. This admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions* son:
By nature rough, and one who did despise
All-able Gods: who said; Thou tel'st vs lyes,
And think'st the Gods too potent: as if they
Could giue new shapes, or take our old away.
His saying all amaz'd and none approu'd:
Most *Telex*, ripe in age and wisdom, mou'd.

Heauens power immense and endlesse, none can shun;
Said he; and what the Gods would doe, is done.
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there growes
An Oke by a Line-tree, which old wals inclois.
My selfe this saw, while I in *Phrygia* staid;
By *Pittibens* sent: where erst his father swaid.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Coots and fishing Cormorants abound.
Joue, in a humane shape; with *Mercurie*;
(His heeles vnwing'd) that way their steps apply.
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses craue;
A thousand shut their doores: One only gaue.
A small thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife
Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent;

K 4

In

In that, grew old: rich onely in content.
 Who pouertie, by bearing it, declind:
 And made it easie with a chearfull mind.
 None Master, nor none Seruant, could you call:
 They who command, obey; for two were all.
 The lither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate;
 And flooping, enters at the humble gate.
 Sit downe, and take your ease, *Philamon* said:
 While busie *Baucis* straw-stuff cushions layd:
 Who studd abroad the glowing coles, that lay
 In smothering ashes; tak't vpyester-day.
 Dry barke, and withered leaues, thereon she throwe:
 While feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
 Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets:
 And ouer all a little kettle sets.
 Her husband gathers cole-flowrs, with their leaues;
 Which from his gratefull garden he receiues:
 Tooke downe a flitch of bacon with a prung,
 That long had in the smokie chimney hung:
 Whereof a little quantitie he cuts:
 And it into the boyling liquor puts.
 This feeding; they the time beguile with speech:
 Vntill le of day. A bowle of beech,
 There, by the handle hung vpon a pin:
 Thust he with warme water; and therein
 Washe their feet. A mosie-stuff bed and pillow
 Lay on a homely bed-steed made of willow:
 A couerlet, onely vsd at feasts, they spred:
 Though coule, and old; yet fit for such a bed.
 Downe lie the Gods. The pallie-shaken Dame
 Sets forth a table with three legs; one lame,
 And shorter then the rest, a pot share reares:

This

This, now made leuell, with greene mint she cleares,
 Whereon they party-colour'd olives set,
 Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet;
 Coole endisse, radishi, new eggs roasted reare,
 And late-prest cheese; which earthen dishes beare.
 A goblet, of the selfe same siluer wrought;
 And bowles of beech, with wax well varnish't, brought.
 Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent:
 Then wine, nor yet of perfect age, present.
 This tane away; the second Course now comes:
 Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummets,
 Sweet smelling apples, disht in osier twines;
 And purple grapes new gatherd from their vines:
 I'th' midst, a hony combe. Aboue all these;
 A chearefull looke, and ready will to please.
 Meane-while, the Maple cup it selfe doth fill:
 And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.
 Astonisht at the miracle; with feare
Philamon, and the aged *Baucis*, reare
 Their trembling hands in prayre: and pardon craue,
 For that poore entertainment which they gaue.
 One Goose they had, their cottages chiefe guard;
 Which they to hospitable Gods award:
 Who long their slow per suit deluding, flies
 To *Iupiter*; so sau'd from sacrifice.
 W'are Gods, said they; Reuenge shall all vndoe:
 Alone immunitie we grant to you.
 Together leaue your house; and to yon hill
 Follow our steps. They both obey their will;
 The Gods conducting: feeble both ascend;
 Their stanes, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
 A sight-shor from the top, reuiew they take;

L 5

And

Thus flaming: Not the Goddess alone;
 But though this were the Goddess, shee should downe:
 And sweep the earth with her aspiring crowne.
 As he aduanc't his armes to strike; the Oke
 Fright and trembled at the threatening stroke.
 His leaues and acornes pale together grew:
 Such bloud-changing branches sweate cold dew.
 Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood
 Gush't from th'incision in a purple flood.
 Much like a mighty oxe, that falls before
 The sacred altar; spouting streames of gore.
 On all amazement seiz'd: when One of all
 The crime deterres; nor would his axe let fall.
 Contrasting his sterne browes; Receiue, said he,
 Thy pities reward; and from the tree
 The stroke conuerting, lops his head; then strake
 The Oke againe: from whence a voice thus spake;
 A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrin'd,
 Belou'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,
 Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath
 I propheticke: a comfort to my death.
 He still his guilt persues: who ouerthrowes
 With cables, and innumerable blowes,
 The sturdy Oke: which, nodding long, downe rusht;
 And in his lofty fall his fellowes crush't.

Their sister, and their groue, the Nymphs lament;
 Who had in fable stoles, to *Ceres* went;
 On *Erichon* by iust reuenge require.
 Who readily consents to their desire.
 The faire-brow'd Goddess shakes her shining haire:
 With that, the fields shooke all their golden eares.
 Who to a pitteous punishment proceeds,

(Had

(Had he had any pittie in his deeds)
 By starving. But since not by fatall doome,
Ceres and *Famine* might together come:
 A mountaine Faery of th'*Oreades*
 Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these:
 In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne
 And barren; bearing neither fruit nor corne.
 Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide;
 And tasting *Famine*. Bid the Fury glide
 Into his curst entrailes, and deuoure
 All plenty: let her rage subdue my powre.
 But lest long wayes thy iourney tedious make:
 My chariot and my yoked dragons take.
 Taking her chariot; through the empty skies
 To *Scythia* and rough *Caucasus* she flies.
 There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found;
 Tearing with teeth and nailes the foodlesse ground:
 With snarled haire, sunk eyes, looks pale and dead,
 Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust ore-spread;
 Hide-bound, through which her clinged guts appeare;
 Dry bones, in spare and crooked hips, vp-bear;
 Her belly bellylesse: low hangs her brest;
 So lank, as if her bosom had no chest:
 The rising knuckles falling flesh augment;
 Round knees and ankles leanely eminent,
 Espide far off (the durst not be so bold
 To come too neere) the Nymph her message told.
 After a little stay, although she were
 Farre off, although but now arriv'd there;
 She famine felt. Who wheels about her Snakes,
 And her high passage to *Amonia* takes.
Famine obeyes the Goddesses command;

Though

Though their endeours still opposed stand.
 Who, by a tempest hurried through the skies,
 Enters the wretches roose : besides him lyes,
 Then fast asleepe : (for now Nights heauy charmes
 All eyes had clos'd) imbra'st himin her armes ;
 Her selfe infus'd ; breathes on his face and brest :
 And emptie veines with hungers rage possesse.
 This thus perform'd forsakes the fruitfull earth :
 And back returns to her abodes of dearth.

Sound Sleepe as yet with pleasurable wings
 On *Erifilith*. gentle slumber flings.
 Who dreames of feasts, extends his idle iawes ;
 With labouring teeth fantasticaly chawes.
 Deludes his throte by swallowing emptie fare :
 And for affected food deuoures the aire.
 Awak't : hot famine raues through all his veines :
 And in his guts, and greedie pallat raignes.
 Louth-with ; what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,
 Acquires : complaines of staruing at full bords.
 In banquets, banquets seekes. What might alone
 Hue Townes and Nations fed ; suffice not one.
 Hunger increaseth with increast repast.
 And as all riuers to the Ocean hast ;
 Who thirsty still, drinks vp the stranger floods :
 As rauinous fires refuse no profferd foods ;
 Huge pyles receiue ; the more they haue, the more
 By much desire ; made hungry with their store.
 So *Erifilith*, of a mind prophane,
 Full dishes empties, and demands againe.
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat ;
 Who euer emptie, still prepares to eat.
 His bellies gulfe his patrimonie wasts :

Consuming

Consuming famine yet vnlesined lasts ;
 And his insatiable throtes extent
 Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent :
 A daughter left, vnworthy such a Sire,
 The beggar sold to feed his hungers fire.
 Her noble thoughts base seruitude disdain :
 Who now her hands extending to the Maine ;
 O thou that hadst my mayden-head, said she,
 Thy ranshit spoyle from hated bondage free !
Neptune had this : who to her prayer consents.
 And, though then by her master seene, prevents
 His following search : transforming of his Rape
 Into a man ; maskt in a fishers shape.
 Angler, her master said, that with thy bait
 Conceal'st thy hooke ; so prosper thy deceit,
 So rest the sea compos'd ; so may the fish
 Be credulous, and taken at thy wish ;
 As thou reueal'st her, who in garnents poore,
 And ruffled haire, late stood vpon this shore.
 For here, but very now, I saw her stand :
 Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.
 She, *Neptunes* bountie finding ; well apaid
 To be inquir'd for of her selfe ; thus said.
 Pardon me Sir, who e're you are ; my eyes
 Haue beene attentiu on this exercise.
 To win beleefe ; so may the God of Seas
 Assist my cunning in such arts as these :
 As late nor man nor maid I saw before
 Your selfe, my selfe excepted, on this shore.
 He credits, and beguil'd, the shore forsooke :
 When she againe her former figure tooke,
 Her father, seeing she could change her shape

Of

Oft fold her ; who as often made a scape.
 Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare :
 And fed his hunger with ill-purchaft fare.
 But when his maladie all meanes had spent,
 He gaue the milchiefe a new nourishment.
 Now to deuoure his proper flesh proceeds :
 And by diminishing, his body feeds.

What need I dwell on forrein facts ? euen we
 Can vary shapes, though limited they be.
 Now seeme I as I am ; oft like a Snake :
 And many times a Bulls hornd figure take.
 But while I hornes assum'd, one thus was broke,
 As you behold. This, with a sigh, he spoke.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The ninth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Serpent Achelous : now a Bull :
 His severed Horne with plenty neuer full.
 Lichas a Rocke. Alcides sunke in flame,
 Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame
 A Weesell. Lotis, flying lust, becomes
 A Tree : the like sad Dryope in tombes
 Old Ioldus waxeth young again.
 Callirhoes Infants suddenly grow Men.
 Byblis a weeping Fontaine. Iphis now
 A Boy, to Isis payes his maiden Vow.*

HEe, who his high descent from Neptune drawes,
 Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,
 And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds:
 His dangling curls impald with quivering reeds.

A heauie taske you impose: his owne disgrace
 Who would reuiue ? yet was it not so base
 To be subdu'd, as noble to contend :
 And such a Victor doth my foile defend.
 Haue you not heard of faire-cheekt *Deianire* ?
 The enu'd hope of many : the desire
 Of all that knew her. We, with others went
 To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent.

Paribacrus

More strongly twinning hairs. This death-borne crue
Growing in wounds; I tam'd: and twice subdue.
What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape?
That liest with others armes; and begst thy shape.

This said; my necke his grasping fingers clinct;
And bituz'd my throat; as if with pincers wrinct;
While from his gripes I stroue my iawes to pull.
Twice ouer come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible assaults oppose.
His armes about my swelling chest he throwes,
And following, backward hailes: my foreheads birth
Fixt in the ground; and threw me on the earth.
My brow (that not sufficing) disadornes:
By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.

The *Naxos* with fruits and flowres this fill:
Good Plenty, in my Horne aboundeth still.

Here *Act 16* ends. One lonely-faire,
Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horne; repleat
With *Autumnes* store, and apples after meat.

Day springs, and mountaines shine with early beames.
His Guests depart: nor stay till peacefull streames
Glyde gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.
When *Atalanta*, his age-slick face
And mayned head within the current throwds.
Thus I learn much his former beauty clouds:
All the compleat. The rupture of his browes
He shades with flaggie wreathes, and fallow boughes.

So *Diana*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
I acton, with his new wife: to *Thebes* his course
Directing, came: *Lerna* rapid source.

The

The big-swolne Streames increast with winters raine,
And full of turning gulfes, his *Passe* restraine.
For her he feares: though he selfe-seare abhord.

When strong-lim'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford;
And said; I safely will transport thy Bride:
Meane-while swim thou vnto the other side.

To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Nessus*, quakes.

Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lyons skin
(His club and bow before throwne ouer) in
The Heros leapes, and said; How euer vast,
These waues, since vnder taken, shall be past.

And confident, nor seeks the smoothest wayes:
Nor dy declining his transcant delays.

Now ouer; slooping for his bow, he heard
His wiues shrill shrieks; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd
To violate his trust. Thou rausher,

What hope, said he, can thy vaine speed confer?
Holla, thou halfe a beast; with-hold thy flight:
I pray thee heare; nor intercept my sight.

If no respect of me can fix thy trust:
Yet, let thy Fathers wheele restrain thy lust.

Nor shalt thou scape reuenge; how euer fleet,
Wounds shall ore-take thy speed, though not my feet.

The last, his deeds confirme; for as he fled,
An arrow struck his back: the barbed head
Past through his brest. Tug'd out, both vents extrude
Hot spinning gore, with *Hydras* blood imbrude.

This *Nessus*ooke: and softly said: yet I,
Alcides, will not vnreuenged dy.

And gaye his Rape a vest, dypt in that gore:
This will (said he) the heat of loue restore.

Leng

Long after (all the ample world possest
 With his great acts, and *Iunus* hate increast)
 From raz'd *Oecalia* hastning his remoue,
 To sacrifice vnto *Canaan Ioue*:
 Fames babblings *Deianira*'s cares surprise
 (Who falshood ads to truth, and growes by lies)
 How *Ióe*, *Amphitryoniades*
 With loue inthraul'd. Stung with this strong disease.
 The troubled louer credits what she f:ares.
 At first she nourisheth her griefe with teares:
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then sayd; But why
 Weepe we? the Strumpet in these teares will ioy.
 Since come she will, some change attempt I must;
 Before my bed be stained with her lust.
 Shall I complaine? be mute? shift houses? stay?
 Returne to *Calydon*, and giue her way?
 Or call to mind that I am sister to
 Great *Meleager*, and some mischief doe?
 What inur'd woman; what the spleenefull woe
 Of ielousie; or harlots death, can shew?
 Her thoughts, long toyld with change, now fixed stood
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood;
 To quicken fainting loue. The Present she
 To *Lycas* gaue (as ignorant as he)
 And her owne sorrow. Who, with kind commends,
 The robe to her suspitious husband sends.
 Which now the sacrificing Heros wore:
 Wrapt in the poyson of *Echidna*'s gore.
 Who praying, new-borne flames with incense fed:
 And bowles of wine on marble altars shed.
 The spreading mischief works: with heat dissolu'd,
 The manly limmes of *Hercules* inuolu'd,

Who,

Who, whilst he could, with vsuall fortitude
 His grones suppress. All patience now subdew'd
 With such extremes; the altar downe he flings:
 And shady *Oete* with his clamour rings.
 Forth-with to teare the torture off, he strives.
 The riuen robe, his skin that lines it, riuers;
 Or to his limmes vnseparable cleaues;
 Or his huge bones and sinewes naked leaues.
 As fire-red Steele in water drencht; so toyles
 His hissing blood, and with hot poyson boyles.
 No meane! the greedy flames his bowels fret;
 And all his body flowes with purple sweat:
 His scorched sinewes crack, his marrow fries.
 Then, to the stars his hands aduancing, cries.

Feast, *Iuno*, on our harmes. O from on high
 Behold this plague! thy cruell stomach cloy.
 If foes may pittie purchase (such are we)
 This life, with torments cras'd; long sought by thee;
 And borne to toyle, depriue. For death would proue
 To me a blessing: and a Step-dames loue
 May such a blessing giue. Haue I this gain'd
 For slaine *Buſiris*; who *Iones* temple stain'd
 With strangers blood? That from *Aeneas* tooke
 His mothers aid? Whom *Geryons* triple looke,
 Nor thine, *Ó Cerberus*, could once dismay?
 These hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
 Your labors, *Elis*; smooth *Symphalian* floods,
 Confesse with praises; and *Paribonian* woods.
 You got the golden belt of *Thermodon*:
 And apples from the sleepleſſe Dragon won.
 Nor Cloud-borne *Centaures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Bore,
 Could merchist: nor *Hydra* wanh her store

or

Of frightfull heads; which by their losse increast.
 I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast
 With humane flesh, their mangers ouer-threw;
 And with his steeds, their wicked Master flew.
 These hands the *Nemean* Lyon choake: these queld
Huncacus: and these shoulders heauen vpheld.
Iones cruell wife grew weary to impole;
 I neuer to performe. But o these woes,
 This new found plague, no vertue can repell;
 Not armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
 Shoot through my veines, and on my liuer prey.
 And yet *Eurythius* thriues: and some will say
 That there be Gods! Here his complaints he ends,
 And high-raisd steps ore lofty *Oeta* bends,
 Harmed with anguish like a Bull that beares
 A wounding iauelin; whom the wounder feares.
 Oft should you see him quake, oft grone, oft struiuing
 To teare his garments; solid trees vp-riuing,
 Intraged with the mountaines, and to reare
 His scathed aimes vnto his fathers sphere.
 Hid in a hollow rocke, he *Lycas* spies:
 When torture had possest his faculties
 With all her furies. *Lycas* didst thou giue
 This horrid gift, said he? I think & thou to liue;
 And I die by thy treason? While he quakes,
 Lookes gaskly pale, vnheard excuses makes;
 While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung
 Caught by the heeles, about his head thrice swong,
 Him into deepe *Eubean* surges threw
 (As engines stones) who hardned as he flew.
 As falling thunders congeald with freezing winds
 Convert to snow, as snow together binds,

And

And rousing round in solid haile descends:
 So while the aire his forced body rends,
 Bloodlesse with terror, all his moisture gone;
 Those times his change produceth rigid stone.
 And still within *Eubean* gulphs drops:
 A short rock lies, which mans proportion keeps.
 Whereon the mariners forbear to rest
 As sensitiue. And this they *Lycas* best
 But thou, *Iones* God-like sent a Pyle with store
 Of trees aduanc't, which lofty *Oeta* bore
 Thy bow and ample Quilts (wherewith
 Those arrowes that againe must visit Troy)
 Bequeath't to *Pearthides*: who catching fire
 Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aspire;
 Thou on the top thy Lyons fire-wild spread:
 And lay thereon (thy club vnder thy head)
 With such a looke; as if thou wert a King
 Amidst full goblets, and a banquet sung.
 Now all embracing flames crackling made:
 And their Contemners, *Pearthides* himselfe invade.
 Tho Gods much thought for this Defender took:
 When thus *Saturnus*, with a full face look:
 This griefe, you Gods, is all our griefe with all
 Our soule we toy, that *Saturnus* will
 Vs King and Father, and our Father's care;
 And of our progeny make such a care.
 For though his nobles do deserve as much,
 You vs oblige. But let vaine terrors cease
 Your loyall hearts, let not the flames displice:
 Who conquer all, shall also conquer these.
Vulcan his mother's part shall but subdue:
 For that's immortal which from vs he drew;

M

An

Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:
 And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd,
 This Infant from his dying mother beare
 To son e kinde Nurse: and often let him here
 Be fed with milke; oft in my shadow play.
 Let him salute my tree; and sadly say.
 (When he can speake) This *Letis* doth containe
 My dearest mother; Yet let him restraîne
 All lakes; nor euer dare to touch a flowre:
 But think that euery tree inshrines a Powre.
 Deare Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.
 Since you I know in pietie excell,
 Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes;
 Nor on my leaues let hungry carttaile brouse.
 And since I cannot vnto you decline,
 Ascend to me; and ioyn your lips to mine.
 My little son, while I can kisse, aduance.
 But fate cuts off my failing vtterance.
 For now the softer rine my neck ascends:
 And round about my leany top extends.
 Remove your hands: without the helpe of those,
 The wrapping barke my dying eyes will close.
 Solest to speak, and be: Yet humane heart
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a fear.
 While *Iole* this story told; her eyes,
 Glaz'd with her teares, the kinde *Alcmena* dries;
 And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change
 With ioy defers their sorrow: nor lesse strange.
 For *Iolans*, twice a youth, came in:
 The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.
 Fate *Hebe*, at her busbands fate, on thee
 This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she

Would

Would neuer giue the like; wise *Themis* said,
 Forbeare; Warre raues in *Thibes* by Discord swayd:
 And *Capaneus* but by *Ioue* alone
 Can be subdude. The brothers then shall grone
 With mutuall wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
 In swallowing earth, aliue shall see his Ghost.
 His Sons red hands his Mothers life extract
 T' appease his Sire: a iust and wicked fact.
 Rapt from his home and senses, with th' affright
 Of staring Furies, and his mothers Sprite,
 Vntill his wife the fatal gold demands:
 The kinsman murder'd by *Phrydis* hands.
 Then *Asbeloian Callirhoe*
 Shall *Ioue* importune, that her infants may
 Be turn'd to men: and due reuenge require
 (As he, for his) of those who slew their fire;
 Her prayers shall win consent from *Ioue*: who then
 Will bid thee make *Callirhoe's* children men.
 This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung,
 Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,
 Why she this gift should not to others giue.
Aurora for her husband *Leucos* doth grieve;
Ceres complaines of *Iosephs* hie;
Vulcan would *Erichonius* youth restore;
 And cares of time to come in *Leucos* grieve,
 That her *Anchises* might was young againe.
 All sue for some: seditions *Leucos* grieve
 In sight of tumult; thus oppress by *Ioue*.
 What mutter you? Or where is your respect?
 Think you, you can the powre of fate subiect?
 Old *Iolans* was by fate renew'd:
 By fate *Callirhoe's* babes shall be indew'd

M.4

Whh

What will become of me (the weeping said)
 Whom new, vnkowne, prodigious loues inuade!
 If pittifull, the Gods should haue destroy'd:
 Or elle haue giuen what might haue bene inioy'd.
 No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare persues:
 But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes.
 So Birds together paire. Of all that mone,
 No Female suffers for a Female loue.
 O would I had no being! Yet, that all
 Abhor'd by Nature should in Cruelty befall;
 So's lust-incens'd daughter lou'd a Bull:
 They male and female. Mine, o farre more full
 Of vncouth tury! for she pleas'd her blood;
 And stood his errour in a Cow of wood:
 She, to deceiue, had an adulterer.
 Should all the world their daring wits confer:
 Should *Dedalus* his waxen wings renew,
 And hither flye; what could his cunning doe!
 Can art conuert a virgin to a boy?
 Or fix *Tantbe* for a maidens ioy?
 No, fix thy mind; compose thy vast desires:
 O quench these ill-aduis'd and foolish fires!
 Or know thy selfe, or Selfe-deceit accuse:
 What may be, seeke; and loue as virgins vse.
 Hope wings Desire; hope *Cupid* might sustaines:
 In thee thy Sex this dead. No watch restraines
 Out deare imbrace, nor husbands ieaousies,
 Nor rigorous Sires; nor she her selfe denies:
 Yet not to be inioy'd. Nor canst thou be
 Happy in her, though men and Gods agree!
 Now also all to my desires accord:
 What they can giue, the easie Gods afford;

What

What me, my Father bids; her selfe would please,
 Displeaseth Nature; stronger than all these.
 She, she forbids. That day begins to shine;
 Long wisht! wherein *Iphis* must be mine:
 And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst!
 I starue at feasts, and in the riuer thirst.
Iuno, o *Hymen*, where are you come?
 We both are Brides: but where is the Bride's groom?
 Here ended. Nor less burnes the other Maid;
 Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift apparance praid.
 Yet *Telesbus* fears what thou affects;
 Protracting time: o's want of health objects;
 Ill-boading dreames, and auguries oft taines:
 But now no colour for excuse remains.
 Their nuptiall rites, put off with such delay;
 Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
 When she vnbinds her, and her daughters haire;
 And holding by the Altar form'd this prayer.
I sis; who *Paralmenis* *Phrygia* I see;
Smooth Marcia, and seven-channeld Nile,
 Chear'f with thy presence: thy poore suppliants heare:
 O helpe in these extremes, and cure our feare!
 Thee Goddesse, thee of old, these ensignes, I
 Haue seene, and knowe thy lamps, attendancie,
 And sounding Timbrels: and haue thee obaid.
 To me, impunity, life, to this maid,
 Thy sauing counsell giue: to both reue
 Thy timely pittie. Teares her words persue.
 The Goddesse shakes her Altar, when the gate
 Shooke on the hinges: hornes that imitate
 The waxing Moones, through all the Temple flung
 A sacred splendor: noyse-full Timbrels rung.

The

The Mother, glad of this successfull signe,
 Though not secure, returns from *Jf* Shrine.
 Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace
 Then vsuall; nor had so white a face.
 Her strength augments; her looke more bold appears;
 Her shortning curlles scarce hang beneath her eares;
 More courage hath, then, when a wench, she had:
 For thou, of late a Wench, art now a Lad.
 Gifts to the temple beare, and so sing!
 Sing Ioy! Their gifts vnto the Temple bring;
 And adde a title in one verse displaid:
 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he paid.
 The Morning Night dismaskes with welcome flame:
 When *Iano*, *Venus*, and free *Hyuen* came
 To grace their marriage; who, with gifts diuine,
Iphis the Boy, to his *Ianto* loyne.

OVIDS

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The tenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

F Earc turns a man to *Fine*. *Lothra's* blame
Olenus beares: none flames; their shapes the same.
Vix *Cybele* to *Pis* her *Alys* turns.
Suax *Cypatilla* in a *Cypre* turns.
En *meared* *Iont* an *Eagle* wings displays;
 And lastly *Gangmed* so *Homen* comes.
Slain *Hyacinthus* flies in his new *Floure*.
 The cruel *Sacrificers* by the power
 Of *Venus* turned to *Bulls*. The *Prostitute*
 To *Stonet*. *Pygmalion* wines the living *fruits*
 Of his rare *Art*. *Erigone* doth shine
 In *Heaven*; converted to the *Virgin* *Signe*.
Myrrha, in *whipping* *Tree*. *Hippomenes*
 And *Atalanta*. *Lynx*. *Cyprides*
 (Infirm'd by *Mentha's* change) her *Parasore*
 Turns to a *faine*, but quickly finding *floure*.

Hence to the *Cimmer*, through boundlesse skies,
 In saffron mantle, *Hymeneus* flies:
 By *Oryphus* call'd. But neither vsuall words,
 Nor chearfull lookes, nor happy signes affords.
 The torch his hand sustain'd, still sputtering, rais'd
 A tearefull smoke: nor yet, though shaken, blaz'd.

Th'event

Th' euent worse then the Omen. As his Bride
Troopes with the *Naiades* by *Helrus* side;
A Serpent bit her by the heele: which forc't
Life from her hold, and nuptiall eyes diuorc't.
Whom when the *Tiracian* Poet had aboue
Enough bewail'd; that his complaints might moue
The vnder Shades, at *Tanarus* descends
To *Siggyan* floods; and his bold steps extends
By ayrie Shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boast
Of sepulture, through that vnpleasur'd coast
To *Platos* Court. When, hauing tun'd his strings,
Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet sings.

You Powres that sway the world beneath the Earth,
The last abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to discouer Hell,
Nor binde that scolding Curre, who barking shakes
About his triple browes *Medusa's* snakes.
My wife this iourney vrg'd: who, by the tooth
Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.
I would, and stroue t' haue borne her losse; but Loue
Won in that strife. A God well knowne aboue:
Nor here, perhaps, vnknowne. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.
By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;
By this huge Chaos, and deepe Silence, spread
Through your vast Empire; by these prayers of mine;
Eurydice too hasty fate vntwine.
We all are yours: and after a short stay;
Early, or late; we all must runne one way.
Hither we throng; for our last home assign'd:
Th' eternal habitation of man-kind.

She,

She, when her time by nature shall expire,
Again is yours: I but the use desire.
If Fate denie me this, my second choice
Is here t' abide: in both our deaths reioyce.

While thus he sung, and struck the quauering strings,
The bloudlesse Shadows wept: nor flattering Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*; *Ixions* Wheele stood still;
Their Vrne the *Letides* no longer fill:
The Vultures feed not; *Tityus* left to grone:
And *Sisyphus* sate listning on his Throne.
The Furies, vanquish't by his verse, were scene
To weepe, that neuer wept before. Hells Queene,
The King of darknesse yeeld't his powrefull plea.
Among the late-come Soules, *Eurydice*
They call: she came; yet halting of her wound.
Giuen *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Acheron* passe, if back thou cast
Thy carefull eyes, thou loolest what thou hast.
A steepe ascent, darke, thicke with fogges, they clime
Through euerlasting Silence. By this time
Approach the confines of illustrious Light.
Doubting her losse, and longing for a sight,
His eyes th' impatient louer backward threw:
When she, back sliding, presently with-drew.
He catches at her, in his wits distraught;
And yeelding aire for her (vnhappy!) caught.
Nor did she, dying twice, her spoule reproc:
For what could she complaine of, but his loss?
Who takes her last farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his eares; and so renouers to death.
Her double losse sad *Orpheus* stupidiz'd;
With equal terror vnto his, who spide

Three

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R

About the pleasant fields in pleasure ride;
And with a purple raigne the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high Noone: Dayes burning eye
Made smoking *Cancers* crooked clawes to fry.
Vpon the ground the panting Hare was laide:
Coole aire receiuing from the syliuan shade.
Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance:
And seeing lite pursue his rug'd out lance,
Resolues to die. What did not *Phabus* say,
That might a grieffe, so slightly caus'd, allay?
He answers him in sighs: this last good-terne
Implores; That he might neuer cease to mourne.
His blood now shed in teares, a greenish hiew
His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew
Vpon his inory fore-head bristling rise;
And pointing vpward, seeme to threat the skies.
When *Phabus*, sighing: I for thee will mourne:
Mourne thou for others: Hersees still adorne.

Such trees attracting; and inuiron'd round
With birds and beasts, vpon the rising ground
The Poet sits: who, hauing tun'd his strings,
Indiffonancie musicall, thus sings.

From *Ioue*, ô Mother Muse, deriue my verse;
All bow to *Ioue*: *Ioues* power we oft rehearse.
And late of Giants sung, in lofty straines,
Forc'dly his thunder on *Phegean* plaines.
Now, in a lower key, to louely boyes
beloud of Gods, turne we out softer layes.
And sing of womens furies, who pursue
Forbidden lusts: persude by Vengeance due.
Heauens King, young *Gymned* inflames with loue:
There was what *Ioue* would rather be than *Ioue*.

Yet

Yet daines no other shape than hers, that beares
His awfull lightning in her golden seares.
Who forthwith stooping with deceitfull wings,
Trust vp *Iliades* by *Iddis* springs.
Who now, for *Ioue* (though zealous *Ioue* scoules)
Delitious Nectar fills in flowing bowles.
And thee *Amplexides*, in azure skies
Had *Phabus* fixt; if cruell Destinies
Had not preuented: yet in some sort made
Eternall. For, as oft as Springs inuade
Sharpe winters; and to *Aries* *Pisces* yeelde:
So oft renu'd, thy Flowre adorne the fields.
Thee lou'd my Father, best of humane births.
Her Guardian quits his *Delpbos*, in wide Earths
Round nauill seated: while the God of Beames
Haunts wall-lesse *Sparta*, and *Euxalus* streames.
Now neither for his Harpe, nor Quiuer, cares:
Himselfe debasing, beares the corded snares;
Or leads the dogs; or clambers mountaines; led
By Lordly *Lone*, and flames by custome fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equall-distant Light,
Betweene fore-running and ensuing Night:
When lightned of their garments, either shone
With suppling Oile, in strife to throw the stone.
This swinging through the aire first *Phabus* threw:
The obuious clouds dispersing as it flew;
On solid earth, though flying long, at length
Descends; inforc't by art-inabling strength.
Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatall hast
To take it vp; when Earth, by boundings, cast
The Globe, ô *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
The Boy lockt pale; and so the God, who bled

N 2

EM. 11

Their looks imboldned, modesty now gone,
Conuert at length to little-differing Stone.

Pygmalion seeing these to spend their times
So beast-like; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in women; chose a single life:
And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.
Meane while, in iuory with happy art
A Statue carues; so shapefull in each parr,
As woman neuer equall'd it: who stands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.
It seem'd a Virgin, full of liuing flame;
That would haue mou'd, if not withheld by shame,
So Art it selfe conceal'd. His art admires;
From th' Image draws imaginary fires:
And often feeles it with his hands, to try
It were a body, or cold iuory.
Nor could resoluē. Who kissing, thought it kist:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist;
The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)
And feares to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now sparkling stones presents,
And orient pearle (loues witching instruments)
Soft-singing birds, each seuerall colour'd flowre,
Fitt Lillies, painted balls, and teares that powre
From weeping trees. Rich Robes her person decke;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting chaines her necke;
Pendants her eares; a glittering zone her brest.
In all, thew'd well; but thew'd, when naked, best.
Now laies he her vpon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple spread.
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow prest
Of plummy downe, as if with sense possest.

Now

Now came the day of *Venus* Festiuall:
Through wealthy *Cyprius* sokmaniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden hornes, by strokes
Of axes fall: ascending incense smokes.
He, with his gift, before the Altar stands:
You God's, if all we craue be in your hands,
Giue me the wife I wish: one like, he said,
But durst not say, giue me my iuory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, present at her Feast,
Conceiues his wish; and friendly signes exprest:
The fire thrice blasing, sparkling thrice on high.
He hastes to his admired *Imag'rie*:
Couches besides her, rais'd her with his arme;
Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme.
That lesson oft repeates; her bosome oft
With amorous touches feeles, and seek it soft.
The iuory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accustom'd hardnesse: as *Hymettian* wax
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for vse.
Amaz'd with doubtfull ioy, and hope that reeles;
Again the Louer, what he wishes, feeles.
The veines beneath his thumbs impression beat:
A perfect Virgin full of iuyce and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with ioy-enlightned words,
To pleasure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to hers he ioynes, which seeme to meek:
The blushing Virgin now his kisses tell;
And fearefully erecting her faire cies,
Together with the light, her Louer spies.
Venus was present at the match she made.
And when nine Crescents had at full displaid

N 4

Their

Would I? it will not: he too well inclin'd.
O that like fury would inflame his mind!

Thus she. But *Cinyras*, prest with the store
Of worthy suitors who his voice implore;
In his owne choice irresolute, demands
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.
She, thoughtfull silent; gazing on his face,
Flusht with imbosom'd flames, and wept apace.
He, taking this for mayden feare; Desist
From weeping, said: then dride her cheeks, and kist
Too much the ioyes. Again demanded, who
She best could like: replyde, One, like to you.
Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.
Twas now the mid of night: when Sleepe bestowes
On men; and on their cares, a sweet repose.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with ramelesse fires;
Retraacting her implacable desires.
Despaires, hopes; will not, will; now shames, againe
Desires; nor knowes what course to take. As when
A mighty Oke (one blow behind) his fall
On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Euen so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
Waues to and fro; and changes still propounds.
No meane, no cure, was left for loue but death:
Death pleas'd. Resolu'd to choke her hated breath;
Vp-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.
Deare *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)
And of my ruine vnderstand the cause.
That said, the noose about her necke she drawes.
Her waketull Nurses faithfull eares, they say,
A whispering heard: who in the Lobby lay.

Straight

Straight rose; vnlOCKt the doores; the instrument
Of death beholding, screecht: together rent
Her haire and bosome: and, with trembling haste,
The girdle from her pallid nocke displac't.
Now had she time to weepe; i'mbrace her Care:
And aske the cause of such accurst despaire.
She silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
And grieues at deaths preuented enterprise.
Paring her horie haire and empty brest,
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest
Her griefes disclosure. *Myrrha* turnes aside,
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so denide:
Nor onely promist secrecy; but said:
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.
My old age is not fruitlesse: charmes haue we,
And powerfull medicines, if it furie be:
If witchcraft; magicke shall thy torments ease:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease
With sacrifice. What can be else surmiz'd?
Thy fortunes by incursions vsurpriz'd;
Thy mother, and thy father, well? That Name
Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame.
Nor in the Nurse did this suspicion moue
Of such a crime: and yet she saw 'twas Loue.
Importunate to know what least she feares,
Laid in her lap surrounded with her teares,
Sh'infolds her in her feeble armes, and said;
I know thou lou'st; wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maist on my sedulity rely:
Nor shall thy father euer this descry.
At that, in fury from her lap she sprung;
Then on the bed her prostrate body hung;

Mustling

As swift as *Scythian* shafts ; her forme he more
 Admires ; by motion louelier than before.
 The wind reuerberates her ankles wings,
 And whiskes her ham-bound buskins purple strings,
 Tossing her haire, on iuory shoulders spread.
 Her pure white body so assumes the red ;
 As when carnation curtaines are displayd
 On pure white walls, and dye them with their shade.
 While this the stranger view'd, the race was run :
 And *Atalanta's* browes the garland won.
 The vanquish'd sigh, and pay their forfeiture.
 Nor could so sad successe his feare procure :
 Who rold ; and fixing on the Maid his eyes ;
 Why seeke you praise by easie victories ?
 Contend with vs : if we obtaine the Bayes,
 Our victory will not eclipse your praise.
Megara me begot, *Orcustis* blood ;
 He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred Floud :
 Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name
 Will honour ; and immortalize your fame.

This while, a well-pleas'd eye She on him threw:
 Nor knowes her wish ; to lose, or to subdue.
 What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy
 This Youth, said she, who seekes my bed t' enjoy
 With his lifes forfeiture ? If I may be
 The iudge, there is not so much worth in me.
 Nor is't his beauty moues, though it might moue ;
 But that a Boy. We pitie, and not loue.
 Besides ; his courage, and contempt of death !
 But once remou'd from *Neptunes* sacred birth !
 And then, his Loue ; content to part with life,
 If harder fate deny me for his wife !

Begone

Begone, ô Stranger ; shun my bloody bed,
 While yet thou maist : this Match will cost thy head.
 No Virgin is there who would not be thine :
 And such would seeke, whose lusters darken mine.
 Yet why regard I him, so many slaine ?
 Look to thy selfe, or perish : since in vaine
 Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife
 Hath sent to death. Thou'rt weary of thy life.
 And must be die, because hee'd liue with me ?
 Must death, aduencurous Loue, thy wages be ?
 This murder will our victory defame ;
 And purchase hate : yet am not I in blame.
 O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun !
 Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run !
 How Boy and Virgin reuell in his face !
 Ah poore *Hippomenes* ! O would this place,
 Th' hadst neuer seene I thou well deserv'dst to live.
 Were I more happy, and hard fate would giue
 Me leave to marry ; thou art He alone,
 To whom my bed and beauties should be knowne.
 Thus she : Who raw, and pierc't with Loues first touch,
 Erres in her thoughts ; and lones ; nor knew so much.
 Now King and People call vpon the Race :
 When *Neptunes* liue thus implor'd my grace.
 O *Venus*, fauour my attempts, he said :
 And those offections, which you gave me, aid !
 This friendly winds conuey'd vnto my care :
 I pitie, and no longer helpe forbear.
 A field there is, so fertill none, through all
 Rich *Cyprus* ; which they *Damocetes* call.
 Antiquity this to my honour vow'd :
 And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eleventh Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Serpens chang'd to Stone. Rough barks in fold
The cruel Bacchanals. To flaming Gold
All turns as Midas touch: He's bodie laur
In cleere Pactolus, whose enriched waters
Wash off his gold and gild: an Asses eares
Hu folly shew: the whisperd Secres beares
Like sounding Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide
Of sacred Seas, in humane shapes reside.
Forc't Thetis varies formes. Dardalion
T' a Falcon turn'd. A Wolfe conuinc'd to Stone.
Morpheus to mortals, Phobos to Brutes,
And Phantasia: so shapes inanimat shew.
Transform'd Halcyon and Ceyx flye.
So Elacus, who vainly strives to dye.*

THus while the Thracian Poet with his Sonnet
Beasts, trees, and stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, Ciconian dames (their furious breasts
Clad with the spotted skins of salvage beasts)
The Sacred Singer from a hill espy'd,
As he his dittie to his Harpe apply'd.
Of these, One scream'd, and tost her flaring haire;
See, see the Woman-hater! then her speare

O

Threw

Threw at his vocall mouth; which iuie-bound,
 Kiss his affected lips without a wound.
 An Other hurles a stone; this, as it flew,
 His voice and Harpes according tunes subdue:
 Which selfe-accus'd for such a rude assay,
 Before his feet, as in submission, lay:
 Both violence, the meane exil'd, increast:
 And mad *Erinyes* raig'n'd in euery breast.
 His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyse
 Of *Berecynthian* Shalmes, clapt hands, loud cries,
 Drummes, howling *Bacchanals*, with franticke sound
 Had not his all-appeasing musique drown'd.
 The Stones then blush with silent *Orpheus* blood.
 But first on rauisht beasts that listning stood,
 On fowle, and Serpents, they their spight infer;
 And raze the glory of his Theater.
 Then all with cruell hands about him fly:
 And focke, like birds, when they by day espy
 The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
 In early Spectacle giuen to the pray
 Of eager hounds; assaile, together flung
 Their leaue speares, not fram'd for such a wrong.
 Some clods, some armes of trees, some Stones aduance:
 And lest wilde Rage should weapons want, by chance
 Not far off Oxen drew the furrowing ploughes;
 And swaines, prouiding food with sweating browes,
 Their brawny armes employ'd: who feare-inclinde,
 Before them fled, and left their tooles behinde.
 Their mattocks, rakes, and spades, disperfed lay
 About the empty fields: these snatcht away,
 (The oxens hornes torne from their skuls) their hate
 Turne them backe vnto the Poets fate.

Thee,

Thee, holding vp thy hands, who n'er before
 Besought it in vaine, now to preuaile no more,
 That Rout of sacrilegious Furies flew!
 Euen through that mouth (6 *Iupiter*!) which drew
 From stones attention, which affection bred
 In saluage beasts, his forced spirits fled!
 Sad birds, wilde Heardes, hard flints, and woods which oft
 Remou'd to heare thee, wept: trees weeping doft
 Their pallid leaues; streames with their teares increast:
 The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inuest
 Their loynes in sullen sable, and display
 Their scattered haire: Thy limbes disperfed lay.
 Hebrus had head and Harpe: as borne along
 The Harpe sounds something, sadly; the dead tongue
 Sighes out sad ditties: the bankes sympathie;
 That bound the river in their sad reprie.
 Now borne to Sea, from native streames they driue;
 And at *Methymnian* Leibes shore arine.
 A Dragon on the forren sand prepares
 To seaze his head, and lick his dropping haire.
 When gaping to deuoure the Hymnists face,
 Phabus descend; and in that very space
 Into a Stone conuerts him by his powre,
 With iawes extended readie to deuoure.
 His Ghost retires to vnder-shades: once more
 He sees, and knowes, what he had seene before.
 Then through the *Asian* fields among the blest
 Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repossess
 With strict embraces, guided by one minde,
 They walke together: oft he comes behinde,
 Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* safely may
 His following *Eurydice* suruay.

O 2

Yet

Yet would not *Sacres* so remit their hate:
 Who vexed for his Prophets cruell fate,
 First all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
 With spreading roots; and who more eagerly
 Pursued his death, their toes he deeper drew
 Within the solid earth, which downward grew.
 And euen as fowle whose feet intangled are
 Within the subtle Fowlers secret snare
 Become by fearfull fluttering faster bound:
 So, each of these, now cleauing to the ground,
 With terror struggle to escape in vaine;
 For faster-binding roots their flight restrain.
 One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet:
 Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet:
 In passion, thinking to haue stricke her thighes,
 She strikes hard oke; hard oke her brest supplies;
 Her shoulders such: her armes appeare to grow
 In naturall branches; and indeed did so.

Not thus content, their fields *Lycus* leaues:
 Whom *Imolus*, with a better crew, receiues,
 And swift *Pallolus*, who did then infold
 No precious sands, nor graines of enu'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* make their repaire,
 His vsuall raine: *Silennus* then not there.
 Him erst the *Phrygian* rurals reeling found
 With age and wine; and now, with iuic crown'd,
 To *Midas* bring: whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
 And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
 When knowne to be his partner in those Rites;
 Full twice five dayes, with their succeeding nights,
 He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
 Eleven times *Lucifer* the starres suppress:

When

When, with wilde mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
 And to the God his Foster-father yeelds.
 He in his safe receipt doth much reioyce:
 Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choyce.
 For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
 Conuert to go'd. His ignorance was such.
 Forth-with his hurtfull wish *Lycus* giues:
 And at his folly not a little grieues.
 But in his curse the *Berecynthian* ioyes:
 And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tryes.
 Scarce trusts himselfe. Who from a tree bereaues
 A slender branch; this shone with golden leaues.
 Takes vp a stone; that stone pale gold became:
 Takes vp a clod; the clod presents the same:
 Crops stalkes of corne; they yeeld a sheafe of gold:
 An apple pulls; therein you might behold
 Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone,
 The marble pillars with rich metall shone.
 And when he wasset his hands; that, shew'd in raine;
 Might simple *Danae* haue deceiu'd againe.
 His brest scarce holds his hopes; whose fancie wrought
 On golden wonders: when his seruants brought
 Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
 Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prou'd to be
 A shining masse: assumed viands straight
 Betwene his greedy teeth conuert to plate.
 About to drinke mixt wine; you might behold
 His thirsty iawes o're-flow with liquid gold.
 Strucke with so strange a plague; both rich and poore;
 He hates, and shuns the wealth he wish'd before.
 No plenty hunger feeds; he burnes with thirst:
 In loathed gold deseruedly accurst.

O 3

Then,

Then, lifting vp his shining armes, thus praid:
 Father *Lenæus*, &, afford thy aid!
 I haue offended; pittie thou: and mee
 From this so beautifull a mischiefe free.
 The gentle Powre accepts his penitence:
 And for his faith, doth with his gift dispence,
 Lest ill-wisht gold about him still abide.
 Goe, said he, to those Crisall streames that glide
 By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead
 Along th'incountring Current to his head.
 There, where the gushing fountaine fomes, diue in:
 And, with thy body, wash away thy sinne.
 The King obeyes: who in the fountaine leaues
 That golden vertue, which the Spring receiues.
 And still those ancient seeds these waters hold:
 Who gild their shores with glittering graines of gold.
 He, hating wealth, in woods and helds bestowes
 His time with *Pan*; whom mountaine *Caues* inclose.
 Yet his gosse wit remaines: his shallow braine
 And forth fenses punish him againe.
 High *Tmolus* with a steepe ascent vnfoldes
 His rigid browes, and vnder-seas beholds:
 Whole stretcht-out bates here to *Sardis* ioyne;
 There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.
 Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise
 To tender Nymphs, and pipes t'his rurall layes;
 Before *Apollon*'s durst his song prefer.
 They meet (ill-matched) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
 Th'old Iudge on his owne Mountaine sits; and cleares
 His eares from trees: alone a garland weares
 Of Oke, with acornes dangling on his brow.
 Who thus bespake the God of Shepherds: Now

Your

Your Iudge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds:
 And *Midas* fancie with rude numbers feeds.
 Then sacred *Tmolus* to diuine *Apollo*
 Conuerts his lookes: his woods his motion follow.
 He, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,
 Clad in a *Tyrran* robe that swept the ground,
 A Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes in chace
 And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand graces.
 A perfect Artist shew'd. The strings then stricke
 With cunning hand: With his sweet musicke tooke;
Tmolus bids *Pan* his vanquisht reeds resign:
 All in the holy Mountaines sentence ioyne,
 But *Midas* only; whose exclames traduce
 The Censure. *Phæbus* for this grosse abuse
 Transformes his eares, his folly to declare:
 Stretcht out in length, and couer'd with gray haire:
 Instable, and now apt to moue. The rest
 The former figure of a man possesse.
 Punisht in that offending part: who beares
 Vpon his skull a slow-pac't *Asses* eares
 He strives to couer such a foule defame:
 And with a red *Tiara* hides his shame.
 But this his seruant saw that cut his haire:
 Who bigge with secrets, neither durst declare
 His Soueraignes seene deformity, nor yet
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace:
 Then turning in the earth, forsooke the place.
 A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes;
 Which coming to maturity, disclose
 The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blowne
 Restore his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.

O 4

Reueng'd

Reueng'd *Apollo*, leauing *Troilus*, flies
 Through liquid aire; and on the land which lies
 On that side *Hellas* freighted surges stands:
 Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.
 Below *Rhoen*, high above the flood,
 And on the right hand of *Siganum*, stood
 An Altar vow'd to *Panophaean Ioue*:
 From whence He saw *Laomedon* improue
 New *Troy's* scarce founded walls; with what adoe,
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
 Who, with the Father of the tumid Maine,
 Indues a mortall shape: and entertaine
 Themselues for vnregarded gold to build
 The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfill'd;
 The King their promised reward denies:
 And perury by swearing multiplies.
 Reuengefull *Neptune* his wilde waues vnbound;
 Which all the shores of greedy *Troy* surround,
 And made the Land a Lake: the country Swaine
 His labour lest beneath that liquid Plaine.
 Besides the daughter of the King demands:
 Who chained to a Rocke exposed stands
 To feed a Monster of the Sea; for free,
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not Hee
 The hories of *Laomedon* enioy;
 His valours hire: who sackes twice periur'd *Troy*;
 And giues his fellow Souldier *Telamon*
Hesione: for *Peleus* now had won
 A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
 Tooke greater pride, than in his Sire by her.
 For *Iupiter* had Nephewes more than one:
 But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.

For

For aged *Proteus* thus foretold the truth
 To waue-wet *Thetis*: Thou shalt beare a Youth,
 Who shall in glorious armes transcend his birth
 And Fathers fame. Lest any thing on earth
 Should be more great than Ioue, Ioue thuns the bed:
 Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
 His strong desires: who bids *Aeides*
 Succeed his Ioue, and wed the Queene of Seas.

A Bay within *Aemolia*, that bends
 Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends:
 Which were, if deepe, a harbor lockt by land;
 Where shallow seas o're spred the yellow sand.
 The sollid shore (where-on no sea-weed growes)
 Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shewes.
 Hard by, a mirtle groue affords a shade:
 In this, a caue; though doubtfull, rather made
 By art than nature: hither *Thetis* swimmes
 On *Delphins* backes, here coucht her naked limbes.
 In this the sleeping Goddess *Peleus* caught:
 Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
 Attempts to force, and claspe her in his armes.
 And had she not assum'd her vsuall chaimes
 In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd.
 Now, turning to a fowle, her sight restrain'd:
 Now seemes a massie tree adorn'd with leaues;
 Close to the bole th'inamor'd *Peleus* cleaues.
 A spotted Tygresse she presents at last:
 When he, with terrour strucke, his armes vnclaspe.
 Who powring wine on seas, those Gods implores;
 And with pertumes and sacrifice adores:
 Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
 And said; *Aeides*, iniey her bed.

O. 5.

Doe.

Doe thou but binde her in her next surprife,
 When in her gelid caue ſhe ſleeping lies:
 And though ſhe take a thouſand ſhapes, let none
 Diſmay; but hold, till ſhe reſume her owne.
 This *Proteus* ſaid, and diu'd to the Proſound:
 His latter word in his owne waters drown'd.
 Now haſty *Titan* to *Heſperian* ſeas
 Deſcends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to eaſe
 Forſooke the floud, and to her caue repair'd,
 No ſooner ſhe by *Peleus* was inſnar'd,
 But forth-with varies formes; vntill ſhe found
 Her Virgin limbes within his fetters bound.
 Then, ſpreading forth her armes, She ſighing ſaid,
 Thou haſt ſubdu'd by ſome immortal aid;
 And *Thetis* ſhew'd; nor his embrace repell'd:
 Whole pregnant wombe with great *Achilles* ſwell'd.

Happie was *Peleus* in his ſonne and wife:
 And had not *Phœbus* murder ſoild his life,
 All-fortunate. With brothers bloud deſil'd,
 Thee *Trachin* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, raign'd;
 The ſonne of *Lucifer*; whole looks retain'd
 His fathers luſter: then diſconſolate,
 Not like himſelfe, for his loſt brothers fate.
 Hither, with trauell tir'd, and clog'd with cares,
 The baniliſt with a ſlender traine repaires:
 His Flockes and Heardes, with men for their defence,
 Left in a ſhadie vale not farre from thence.
 Conducted to his Royall preſence, Hee
 With olive brancht, downe bending to his knee,
 His name and birth declares: the murder maſkes
 With ſord, ed caue of flight: a dwelling aſkes

In

In field, or citie. *Ceyx* thus replies:
 Our hoſpitable bounty open lyes
 To men of vulgar ranke: what owes it then
 To your high ſpirit, ſo renown'd by men?
 Of monume. ſtall praife? Whoſe bloud extracts
 His ſourſe from *Ioue*, improued by your Acts?
 To ſue, is times abuſe: your worth aſſures
 Your full deſires; of all, the choice is yours:
 I wiſh it better. And then wept. The cauſe
Ioues Nephew aſkes: when, after a ſhort pauſe;

Perhaps you thinke this Bird which liues by rape:
 To all a terror, euer had that ſhape.
 He was a man; as conſtant in his minde
 As fierce in warre, to great attempts inclinde:
Dædalion nam'd; ſprung from that Star which wakes
 The deawie Morne; the laſt that heaven forſakes.
 Affected peace I foſtered, with the rites
 Of nuptiall ioyes: He ioy'd in bloody fights.
 His valour Kingdomes with their Kings ſubdu'd;
 By whom the *Thubian* Doues are now perſuade.
 His daughter *Chione*, whoſe beauty drew
 A thouſand ſutors, ripe for marriage grew.
 By fortune *Phœbus*, and the ſonne of *Ma*,
 From *Delphos*, and *Cyllenus*, came this way:
 Here meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light
 Deſertres his ioy-embraſing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-broukes delay: who on her laid
 His drowſie rod, and forc't the ſleepe Maid.
 Night ſpangs the ſkie with ſtarres. An old wiſes ſhape
Apollo tooke, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
 Now when the fulnetle of her time drew nigh,
Autolichus was borne to *Mycenæ*.

Nor

Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,
 Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights;
 Who could with subtiltie deceiue the sight;
 Conuerting white to blacke, and blacke to white.
 To *Phabus* (for she bare two sonnes) belongs
Philammon, famous for his Harpe and songs.
 What is't t'haue had two sonnes? two Gods t'inflame?
 A valiant father? *Jupiter* the same?
 Is glory fatall? sure t'was so to Her:
 Who to *Dianus* durst her face confer,
 And blame her beauty. With a cruell looke,
 She said; Our deeds shall right vs. Forthwith took
 Her bow, and bent it: when the bow-string flung
 Th'eiectd arrow through her guiltie tongue.
 It bleeds; of speech and sound as once bereft:
 And life, with blood, her falling bodie left.
 What griefe (ô Piety!) oppress my heart!
 What said I nor, t'assuage my brothers smart!
 Who heares me so as rockes the roring waues
 That beat their browes; and for his Daughter raues.
 But when he saw her burne, foure times assail'd
 To sacke the flammie Pile: as often fail'd.
 Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull
 By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull:
 Yet seem'd to run farre faster than a man,
 As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
 Who swift in chace of wished death, ascends
Parnassus top. As he his bodie bends
 To iumpe from downe-right cliffes, compassionate
Jollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
 With beake and talons arm'd; with strength repeals
 Above his size: his courage still as great.

This

This Falcon, friend to none, all foule pers'uth:
 And grieuing, is the cause of common ruth.

Sad *Cryx* thus his brothers change relates:
 When *Phocæan Anctor* prest the gates;
 Who kept the Heard: and cry'd (halfe out of breath)
Peleus, I bring thee newes of losse and death.
 Report, said *Peleus*, we are bent to beare
 The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare
 Hangs on his tongue. He panting still asfear'd:

To winding shores we draue the weary Heard,
 When *Phabus* from the height of all the skie
 The East and West beheld with equall cie.
 A part on yellow sands their limbs display;
 And from their ease the wavy fields surmay:
 While other slowly wander here and there:
 Some swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads reare.
 A Fanc, vnderckt with gold or marble stone
 Adioynes; high blockt; within a groue o're-grown.
 This the *Nerides* and *Nereus* hold:
 By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.
 Neere it, a Marish, thicke with fallowes, stood;
 Made plashie by the interchanging flood.
 A Wolfe, a monstroust east; with hideous noise
 That frights the confines, from these thickets flies.
 His lightning iawes with blood and foame besmeard:
 In whose red eyes two darring flames appear'd.
 Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
 More greedy farre: nor hunger seekes t'assuage
 With blood of beeces, and so surcease; but all
 He meets with, wounds; insaking in their fall.
 Nor few of vs, while we his force withstood,
 Fell by his rankling phangs. The shore with blood,

With

With bloud the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes.
Delay is losse; and Doubt it selfe forsakes.

Arme, arme, while something yet is left to lose:
And joyning force, this mortall Bane oppose.

The Heardsmen ends. Nor did this losse incense
Æacides; remenbring his offence:

Borne, as the iustice of sad *Psamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.

The King commands his men to arme: provides
To goe in person. Busie rumour guides

This to *Alcyon*: her passion bare

Her swiftly thither; running with her haire

Halfe vncompos'd: and that disordering, clung

About his necke: then weepes; and with a tongue

That scarce could speake, intreats, that they alone

Might goe; nor hazard both their liues in one.

To whom *Æacides*; Faire Queene forgoe

Your vertuous feare; too much your bounties flow.

No force auails in such ostents as these:

'Tis prayer that must the sea-thron'd Power appease.

A lofty towre within a fortresse flood;

A friend to wandring ships that plough the flood.

They thus ascend; and sighing, see the shore

With cattell strew'd; the Spoyler drencht in gore.

Here *Peleus* fixt on seas, with knees that bend,

Blew *Thetis* implores at length to end

The iustice of her wrath. She from his speech,

Dueres her eares: till *Thetis* did beseech,

And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could

The salvage Wolfe from thirst of bloud with-hold;

Till the the beast, as he a Heifer slew,

Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew;

AB

All else intire. The colour of the stone
Shew him no Wolfe: now terrible to none.

Yet Fate would not permit *Æacides*

To harbour here; nor found in exile ease;

Till at *Magnesia*, in a happy time

Acastus purg'd him from his bloody crime.

Meane-while perplext with former prodigies

Both of his neece and brother; to aduize

With sacred Oracles, the ioyes of men,

Cypris prepares for *Clarus*. *Phorbas* then,

With his *Phlegyan* hoast, alike prophano,

The passage stopt to *Dilphian Phœbus* Fane.

Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,

Faith crown'd *Alcyon*. An inward cold

Shot through her bones: her changing face appears

As pale as Box, surrounded with her teares.

Thrice stroue to speake, thrice weeps through deare con-

Sobs interrupting her diuine complaint. (Straine:

What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?

Where is that loue that late so cleerely shin'd?

Canst thou thy selfe enioy, from me remou'd?

Doe long wayes please? is now my absence lou'd?

Yet didst thou goe by land, I should alone

Griue without feare: now both combine in one.

Seas fright me with their tragicall aspect.

Of late I saw them on the shore ciect

Their scattered wracks: and often haue I read

Sad names on sepulchers that want their dead.

Nor let false hopes thy confidence please;

In that my father, great *Hippotades*,

The struggling winds in rockie cauernees keepe.

And at his pleasure calmes the raging Deepes.

They

They once broke loose submit to no command;
 But rave o're all the sea, and all the land;
 High clouds perplex, with sterne concussions rore,
 Emitting flames: I feare, by knowledge, more.
 These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport;
 While yet a Girl, within my Fathers Court.
 But if my prayers can no recourse procure;
 And that, alas, thy going be too sure;
 Take me along: let both one fortune beare;
 Then shall I only what I suffer feare.
 Together saile we on the royling Maine:
 And equally what'euer hap sustaine.

Thus spake *Alyone*: whose sorrowes melt
 Her Star-like spouse; nor he lesse passion felt,
 Yet neither would his first intent forsake
 Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
 Much said he to assuage her troubled brest:
 As much, in vaine. This addes vnto the rest,
 Which only could her pensive cares reclaim:
 All stay is irksome; by my fathers Flame,
 I swear, if Fate permit, returne I will
 Ere twice the Moone her shining Crescents fill,
 Reviv'd with promise of so short a stay;
 He bids them lanch the ship without delay,
 And fit her tacklings. This renues her feares;
 Presaging ill successe: abortive teares
 Flow from their springs; then kist: a sad farewell,
 Long kist, at length she takes; and swooning, fell.
 The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
 Reduce their oares, vp-rising from their Banks
 With equall strokes She reares her humid cyes,
 And in her husband on the Poope espies

Shaking

Shaking his hand: that, answers. Now from shore
 The vessell drives, and thence her Obiect bore.
 Her following eyes the flying ship persue:
 That lost, the sailes her eager gazes drew.
 When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
 And on the empty bed her body throws:
 The bed and place, with teares, to minde recall
 That absent part, which gave esteeme to all.

Now farre from Port; the winds began to blow
 On quivering Shrowds; their ores the Sailers flow:
 Then hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sailes
 At once let fall to catch th'approching gales.
 The Ship scarce halfe her Course, or sure no more,
 By this had runne; farre off from either shore:
 When, deepe in night, fierce *Zephirus* blew;
 And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamie grew.
 Strike, strike the Top-saile, let the Main-sheet fly,
 And furl your sailes, the Master cry'd; his cry
 The blustering winds and roling seas suppress.
 Yet of their owne accord in this distresse
 They ply their task: some feeling yards bestrid
 And take-in sailes; some stop on either side
 The yawning leakes; some seas on seas reiect.
 While thus Disorder toiles to small effect,
 The bitter storme augments; the wilde Winds wage
 Warre from all parts, and ioyne with *Neptunes* rage.
 The Master lost, in terrour, neither knew
 The state of things, what to command, or doe;
 Confessing ignorance; so huge a masse
 Of ill oppress'd! which slighted Art surpass.
 Lowd cries of men rebound; with rattling throwds,
 Flouds iustling flouds, and thunder-crashing clouds.

Now

Who late a scepter held. His father in law,
 And father, now inuokes: but could not draw
 (Alas!) from either succour. Still his wife
 Runnes in his thoughts in that short span of life.
 He wisht the waues would cast him on the sands
 Of *Trachin*, to be buried by her hands.
 Who swimming, sighes *Alcyon*; her name
 His last of speech: in Seas conceiues the same,
 Behold; an arch of waters, blacke as brl,
 Brake o're the flood: the breaking surges quell
 Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
 Became obscure; nor could you see his light.
 And since he might not render vp his place,
 With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.

Meane-while *Alcyon*, not knowing ought
 Computes the tedious night; the daies out-wrought
 Vpon a robe for him; another makes
 To weare her selfe: whose flattering hope mistakes
 In his returne. Who holy fumes presents
 To all the Gods; but most of all frequents
 The Fane of *Iuno*: at her altars praid
 For him that was not. Grant successe! (she said)
 A quicke returne! Giue he our right to none!
 Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.
 The melting Goddesse could no longer brooke
 Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shooke
 Her tainted hand; and thus to *Irish* spake:
 Haste faithfull Mellenger, thy journey take
 To drowie *Skeps* dimme palace: bid him send
 A dreame that may present the wofull end
 Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyon*. This said;
 She, in a thousand-coloured robe araid,

Her

Her ample Bow from Heaven to Earth extends:
 And in a cloud to his abode descends.

Neere the *Cimmerians* sculks a Cane, in sleepe
 And hollow hils; the Mansion of dull *Skeps*:
 Not scene by *Phabus* when he mounts the skies,
 At height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise
 From humid earth, which still a twi-light make.
 No crested fowles shrill crowings here awake
 The cheerefull Morne: no barking Sentinell
 Here watch; nor grese, who wakefull dogs excell.
 Beasts tame, nor saluage, no wind-shaken boughes,
 Nor strife of iarring tongues, with noyses rouse
 Secured Ease. Yet from the rocke a spring,
 With streames of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
 Purles on the pibbles, and inuites Repote.
 Before the Entry pregnant Poppie grows,
 With numerous Simples; from whose iulcie birth
 Night gathers sleepe, and sheds it on the Earth.
 No doores here on their creaking hinges iarr'd:
 Through-out this court there was nor doore, nor guard.
 Amid the Hebon Cane a downie bed
 High mounted stands, with sable coverings spread.
 Here lay the lazie God, dissolu'd in rest.
 Fantastick Dreames, who various formes exprest,
 About him couch: then *Aurum*'s cares far more;
 Or leaues of trees, or sands on *Nephtun*'s shore.
 The Virgin entering, parts the obnoxious Dreames:
 And filis the sacred Concrene with the beames
 Of her bright robe. The God with strife disioines
 His seeled lids; againe his head declines,
 And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
 Himselfe Himselfe awake; and, leaning on

His

His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
 She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:
 Thou Rest of things, most meeke of all the Gods;
 O Sleepe, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes
 Care euer flies; restoring the decay
 Of toyle-tyr'd limbs to labour-burnding Day:
 Send thou a Dreame, resembling truth, in post
 T' *Herculean Trachin*; that, like *Ceyx* ghost,
 May to *Alcyon* his wracke vnfold.

Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleepe
 Resist no longer. When she found it creepe
 Vpon her yeclding senses, thence she flies:
 And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.

The Sire, among a thousand sons, excites
 Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of those brother Sprites
 None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can
 Vsurpe the gesture, visage, voice of man,
 His habit, and knowne phrase. He onely takes
 A humane forme: an Other shewes a snake,
 A birds, a beasts. This *Scelus* they call,
 Whom heauen imbowre; though *Phobos* by all
 Of mortall birth. Next *Phantasus*; but he,
 Of different faculrie, indues a tree,
 Earth, water, stone, the seuerall shapes of things
 That life enioy not. These appeare to Kings
 And Princes in deepe night; the rest among
 The vulgar stay. Of all the germane throug
 Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose
 To act *Ithamantia's* charge, His eies then close
 Their drowlie lids, and hanging downe his head,
 Resolud to slumber, shrinkes into his bed.

His

His noiselesse wings through night fly *Morpheus* straines;
 And with the swiftnesse of a thought attaines
 Th' *Aemonian* towers: then laid them by, and tooke
 The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid look
 He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,
 Before the Couch of his vnhappy wife:
 His beard all wet, the haire vpon his head
 With water dropt; who, leaning on her bed,
 Thus spake; while teares from seeming passion flow.

Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
 Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Lost:
 And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.
 No fauour could thy pious prayers obtaine:
 For I am drown'd; no longer hope in vaine.
 Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Aegaeum* caught
 Our rauisht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught.
 My voice the fouds opprest, while on thy name
 I vainely call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
 Nor doubtfull Author tels: this I relate;
 I, that there perisht by vntimely fate.
 Arise, weepe, put on blacke: nor vndeplor'd
 For pity send me to the *Stygian Ford*.

To this he addes a voice, such as she knew
 Exprest her Lords: with teares appearing true,
 And gesture of his hand She sigh't and wept;
 Stretch out her armes t'embrace him as she slept,
 But clapt the empty aire. Then cry'd, O stay!
 Ah, whither wilt thou! goe we both oneway.
 Wak't with her voice, and husbands shade; with feare
 She looks about for that which was not there.
 For now the maids, rais'd with her shriekes, had brought
 A Taper in. Not finding what she sought,

She

She strikes her cheekes, her nightly linnen rare,
 Inuades her breſts; nor ſtaies t'vbind her haire,
 But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cauſe demands
 Of ſuch a violence. She wrings her hands,
 And in the paſſion of her grieſe replyde:

There's no *Alyone*; none, none! ſhe dyde
 Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
 All ſounds of comfort. Theſe, theſe eyes did ſee
 My ſhip-wrackt Lord. I knew him; and my hands
 Thrufft forth t'haue held him: but no mortall bands
 Could force his ſtay. A *Ghost*: yet manifeſt:
 My husbands *ghost*: which δ but illexpreſt
 His forme and beauty, late diuinely rare!
 Now pale, and naked, with yet dropping haire.
 Here ſtood the miſerable; in this place:
 Here, here (and ſought his airy ſteps to trace.)
 O this my ſad miſ-giuing ſoule diuin'd;
 When thou forſook'ſt me to perſue the wind.
 But ſince imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
 Had put to ſea: a happy fate for me!
 Then both together all the time aſſign'd
 For life had liu'd; nor in our death diſ-ioyn'd.
 Now here, I periſht there: on that profound
 Poore I was wrackt; yet thou without me drown'd.
 O I, then flouds more cruell; ſhould I ſtrive
 To lengthen lite, and ſuch a grieſe ſuruiue!
 Nor will I, nor forſake thee, nor deſer.
 Though one *Vine* hold not both, one *Sepulcher*
 Shall ioyne our titles: though thy bones from mine
 The ſea diſſeuer, yet our names ſhall ioyne.
 Griefe chok't the reſt. Sobs euery accent part:
 And ſighs aſcend from her aſtoniſht heart.

Day

Day ſprings: She to the ſhore addreſt her haſte,
 Euen to that place from whence ſhe ſaw him laſt.
 And while ſhe ſadly vters, Here he ſaid;
 Here parting, kiſt me; from thence anchor waid;
 While ſhe ſuch ſighs recalls; her ſteady eyes
 Fixt on the Sea, far off ſhe ſomething ſpies;
 But knowes not what: yet like a cor's. Firſt ſhee
 Doth doubt: driuen neerer (though not neere) might ſee
 A body plainly. Though vnknowne, yet much
 The *Omen* mou'd her, ſince his fate was ſuch.
 Poore wretch, who'ere thou art: and ſuch (ſhe ſaid)
 Thy wife, if wed, by thee a widdow made!
 By flouds driuen neerer; the more neere, the more
 Her ſpirits faint: now nigh t'adjoining ſhore.
 Now ſees ſhe what ſhe knowes; her husbands cor's.
 Woe's me! 'tis He, ſhe cries! at once doth force
 Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends
 To ſoule-leſſe *Ceyx*; and then ſaid: Here ends
 My laſt of hopes: thus, δ then life more deare;
 O husband, thus return'ſt thou! Art a *Peere*
 Had ſtretcht into the ſurges; which with-ſtood,
 And brake the firſt incurſion of the flood.
 Thither forth-with (δ wonderfull!) ſhe ſprings;
 Beating the paſſiue aire with new-growne wings.
 Who, now a bird, the waters ſummit rakes:
 About ſhe flies, and full of ſorrow, makes
 A mournfull noiſe; lamenting her diuorce:
 Anon ſhe toucht his dumbe and bloudleſſe cor's;
 With ſtretched wings embrac't her periſht bliſſe;
 And gaue his colder lips a heatleſſe kiſſe.
 Whether he felt it, or the flouds his looke
 duanc't, the vulgar doubt: yet ſure he rooke

P

Schle

Sense from touch. The Gods commiserate:
 And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
 As erst, they loue: their nuptiall faiths they shew
 In little birds; ingender, parents grow.
 Seuen winter dayes with peacefull calmes possesse,
Alcyon sits vpon her floating nest.
 Then safely saile: then *Æolus* incaues
 For his, the winds; and smoothes the stooping waues,

Some old man seeing these their pinions moue
 O're broad-spread Seas, extols their endless loue.
 By theirs, a Neighbour, or Himselfe, reuiues
 An others fate. Yon' fable fowle that diues;
 (And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
 Of royall parentage may also vaunt.
 Whole ancestors from *Troy* their branches spread:
Ilus, *Assaracus*, *Ianus* *Ganymed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the last
 That raig'n'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who surpass
 In fortitude) a brother. If by powre
 Of Fate vnchanged in his youths first flowre,
 He might perhaps as great a name haue wonne:
 Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters sonne.
 For *Alcathoe*, a country Maid,
 Bare *Æneas* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
 He, hating Cities, and the discontents
 Of glittering Courts; she louely woods frequents,
 And vnambitious fields; but made repaire
 To *Ilum* rarely: yet, he debonaire,
 Nor vnexpugnable to loue. Who spide
Eperia, oft delin'd, by *Cebren* side
 (Her fathers riuier) drying in the Sun
 Her fluent haire. Away the Nymph did run,

Swift

Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;
 Or like a fearefull fowle thrust ouer-land
 Beneath a falcon. He pursues the chase:
 Feare wings her feet, and loue inforc't his pace.
 Behold a lurking Viper in this strife,
 Ceaz'd on her heele; repressing flight with life.
 Franticke, his trembling armes the dead include:
 Who cry'd, Alas that euer I persude I
 I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
 Worth such a losse. Ay me! two, one destroy.
 Thy wound the Serpent, I the occasion gaue;
 O more wicked I yet thy death shall haue
 My life for satisfaction. There-with flung
 His body from a cliffe which ouer-hung
 The vndermining Seas. His falling limmes
 Upheld by *Tethys* pitie; as he swimmes
 In his person plumes, nor power of dying giues.
 To be compel'd to liue the Louer grieues:
 Disdaining that his soule, so well appaid
 To leaue her wretched fear, should thus be staid.
 And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas
 His body throwes: the fall his feathers ease.
 With that, inrag'd, into the deepe he diues:
 And still to drowne himselfe as vainly strues.
 Loue makes him leane. A long neck doth sustaine
 His fable head; long-ioynted legs remaine.
 Nor euer the affected Seas forsakes:
 And now a futed name from diuing takes.

P a

OVID'S

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The twelfth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Snake; a snake-like Stone. Cygnus, a Swan,
Centa the maid, now Centaurs and a man,
Becomes a Fowle. Neleus varies shores:
At last an Eagle; nor Alcides escapes.*

OLd Priam mournes for *Ætæus*; nor knew
That he surviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with teares,
Pay to the tombe which his inscription beares.
But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,
Straight, with his Rape, brought ten yeeres warre to Troy.
A thousand ships, in one confederate,
Pursue his Steakh, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd revenge so long had beene delaid;
If wrathfull Seas had not their passage staid:
At fishie *Aulis*, in *Boeotia*,
Their wind-bound Nauy in expectance lay.
Here, as th'old vse, to *Iove* they sacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames arise;
A blew scald'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Ascends a tree, which neere the altar grew.

A feathered nest the upper branches beare,
 With twice foure birds: these and their dam (with feare
 Flying about her losse) the greedy snake
 At length deuour'd. This all with wonder strake.
 When *Cbikhas* cry'd (who could the truth deuine)
 Reioyce, *Pelasgians*, 'tis a happy signe!
 Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toile and care:
 These thrice three birds, thrice three yeeres war declare.
 He, wound about a bough, gorg'd with his rape;
 Became a Stone, but held the Serpents shape.
 Still *Nereus* in *Adonian* surges raues:
 Nor ware transferees. Some thinke the God of *Waues*
 Would *Troy* preserue; and saue the walls he made.
*Thestides*resents: who knew, and said,
 A virgins blood must *Dian*' reconcile.
 Now did the publike cause the priuate soile;
 A King a father: *Iphigenia* stood
 Before the altar to religne her blood.
 The Priest did wepe; the Goddesse pittieeth too:
 Who ore their eyes a cloudy meteor threw;
 And while they prosecute her rites, and praid;
 Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.
 When fitter sacrifice had did'd her rage;
 Her furie and the Seas, at once asswage.
 A fore-winde then their thousand Vessels bore:
 Who, suffering much, attaine the *Phrygian* shore.
 And the world, 'twixt Aire, Earth, *Nepunnes* brine,
 A place there is; the triple Worlds confine.
 Where all that's done, though far remou'd, appeare:
 And euery whisper penetrates the eare.
 The Houle of *Fame*: who in the highest towre
 Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre

Inno

Innumerable wayes conduct; no way
 With doores debar'd, but open night and day.
 All built of ringing brasse; through out resounds:
 The heard reports, and euery word rebounds.
 No rest within, no silence: yet the noise
 Not lowd, but like the murmuring of a voice.
 As seas that fall on far distant shores;
 Or as *Ioues* terminating thunder rores.
 Hither the idle *Vulgar* come and goe:
 Millions of *Rumors* wander to and fro;
 Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
 Of these, with newes vnknowing eares Some fill;
 Some carry tales: all in the telling growes;
 And euery Author adds to what he knowes.
 Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,
 Deiected Feare, and vainly grounded loy;
 New rais'd Sedition, secret Whisperings
 Of vknown Authors, and of doubtfull things.
 All done in Heauen, Earth, Ocean, *Fame* sunnewes:
 And through the ample world inquires of newes.
 She notice gaue, how with a dreadful host
 The *Grecian* Nauie steered for their coast:
 Nor vnexpected came: the *Troians* bend
 Their powers t'incounter, and their shores defend.
 First thou thy life, *Protesilans*, lost
 By *Hectors* farall lance; the battle cost
 The *Greekes* a world of soules: so cloerly shone
 Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet vnknowne.
 Nor no small streames of blood their valours drew
 From *Phrygian* wounds, who seek what *Grace* could doe.
 And now their mingled gores *Sigean* staine:
 Now *Nepunnes* *Cymus* had a thousand staine.

P 4

Now,

Now, in his chariot, on *Achilles* fell;
 And with his lance whole Squadrons sent to hell:
 Seeking for *Cynus*, or for *Hector*, round
 About the field; at length braue *Cynus* found:
 (For Fate nine yeeres great *Hectors* life sustaines.)
 Cheering his horses with the flaxen maines,
 His thundring Chariot driues against his foe,
 And shakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
 O youth, he said, what e're thou art, reioyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
 His speare pursues: the Steele no wound imprest
 Though strongly throwne. When, bounding from his brest
 He said; Thou Goddesse-borne, Fame brides thee such;
 Why wondrest thou (*Achilles* wondred much)
 This helme with horse-haire plum'd, this shield I beare,
 Defend not me: for fashion these I weare.
 So *Mars* his person armes. Should I display
 My naked brest, thy force could finde no way
 The grace to be *Nereus* sonne is small:
 What he, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
 The Ocean guides? Then at *Achilles* threw
 His lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through
 Nine ox-hides rusht: the tenth did it restraine.
 The Heros caught it, and retorts againe
 The singing Steele; againe it gaue no wound.
 The third assay no better entrance found,
 Though *Cynus* bar'd his bosome to the blow.
 He rages like a bull in *Circian* Shew;
 Whose dreadfull hornes the stamell, which prouokes
 His fury,rosse with still deluded strokes.
 Then searches if the head were off: that on;
 What, is my hand, said he, so feeble growne?

On

On one is all my vigour spent? my powre
 Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* towre:
 When *Tenedos*, *Eetion*, *Thebis*, were fill'd
 With blood of theirs, by my incounters spild.
 The red *Cayus* slaughterd natives dyde:
 Twice *Telephus* my powrefull lauelin tryde.
 Behold these heapes of bodies! these I slew:
 Much could my hand haue done; as much can doe.
 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
 And at *Menetes* brest his aime directs,
 (A *Lycian* of meane ranke) the thrilling dart
 Quite through his faithlesse curasse pierc't his heart:
 Whose dying body stricke the groning ground.
 Snatching the weapon from his reeking wound;
 This hand, he said, this now victorious lance
 Shall vige thy fate: assist me equall Chance!
 With that, th'vnerring dart at *Cynus* slung.
 Th'vneuitated on his shoulder rung;
 Which like a rocke the lance repel'd againe:
 Yet where it hit it left a purple staine;
 By vainely glad *Æuidas* descry'd:
 He woundlesse: this *Menetes* bloud had dy'd.
 Then roling, from his chariot leapes; and made
 A horrid on-set with his flaming blade:
 Who sees the breaches in his helme and shield;
 Yet he secure: his skin the Steele vnsteeld.
 Now all impatient, with the hik his Foe's
 Hard front inuades with thicke redoubled blowes:
 Pursues his back retreat, perturbs, insists;
 Nor lets the astonisht breath. He faints; blew mist
 Swim o're his eyes: whole now auerted steps
 A stone with-flood. On whom *Achilles* leapes

P;

With

Or else assured. *Canis* still for bore
 All nuptiall ties. As on the secret shore
 She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent
 Inforc't to Rape: for so the rumor went.
 Rapt with the ioy of loues first tasted fruit;
 All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sure;
 With what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.
 My wrong, said *Canis*, makes my wishes bold:
 That neuer like inforcement may befall,
 Be I no woman; and thou giu'st me all.
 Her latter words a deeper voice expresse,
 Much like a mans, for now it prou'd no lesse.
 The Sea-God had assented to her will:
 And further addes, that Steele should nee't her kill
 Nor wound his person. Young *Atracides*
 Departs; reioycing in such gifts as these:
 Who great in euery manly vertue growes;
 And haunts the fields through which *Panens* flows.
 The sonne of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the saluage *Centaures*, bred
 Of clasped Clouds, his inuitation grac't;
 In plashed bowres at sundry tables plac't.
 There were th' *Ammonian* Princes; there was I:
 The Palace rung with our confused ioy.
 They *Hymen* sing; the altars fume with flames:
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troopes of dames.
 We call *Pirithous* happy in his choice;
 But scarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.
 For *Eurytus*, more heady than the rest,
 Foule rapine harbors in his saluage brest;
 Incens'd by beauty, and the heat of wine;
 Lust and Ebristy, in our rage ioyne.

Straight;

Straight, turn'd-vp boards the feast prophane: the faire
 And tender spouse now haled by the haire.
 Fierce *Eurytus* *Hippodame*; all tooke
 Their choice, or whom they could: sackt cities looke
 With such a face. The women shrecke: we rise.
 When *Thersites* first; ô *Eurytus*, vnwise!
 Dar'st thou offend *Pirithous* as long
 As *Thersites* liues? in one two suffer wrong.
 The great-sould He. os, not to boast in vaine;
 Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce disdain
 The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;
 Such facts could not be iustif'd by words:
 But with his fists the braue redeemer prest;
 Assailes his face, and strikes his generous brest.
 Hard by there stood an antique goblet, wrought
 With extant figures: this *Aegides* caught;
 Hurld at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
 Of reeking wine, of braines, and clotred blood
 At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
 And falling backward, kickes the dabled ground.
 The *Centaures*, frantieke for their brothers death,
 Arme, arme, resound, with one exalted breath.
 Wine courage giues. At first an vnouth sight
 Of flagons, pots, and boules, began the fight:
 Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broiles.
 First *Amymon*, *Opheon* issue, spoiles
 The sacred places of their gifts; downe rampes
 A brazen cresset flucke with burning rampes:
 This swings aloft, as when a white-haired Bull
 The Sacrificer strikes; which cruells the skull
 Of *Celadon* the *Lapithes*, and his.
 His face vnknowne: confusion forme bereft.

Out

Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt.
 His shiver'd bones flat to his pallet fixt.
 Pellean Pelades a tresseltore
 That propt the board, and fell'd him to the flore,
 He knockes his chin against his brest, and spude
 Bloud mixt with teeth. A second blow persude
 The first; and sent his vexed soule to hell.
 Next, *Gryneus* stood; his lookes with vengeance swell:
 Seizes this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd
 Aloft a mighty Altar; as it blaz'd,
 Among the *Lapides* bites his burden threw;
 Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* flew.
Orion's mother *Myale*, erst-soone
 Could with her charmes deduce the strugling Moone.
Exadius cry'd, Nor shalt thou so depart
 Hadl a weapon. Of a voted heart
 The Antlers from a Pine he puls; they fix
 Their forkes in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: this stickes
 Vpon the horne, that in concreted gore
 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhæus* bore,
 Snatch from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head
 Crackt through the skull, with yellowe iresses spread.
 The rapid flame his blazing curlcs surround,
 Like corne on fire; bloud broyling in his wound.
 Horribly hilles: as red Steele that gloses
 With seruent blasts, which pliant tongue end dispose
 To quenching coole-trooughes, spurtixs, stuiues, consumes;
 And hissing vnder heated water, fumes.
 The Wounded from his singed tresses shakes
 The greedy flame; and on his shoulders takes
 A stone torne from the threshold, which alone
 Would load a waine, as distant *Rhæus* throwne.

This,

This, falling short, *Cometes* life invades:
 And sent his friend to everlasting shades.
 When *Rhæus*, laughing; May you all abound
 In strength so try'd; and aggrauates his wound
 With repercussions of his burning brand.
 Crusht bones now sinke in braines. Then turnes his hand:
 Vpon young *Coritus*, *Euagrus*, *Dryas*:
 Which gaue to *Coritus* a fatall passe.
 What glory can the slaughter of a boy
 Afford, *Euagrus* said? nor more could say:
 For *Rhæus*, e'r his iawes together came,
 Hid in his throte and brest the choaking flame.
 Then whiskes the brand about his browes, and driues
 At valiant *Dryas*; but no longer thrives.
 For though his shoulder, who had triumph long
 In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his prong.
 Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
 And soild with bloud, conuerts his heeles to flight.
 So *Lyidas*, *Aeneas*, *Medon* (sped
 In his right arme) *Pisenor*, *Cannus*, fled:
 Wound-tardie *Mermernus*, late swift of pace;
Menelem, *Pholus*; *Abas*, vs'd to chace.
 The Bore; and *Astylos*, who fates fore-knew:
 Who vainly bade his friends that warre eschew;
 And said to frighted *Nessus*, Fly nor so;
 Thou art reseru'd for great *Alcides* bow.
 But yet *Euryneus*, not *Lyidas*,
Aeneas, nor *Imbrius*, vnslaughtred passe:
 All quell'd by *Dryas* hand. These *Centas* too,
 Though turn'd about for flight, a fore-wound slue:
 For looking backe; the point betwene his fight,
 There where the nose ioynes with the fore-head, light.

Va

Who with his shield and burganet defends
 The sounding strokes: yet still his sword extends,
 And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore
 His double breasts. Yet had he slain before
Pblegrus, *Hyles*, with his lances flight;
Hipbrius and *Dani*, in close fight.
 Addes *Dorplas* to these; who wore a skull
 Of Wolfe-skin tan'd; the sharpe hornes of a Bull,
 In stead of other weapons, fixt before:
 And dyde in crimson with *Lapibian* gore.
 To whom, with courage fir'd, I said in soorne;
 Behold how much our Steele excels thy horne.
 And threw my lance: not to be shun'd, he now
 Claps his right hand vpon his threatned brow;
 Which both together nail'd. They rore: and while
 Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toile;
 Thy father, who was neereft, neerer made:
 And through his nauiil thrust his deadly blade.
 He bounds, and on the earth his bowels trailes;
 The trailed kickes, the kickt in peeces bales;
 Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes;
 So falls; and with a gutlesse belly dies.
 Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could saue:
 If such a two-form'd figure beauty haue.
 His chin now 'gan to bud with downe of gold;
 And golden curler his iuoy backe infold:
 His lookes a pleasing vigor grace; his brest,
 Hands, shoulders, necke, and all that man exprest,
 Surpassing arts admiu'd images.
 Nor were his best all parts a shame to these:
 Adde but a horses head and crest, he were
 For castors vs; his backe so strong to beare,

So largely cheested; blacker than the crow:
 His taile and feet-lockes, whire as falling snow.
 A number of that nation sought his lone;
 Whom none but faire *Nylomne* could moue:
 None for attracting fauour so excell,
 Of all the halfe-mares that on *Oibrys* dwell.
 Shee, by sweet words, by louing, by conest
 Affection, only *Cyllarus* posselt.
 With combes she smoothes her haire; her person trimmes
 With all that could be gracefull to such limbes.
 Of Roses, Rolemary and Violets,
 And oft of Lillies curious dressings pleats.
 Twice daily washt her face in Springs that fall
 From *Pargasan* hills; twice daily all
 Her body bathes in cleansing streames: and were
 The skins of beasts, such as were choice and rare,
 Which flowing from her shoulder crosse her brest,
 Waile her left side. Both equall lone posselt:
 Together on the shady mountaines fry,
 In woods and hollow caues together lye.
 Then to the palace of the *Lepithis*
 Together came; and now together fight.
 A iaueline from the left hand stung, thy brest
 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy nocke imprest.
 His heart though slightly hurt (the dart exha'd)
 Grew forth-with cold; and all his body pal'd.
Nylomne his dying limbes receiues;
 Foments his wound: close to his lips she cleaues,
 To stay his flying soule. But when she found
 Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
 Euen on that Steele, which through his bosome past,
 She threw her owne: and him in death imbract.

Me thinks I see grim *Phaon* comes yet:
 Who with two Lions skins, together knit,
 Protects his man and beast. A log he took,
 Which scarce two teame could draw; this darted, strooke
 The Crowne of *Phonolides*: his braines
 It through the fractures of his skull constraines;
 Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and nostrils gushes,
 Like curds through wickar squeald; or iuces crust
 Through draining Colendars. As he the dead
 Prepares t'vname, my sword his bowels shred,
 Your father saw his downfall. *Cithonius* too,
 And stout *Teleboas* our fawchion slew.
 The first a forked branch, the other held
 A lengthfull lance: the lance this wound impeld;
 Whereof you see the ancient scarre. Then I,
 Then should I haue beene sent t'haue ruin'd *Troy*.
 Then might I haue restrain'd, if not o're-throwne
 Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
 Or else a child. Now spent with age, I waine.
 What speake I of two-shapt *Pyræus*, slaine
 By *Periphas*? Thy dart, without a head,
 Braue *Ampycus*, soure-hoon'd *Oicles* sped.
Macareus, borne by *Peletbronian* rocks,
 Huge *Erigadus* with a leauer knocks
 To echoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd
 Deepe in *Nessus* groine, and life bereau'd.
 Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone
 Could Fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* throwne
Odites slue; this, as the Centaure rail'd,
 His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his bosome nail'd.
 Fiue *Ceneus* slue; *Bronus Antimachus*,
 Axe-arm'd *Pyræus*, *Hecins*, *Stipheus*.

Although

Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;
 Their names, and number, I remember well.
 Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broiles;
 Arm'd with *Emathian Alesus* spoiles:
 His yeares, 'twixt youth and age; nor age impaires
 The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray haire.
 A *Macedonian* speare, a sword, a shield,
 Confirme his powers: o're-views the well-fought field,
 Clashes his armes; and trotting in a round,
 Infring'd the aire with this disdainfull sound.

Shall I indure thee *Ceneus*? still to me
 Thou art a woman, and shak *Ceneus* be.
 Thou hast forgot thy birth originall,
 And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
 Aduanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.
 Thinke of thy birth; thinke of thy easie rape.
 Goe, take a spindle and a distaffe; twine
 The carded wooll; and armes to men resigne.

While thus he scoffes; and circularly ran;
Ceneus his sides gores with his lance, where man
 And horse vnite. He, mad with anguish, flings
 His speare at the *Phykean* youth, which rings
 On his vntainted face; and backe recoiles,
 As pibbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tiles.
 Then rushing on, with thrusts affayes to wound
 His hardned sides; the sword no entrance found.
 Nor shalt thou scape; the edge shall lanch thy throte,
 Although the point be dull. This said, and smote
 At once. The blow, as if on marble, sounds:
 And from his necke the broken blade rebounds:
 When he his charmed limbes had open laid
 Enough to wounds and wonder, *Ceneus* said:

Now

Now will we trie, if thou our sword canst feele.
 Then 'twixt his shoulders thrusts the fatal Steele
 Vp to the hilt; which to and fro he wanes
 Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraues.
 The frighted Centaures, with a horrid cry,
 On him alone, with all their weapons fly.
 Their darts rebated fall, but draw no blood:
 For *Centaurus* still in-vulnerable stood.
 This more amaz'd. Ah, *Morychus* exclaims,
 One soules vs all, to all our endlesse shames!
 He scarce a man! nay he the man, and we
 Are what he was: so poore our actions be.
 What bootes our mighty limbes? our double force?
 The strongest of all creatures, man and horse,
 In vs by nature ioyn'd? sure we are not
 A Goddess birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
 Who durst the Queene of Deities embrace:
 This Halfe-man conquers his degenerate race.
 Stones, massie logs, whole mountaines on him roule;
 And with congested trees crush out his soule.
 Let woods oppresse his iawes: o're-whelme with waight,
 In stead of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight
 An Oke, vp-rooted by the furious blasts
 Of franticke winds, on valiant *Centaurus* casts.
 Th'example quickly *Osbrys* disaride
 Of all his trees; and *Pelson* wanted shade.
 Prest with so huge a burthen, *Centaurus* sweats:
 And to th'o're-whelming okes his shoulders sets.
 But now the load about his stature climbs,
 And chokes the passage of his breath. Sometimes
 He faints; then struggles to aduance his crowne
 About the Pale, and throw the timber downe:

Some

Sometimes the pressure with his motion quakes;
 As when an earth-quake yonder *Ida* shakes.
 His end was doubtfull: some there be, who tell
 How with that weight his body sunke to hell.
Atosus dissent; who saw a fowle arise
 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
 (The first I euer saw) which flying round
 About our Tents, sent forth a mournfull sound.
 This he persuing with his soule and fight,
 Cry'd, Haile thou glory of the *Lapithae*!
 O *Centaurus*, late a man at armes; but now
 An vnmatcht fowle! His witnesse all allow.
 Griefe whets our fury; brooking ill, that one
 By such a multitude should be o're-thrown:
 And Sorrow so long executes the fight,
 Till halfe were slaine: halfe sau'd by speed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debarre:
 Since in the repetition of that warre,
 Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
 Old man, how can you so forget (he said)
Atides praise? my father oft would tell,
 How by his hand the Cloud-borne Centaures fell.
 To this sad *Nestor* answer'd: Why should you
 Compell me to remember, and renew
 My sorrow lost in time? or iterate
 Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?
 His acts transcend beleefe; his high repure
 Fills all the world: which would I could refuse.
 But not *Polydamus*, *Deiphobus*,
 Nor valiant *Hector*, are extol'd by vs.
 For who commends his foe? *Messene's* walls
 He raz'd: saue *Ale*, *Pylus*, in their fall

Dereft

Detect his fury; Cities which his hate
 Had not deserv'd: with them, did ruinate
 Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell
 Of others, who by his sterne out-rage fell;
 'Twice six faire-fam'd *Nehille* were wee;
 Twice six *Alcides* slew, excepting mee.
 Conquest is common: but, o more than strange
 Was *Peristymen's* slaughter! who could change
 And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
 Great *Neptune* gave; the root of *Nelus* race.
 He, forc't to vary formes, at length unfolds
Ioues well-lou'd Fowle, who in her talons holds
 Impetuous thunder; and His visage teares
 Both with his crooked beake, and armed scares.
 At him his bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,
 As trowing in the loftie clouds he flew,
 And stricke his side-joyn'd wing. The wound was slight;
 But sunder'd nerues could not sustaine his flight.
 When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow smote
 In at his side, and thrust it through his throat.
 Now braue Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;
 Think'st thou *Alcides* praise a subject meet
 For my discourse? Alone with silence wee
 Reuenge our slaughtered brothers; and loue thee.
 When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence
 Had thus much vtter'd; they with speech dispence,
 And liberall *Bacchus* quaffe: then all arose;
 And giue the rest of night to soft repose.

The God, whose Trident calmes the Ocean,
 For strangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
 Griues with paternall griete. *Achilles* fate
 He prosecutes with more than ciuill hate,

Ten

Ten yeeres now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
 Thus vnshorne *Smintheus* his sterne rage excites.
 Of all our brothers sonnes to vs most deare;
 Whose hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:
 O li'st thou not to see the *Asian* towres
 So neere their fall? their owne, and aiding powres
 By millions slaine? the last of all their ioy
 Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
 Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour giues
 To vtter spoile, then Warre more cruell, liues.
 Came he within my reach, he then should trie
 The vengeance of my Trident: but since I
 Cannot approach t'incounter with my foe;
 Let him thy close and mortall arrowes know.
Delius assents: his vakes wrath intends;
 With it, his owne; and in a cloud descends
 To th'*Illian* hoast: amid the battle seekes
 For *Paris*, shooting at vn-noted *Greekes*.
 Then shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou lose
 Thy shafts so basely? nobler obiects chose;
 If thou of thine at least hast any care:
 Thy brethrens deaths reuenge on *Peleus* heire.
 Then shew'd him sterne *Achilles*, as he slew
 The *Troan* troopes: and, while his bow he drew,
 Directs the deadly shaft. This only might
 Old *Priam*, after *Hector's* death, delight.
 Him, who with conquests cloy'd the lawes of death,
 A faint adulterer deprives of breath.
 If by th'effeminate to be o're-throwne;
 Then should the Pollax of the *Amazon*
 Haue forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* feare; the same;
 And stro-g protection of the *Gallian* Name,

Q

Iauia

Invincible *Aeacides* now burnes :
 The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.
 And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains
 So much as now a little Urne contains.
 Yet still he liues ; his glory lightens forth,
 And fills the world : this answers his full worth.
 This, ô diuine *Pelides*, soares as high
 As thy great spirit ; and shall neuer die.
 And euen his armes, to instance whole they were ;
 Procure a warre. Armies for his armes they beare.
Alex Oileus, *Diomedes*, nor
 The lesse *Atrides* ; not in age and war
 The Greater : no nor any ; but the Son
 Of old *Lartes*, and bold *Telamon*,
 Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
 To shun the burden, and the hate of these,
 The Princes bids to sit before his tent :
 And puts the stufe on their abutement.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Those purple flowers which Ajax mowed display,
 His blood produce. Irrag'd Ha:uba
 Becomes a Birch. From Memnon's cinders rise
 Silfe slaughtring Fowle : a peerey sacrifice.
 What euer Anius daughters handle, grows
 Corne, wine, or oyle : themselves transform'd to Domes.
 From honour'd virgins ashes Sonnes ascend.
 Th' Ambracian Iudge a Stone. Light wings defend
 Molossus ropallissue. Scylla grows
 A horrid Monster. Murder'd Actis flowers
 With speedie streamers. The kinde Nereiden
 For Glaucus sue : imbroi'd in sacred Seaw.*

THe great Chiefes sate ; the Souldiers crowne the field :
 Vprose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.
 With wrath impatient, his sterne eyes suruay
Sigæum, and the Nauie which there lay.
 Then holding vp his hands, ô Ioue, he said ;
 Before the Fleet must we our title plead ?
 And is *Ulysses* my Competitor ?
 Whose brightfull feare did *Hector's* flames abhor.

Q:

Those.

Those, I, sustain'd; from those this Naue freed.
 'Tis fitter to contend in word than deed,
 I cannot talke, nor can he fight: as farre
 His tongue excells, as I exceed in waire.
 Nor need I to rehearse what you haue seene
 In act, renowned *Greekes*: what his hath beene
 I let *Ulysses* declare; perform'd by sight,
 Without a witnesse, only knowne to Night.
 Great is that affected prize, I must confesse:
 But such a Riual makes the Value lesse.
 For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,
 How euer great, what he could hope to gaine.
 Who of this strife now wins the praise; that he,
 When vanquish'd, may boast he strove with me.
 But were my valour question'd, I might on
 My birth insist, begot by *Telamon*,
 Who vnder *Hercules* *Troy's* bulwarkes scal'd:
 And in *Pagasean* keele to *Colchus* sail'd.
 His father, *Aacus*; the iudge of Soules,
 Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment roules.
 High *Iupiter* vpon a mortall Loue
 Got *Aacus*: I *Ajax* third from *Ioue*.
 Nor let this pedigree assist my clame,
 If great *Achilles* ioynd not in the same.
 He was my brother, his I aske. Why thus
 Shouldst thou, thou sonne of damned *Sisyphus*,
 Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of his pursue?
 Because I first assumed armes, deny'd
 By no detector, are these armes deny'd?
 Or rather for the last in field design'd;
 Who with sun'd lunacie the waire declar'd:

Till

Till *Palamed* more politicke, and more
 Selfe-fatall, did his coward-guile explore;
 And drew him to auoided armes? Must he
 Now weare the best, who all eschew'd? and we
 Vnhonour'd, of hereditary right
 Depriu'd, in that we first appear'd in fight?
 And would to *Ioue* he had beene truly mad;
 Or still so thought: nor this companion had,
 This tempter to foule actions, euer seene
 The *Phygian* towres. Then should'st not thou haue beene
 O *Pearus* sonne, expos'd by our crime
 To *Lemnian* rockes: where thou consum'st thy time
 In louely caues obscur'd with woods, the stones
 Preuok't to pittie with thy daily groanes,
 And witnest him, what he deserves, thy paine:
 If there are Gods thou witnest not in vaine.
 Now our Confederate (a Prince of braue
 Command) to whom his shafts *Aleides* gae;
 Broken with paine and famine, doth mi, by
 Those arrowes, that import the fate of *Troy*,
 For food and clothing: yet he liues the while,
 In that removed from *Vlysses* guile.
 And *Palamed* might with e haue beene so left:
 Then had he liu'd, or perisht vnberest
 Of his deare fame. This, hellishly inclin'd,
 Beares his conuicted madnelle in his mind;
 And falsely him accus'd to haue betraid
 The *Achaian* hoast; confirming what he said
 By shewing summes of gold, which in his tent
 Himselfe had hid. Thus he by banishment
 Or death, our strength impaires; for this prefer'd:
 So fights, so is *Vlysses* to be fear'd.

Q3

Though

Though faithfull *Nestor* he in eloquence,
 Surpasse; his leauing *Nestor*, no defence
 Of words can salue: who slow with tired Age
 And wounded Steeds, implor'd to his ingage
Vlysses helpe; who left to oddes of foes
 His old acquaintance. This *Tydid* knowes
 For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay
 His trembling friend, reuiling his dismay.
 The Gods with iustice view our humane deeds.
 Who would not late assist, assistance needs:
 And now to be forsaken by the law
 Himselfe preferib'd. He cry'd; I came, and saw
 The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld
 His ghost for feare. I interpos'd my shield;
 Bestud him as he lay; and from that strife
 Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.
 But if thou wilt contend, reioyne we there;
 Rencke the foe, thy wounds, and vsuall feare;
 Behinde my target sculke: then plead. This man,
 Who reu'd with wounds; freed, as vnwounded, ran.
 Now *Ulysses* came, and brought the Gods along;
 Rescued on all parts: not thou alone, the strong
 And best resolu'd shrink: so great a dread
 He drew on all. Him, as he triumph led
 Through blood and slaughter, with a mightie stone
 I flung to earth: Him I sustain'd alone,
 When he to all told a challenge made;
 When thou sayst you all deuoutly pray'd,
 Not pray'd in vaine: If you inquire the summe
 Of this night, I was not overcome.
 With vengeance weapons, flames, and *Ioue*, the men
 Of *Tro*, made our naue: where was then

Your

Your eloquent *Vlysses*? I, euen I
 A thousand ships preferu'd; whereon rely
 The hope of your returne. These armes for all
 Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour shall
 Receiue then giue: our glories iustly pease;
 These armes doe *Aiax* seeke, not *Aiax* these.
Kibisus surprise, with ours let him compare;
 That poore *Spie Dolon's*, *Hellenus* despaire;
 The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
 He nothing worth, take *Diomed* away.
 If to such meane deserts these armes accrue;
 Diuide them: to *Tydid* most is due.
 Why would he these? who still vnarmed goes,
 Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
 This radiant Caske that shines with burnisht gold;
 Will his deceit, and lurking steps vnfold.
 His necke can scarce *Achilles* helmet beare;
 Nor can his feeble arme employ this speare:
 His shield, whose orbe the figured world adorne;
 A cowards arme, inur'd to sheeuing, scorne.
 O foole, that thus thy owne vndoing seekes!
 If giuen thee by th'error of the *Greekes*,
 It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;
 But be th'occasion of thy overthrow,
 And flight, wherein thou only dost exceed,
 Clog'd with so huge a weight, will faile thy need.
 Besides, thy shield in battle rarely borne,
 Is yet entire: mine, all to hackt and torne
 With stormes of blowes, a new successor needs.
 What boots so many words? behold our deeds.
 These armes deliuer to the foes defence:
 And let him weare, that wins the prize from thence.

Q4

Here

Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldier in the close
 A murmure rais'd; till *Ithacus* arose:
 Who hauing fixed on the earth a space
 His eyes, vnto the Princes rais'd his face;
 And now expected, spake vnto this sense;
 With all the grace of winning eloquence.

Glaucias; if heauen, with yours, had heard my prayre;
 So great a strife had found no doubtfull Heire:
 Th' he had kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and we thee.
 But since steine Fate, auerſe to you and mee,
 Secured an Excellence denies;
 (With that appeares to weepe, and wipes his eyes)
 Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,
 Than he who gaue you great *Achilles* deeds?
 Let not his folly purchase your assent;
 Nor let my wit, in that so preualent
 For you, my losse incur: nor hate incense,
 That for my selfe I arme my eloquence;
 (If I haue any) oft for you imploy'd.
 Let none the glory of his owne auoid.
 For Ancestors, diuine originall,
 And deeds by vs not done, we ours mis-call.
 Yet in that *Ajax* vanta himselfe to bee
 Great grand, hilde vnto *Ioue*; no lesse are wee.
Ioue was my Sire, *Achilles* his;
 He, *Iupiter*: in this descent there is
 None damn'd nor banisht. By the venter I
 From *Joue* me spring: in both a Deitie.
 Not that more noble by the mothers side,
 Nor that my father had his hands vndide
 In his hers blood, doe I enforce this claime:
 Weigh but our worths; and censure by the same.

That

That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
 In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the Neere
 In birth, but Great in act, deserue this grace.
 Or if proximity in blood haue place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his son:
 What right remaines for *Ajax Telamon*?
 To *Phibia* then, or *Scyros* carry these.
Teucer is coozen to *Aeacides*
 As well as he; yet stirs not he herein:
 Or if he should, should he the honour win?
 Then since our actions must our sute aduance;
 Although my deeds surmount my vtterance,
 Their abstract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate;
 Disguis'd her sonne: so like a Virgin drest,
 That all mistooke, and *Ajax* with the rest.
 When, Armes, with womens trifles, that might blinde
 Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly minde.
 Yet was the Heros Virgin-like afraid;
 Who taking vp the Speare and Shield, I said:
 O Goddess-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*
 Her fall reserues: why doubts thou to destroy
 Great *Pergamus*? then made him d'off those weeds:
 And sent the mighty vnto mighty deeds.
 His acts are therefore ours. We *Telchus*
 Foild with our lance; the suppliant cur'd by vs.
 Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* vs renoues,
Chyus and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* townes)
 With *Cilla*; Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls
 Our fame aduance: we raz'd *Lynceus's* walls.
 To passe the rest; I gaue, who could subdue
 The braue *Priamides*: I Hector slue.

P 3

For th'armes that found *Achilles*, these I craue:
 He dead, I aske but what, aliue, I gaue.
 The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* preuailes:
Euborian Autis held a thousand sailes.
 The long-expected winds opposed stand,
 Or sleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command
 Afflicted *Agamemnon* to aduance
 With *Ighigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.
 But he dissent; the Gods themselves reprobues:
 And in a King a fathers passion moues.
 His noble disposition nere the lesse
 I to the publike won: and must confesse
 (*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute
 Before a partiall Iudge a hatefull sute.
 Yet him his brother, scepter, publike good
 Perswade to purchase endlesse praise with blood.
 Then went I to the mother for her child:
 Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.
 Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sailes
 Nor yet had swel'd with still-expected gales.
 Then on a bold embassage I was sent
 To haughty *Troy*: to th'*Illian* Court I went,
 Yet full of men: and fearelesse, vig'd at large
 The common cause committed to my charge.
 False *Paris* I accuse: rapt *Helena*
 I re-demanded, with all they bore away.
 Old *Priam* and *Antenor* iust appeare.
 But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
 His followers in that stealth, from wicked blowes
 Could scarce retrain. This *Menelaus* knowes.
 He list of dangers wherein you and I
 Together roind. But what my policie

And

And force perform'd, behoouefull to this State,
 In that long warre, too long is to relate.
 The first great battle fought, our weary foes
 Long liue immur'd: nor durst their powers expose.
 Nine yeeres expir'd, warres all the fields affright.
 Meane-while what didst thou, only fit to fight?
 What vse of thee? inquire my actions; I
 The foe intrap, our trenches fortific,
 Incouraging the weary Souldier
 To brooke the tediousnesse of lingering warre
 With faire expectance: teach them wayes to feed,
 And arts to fight. Employ'd at euery need.
 The King deluded in his sleepe by *Ioue*,
 Bids vs the care of future warre remoue.
 The author was his strong apologie.
Ajax should haue withstood: the sacke of *Troy*
 He should haue vig'd; and, what hee could, haue fought.
 Why was the nobler siege by him vnought?
 Why arm'd he not? a speech he might haue made,
 That would the wauering multitude haue staid:
 To him not difficult, who lookes so high,
 And speakes so big. What, if himselfe did flie?
 I saw, and sham'd to see thee turne thy backe
 To loose thy sailes vnto thy honours wracke.
 What doe you? & what madnesse, mates, said I,
 Prouokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?
 Ten yeeres nigh spent, what will you beare away
 But infamie? I this, and more did say;
 Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:
 And from the flying Fleet turn'd their consent.
 The King a Councell calls; distrusts afford
 No sound aduice: durst *Ajax* speake a word?

When

When base *Thersites* durst the King provoke
 With bitter words : who felt my scepters stroke.
 Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire :
 And set their fainting courages on fire.
 Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
 To me belongs, that thus reuok't his flight.
 Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greekes*
 Commends thee ; or thy conuersation seekes ?
Anders vs approues, builds on our will ;
 Is confident in his *Phyllis* still.
 Among a million 'tis a grace for me
 To be his consort ; and the choise so free.
 The danger of the foe, and night despis'd ;
Idler, then a counter-scout, surpris'd :
 Nor slue him, till I forc't his bosome to ;
 Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.
 All knowne, and nothing left to be inquir'd ;
 I now with praise enough might haue retir'd.
 Yet not so satisfide, I forward went ;
 And *Rhesus* slue, with his, in his owne Tent.
 When like a Victor, on his Chariot I
 Return'd in triumph. Can you then denie
Achilles armes, whose horses were assign'd
 For one nights hazard ? *Ajax* is more kind.
 What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
 One-thre we by vs ? by vs *Caranos* fell,
Iphizus, *Alastor*, *Cromius*,
Alander, *Pryanis*, *Neeionus*,
Halmus stout *Theba*, bold *Pheridamas*,
 With *Charipe* : *Euchemon*'s fatal Palle
 Struck by my lance ; and many more in view
 Of the *Roile Troy*, of meaner ranke, I slue.

And

And I, ô Country-men, haue honour'd wounds,
 Faire in their scarres : nor trust to empty sounds ;
 Behold (said he, with that his bosome bares)
 This brest, still exercis'd in your affaires.
 No drop of blond in all these lengthfull warres
 For *Greece* hath *Ajax* shed : shew he his scarres.
 What boots it, though his deeds his brags approue ;
 That for our fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Ioue* ?
 I grant he did so : nor will we detract
 With hated enuy from a noble act.
 So he ingrosse not to himselfe alone
 A common praise, but render vs our owne.
Astoriades (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ships repeld.
 He thinkes, he onely able, could alone
 Incounter *Hectors* opposition :
 The King, his brother, and my selfe forgot
 Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
 But what euent, ô great in valour, crown'd
 Your doughty combat ? *Hector* had no wound.
 Woe's me ! with what a tide of grieve I call
 That time to mind ; wherein the *Græcian* Wall,
Achilles fell ! teares, feares, nor sorrow staid
 My forward zeale ; his raised corps I laid
 Vpon these shoulders : these, euen these did teare
 Him and his armes ; which now I hope to weare.
 Our strength sufficient is for such a weight :
 Our knowledge can your bounty explicate.
 Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her Son ;
 That such a brainlesse Souldier should put on
 This heavenly gift, of so diuine a frame ?
 Whole figured shield his ignorance would shame.

Wherein

Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with cities crown'd,
 Skies with their Raies; cold *Arctos* neuer drown'd,
 Sword-gut *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*;
 The rainie *Kids*. He seekes, yet knowes not, these.
 Vpbraids he me, that I this warre did thin,
 And time deferd till others had begun?
 Nor can consider how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
 To counterfeit; we ioyne in that defame:
 If, in that tardy; I before him came.
 Me, my kind wife; his mother him with-drew:
 Our flow.eto them we gaue; the fruit to you.
 Nor feare I, should I quit my owne defence,
 To tutter with so cleere an Excellence.
 Not *Ajax* wit reueal'd *Vlysses*; yet
 Reueal'd *Achilles* was *Vlysses* wit.
 Left I should wonder, why his foolish tongue
 Should slander me, he you vpbraids with wrong.
 Was guiltlesse *Palamed* accus'd by me
 To my defame? nor must his sentence be
 To you reprochfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed
 Could iustifie so euident a deed:
 Nor did your eares informe your faculties;
 The hure of treason laid before your eyes.
Peantius in *Leamos* left, was none
 Of my offence; doe you defend your owne:
 You to his stay contented. Yet, how ere,
 I must contelle I aduiz'd him to forbear
 The trauels of long waite: and to appease
 The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.
 He did: he liues. Th' aduice was good: successe
 As fortunate approues it for nolesse.

Since

Since Fate designes him for the fall of *Troy*:
 Spare me, and *Ajax* industry imploy.
 His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will
 Appease: hee'l fetch him with some reach of skill.
 First *Simon* shall retire, *Idé* want a shade,
Achaia promise to the *Troians* aide;
 E're my endeouours in your seruice faile,
 And fortish *Ajax*, with his wit, preuaile.
 And, *Philoctetes*, though obdure thou be,
 Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;
 Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
 Thou couet my accessse, my bloud to spill;
 Yet I'll attempt thee: and will bring thee backe;
 That neither may his eager wishes lacke.
 Thy shafts I must possesse (so Faouour Fate)
 As I possesse the *Dardan* Prophet late;
 As I vnknit the *Troian* destinie,
 And doubtfull answer of the Gods; as I,
 Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe
 Of *Phrygian Pallas* rauisht from her shrine.
 Compare with me will *Ajax*? this vntane,
Troy's hopt-for expugnation had bene vaine.
 Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
 Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?
 How durst *Vlysses* trust himselie to night,
 Passe through the watch, their threatening weapons sight?
 The walls not onely, but the highest towre
 Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Powre
 That beares their fate inforce: and with this prey,
 Repasse the dangers of that horrid way?
 Which had not I atchieued, Yet in Field
 Had *Ajax* vainly borne his seuen-fold Shield.

That

That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.
 Forbeare to mutter; nor with nodding gaze
 On *Diomed*: he shares in equall praise.
 Nor for our Navy didst thou fight alone:
 Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
 He knew that wisdom valour should command;
 That this belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
 Else he himselfe had royn'd in our debate;
 Or th'other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
 Fraue *Thaox*, fierce *Euryplus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Morinus*
Otreus; or *Maulius*. For they are
 As strong, nor second vnto thee in warre:
 Yet yeeld to our aduice. Thou, fit for fight,
 Dost need my reason to direct thy might.
 Thy valour wants fore-cast, my studious care
 Respects the future: thou canst fight thy share;
 The time and place must be by vs assign'd:
 Thou only strong in body; I in mind.
 As shall Pilots those surpasse, who row;
 As wise Commanders, common souldiers; so
 I thee excell. Our vertue is lesse great
 In brawne than brame: this vigorously compleat,
 Then to remunerate my vigilance:
 And, I unces, for so many yeeres expence
 In anxious cares, this dignity extend
 To my deserts. Our worke is at an end:
 With-standing fates remou'd: I, in that I
 Haue made it feasible, haue taken *Troy*.
 Now by our mutuall hopes, *Troy's* ouerthrow,
 Those Gods which late I rausht from thee;

It ought remaine to be discreetly done,
 That courage craues, through danger to be won;
 If in the *Ilian* destiny there be
 A knot yet to vnkit; remember me.
 Or if you can forget; these Armes resigne
 To this: and shewes *Minerua's* fatall Signe.

The Chieffes were mou'd. Here words approu'd their
 The Eloquent the Valiant now disarmes. (charmes:
 He who alone, *Ioue*, *Hector*, sword and fire
 So oft sustain'd; yeelds to one brunt of ire.
 Th'vnconquered, sorrow conquers. Then his blade
 In haste vntheaths: Sure thou art mine, he said;
 Or seekes *Vlysses* this? this shall conclude
 All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbrude
 In *Phrygian* bloud, thy Lord's must now imbrue:
 That none but *Ajax*, *Ajax* may subdue.
 This said; his brest, till then with wounds vngor'd,
 The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.
 Nor could his strength the fixed Steele reuell;
 Expeld by gushing gore. The bloud that fell,
 A purple flowre ingendred on the ground:
 Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.
 The tender leaues indifferent letters paint;
 Both of His name, and of the Gods complaint.

The Conqueror, now hoisting sailes, doth stand
 For chaste *Hypsipyle's*, and *Thoox* land;
 (Defam'd by womens vengefull violence)
 To fetch the shafts of *Herculis* from thence.
 These, with their owner, to the campe conuaid,
 On that long warre a finall hand they laid.
 Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
 Th'vnhappy wife of *Priam* after all,

Her humane figure lost: who'e rauing Sprite
 And vncouth howlings forraine fields affright.
 The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
 To narrow *Hellaspont*; nor there expire.
 That little blood which *Priams* age could shed,
Iones altar drinks. By her anointed head
Apollo's Priest they drag, her hands in vaine
 To heauen vpheld. The Victor *Greekes* constraine
 The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
 Who imbrae their country Gods; and while they may,
 Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Alyanax threw from that towre; from whence
 He had seene his father, by his mother showne,
 Fight for his Kingdomes safety, and his owne.
 North-winds to seas inuite, and prosperous gales
 Sing in their shrouds: they haste to trim their sailes.
 The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare soile farewell!
 We are hal'd to loth'd captiuitie! then fell
 On killed earth: and leaue with much delay,
 Their countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*
 Her sad departure to the last defers:
 Now found among her childrens sepulchers,
 (A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombes: there wailes;
 Their cold bones kissing: whom *Thysses* hales
 From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,
 Vp snatcht, deliueis to her bosomes trust.
 Vpon his tombe she left her horie haire
 (A pious oblation!) mingled with her teares.
 Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lyes a land,
 Till dely the *Bijones*; in the Command
 Of *Polym. flor.* Danger to preuent,
 To him his father *Polydorus* sent.

And

and wisely; had he not withall consign'd
 A masse of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
 His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
 To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant slew.
 Whom, as if he his murder with the slaine
 Could cast away, he casts into the maine.
 Now rood *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shore;
 Till winds forbore to storme, and seas to rore.
 When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose;
 Like mightie as in life: whose lookes discolor'd
 As sterne a wrath, as when his lawlesse blade
 Was on *Atrides* drawne; and frowning, said:

You *Greekes*, of me vnmindfull; can you thus
 From hence depart? shall our deserts with vs
 Lodge in obliuion? Proue not so ingrate.
 With slaine *Polixena* regravitate
 Our Sepulcher: tis she I couet most:
 A sacrifice, that will appease our Ghost.

Then vanish. They th'vngende Sprite obaid;
 And from her Mothers bosome drew the Maid,
 (High-sould, vnhappy, more then feminine,)
 To his resembled tombe; with life to signe
 Internall Dues. Of her high birth she thought:
 And now vnto the bloody altar brought;
 Seeing the sacrifice for her prepar'd,
 And that *Neoptolemus* vpon her star'd

With sword aduanc'd; she said, vntoucht with dred:
 O, generous blood to your intentions shed:
 Dispatch; I am ready; in my throat or brest
 Your weapon sheath. (With that, with-drew her vest
Polyxena doth seruitude despise:

And yet no God affects such sacrifice.

I

Lonely with my death might be vnknowne
 To my afflicted mother. She alone
 Disturbs the ioyes of death: though *Priams* wife
 My death should lesse bewaile, then her owne life.
 Not let the touch of man pollute a maid:
 That my free soule may to the *Stygian* shade
 Vntainted passe. If this be iust, remoue
 Your hand: I shall more acceptable proue
 Vnto that God or Ghost, what ere he bee
 To whom I am offer'd, if my bloud be free.
 And if a dying tongue preuaile at all;
 I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
 Sollicit that my corps may not be sold;
 But giuen my mother: nor exchange for gold
 Sad rites of sepulture. In former yeares
 Sh' had gold to giue, now poore, accept her teares.
 This hauing said: for her that would not weepe,
 The people wept: the Priest could hardly keepe
 His eyes from teares; yet did what he abhord;
 And in her proffered bosome thrust his sword.
 On doubling knees she sinkes, with silent breath;
 And cheerefully incounters smild-on Death.
 Then when she fell, she had a care to hide
 What should be hid; and chastly-decent dide.
 Her corpes was carried by the *Troian* dames:
 Who in a funerall long repeat the names
 Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streames of gore
 One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
 And thee, O royall Wife, intitled late
 The mother Queene, and glory of that State:
 A Captiue now, cast by a scorned lot
 On victor *Ithacas*; refus'd, if not

For

For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,
 A master hardly for his mother found.
 She hug's the corpes that such a spirit kept.
 Who for her country, children, husband, wept
 So oft; now weepes for her: her lips comprest,
 Her wounds hls with her teares. Then beats her brest:
 Her hoarie haire besmear'd with clotted gore,
 And bosome torne, this spake she; and much more.
 Poore daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left
 For Fortunes spight!) by bloody death bereft.
 On thee I see my wounds. That none of mine
 May woundlesse die, these wounds thy bosome signe.
 In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
 But thou, a woman, suffer'st by the sword.
 This Bane of *Troy*, our Deprivation, who
 So many of thy princely brothers slue;
 Hath slaine thee also. When his life was laid
 By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,
 Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
 Now dead, to vs as dreadfull as before.
 Against my race his ashes raues: his tombe
 Presents a foe. O my vnhappy wombe!
 This sory fruitfull! Ruin'd *Troy* descends;
 And sad successe the publike sorrow ends:
 Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
 To vs remains: our sorrowes freshly grones:
 Yet so potent and so fortunate
 In husbands, sons, and height of humane State;
 To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torne
 From my owne sepulchers: from *Phrygia* borne
 To serue *Penelope*; that while I sew
 Spin at her commandement, she may shew

Her

Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,
 Loe *Hectors* mother, *Priam's Hecuba*.
 My sorrowes sole reliefe, so many lost,
 Is offered to appease an hostile Ghost.
 Infernall sacrifices to the dead,
 Euen to my foe, my cursed wombe hath bred.
 Hard heart, why break'st thou not? what hopes engage
 Thy expectation? Mischieuous Old-age,
 For what reseru'st thou me? You cruell Powres,
 Why lengthen you a poore old womans howres
 To see new funerals? O *Priam*, I
 May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.
 Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate:
 Thou lost thy life together with thy state.
 Rich funerals attend thee, royall Maid:
 And by thy Ancestors thou shalt be laid.
 O no! thy mothers teares, a heape of sand,
 Must now content thee in a forreine land.
 All, all is lost! Yet liues a little Boy
 My last, and youngest ioy, when I could ioy;
 For whom I condescend to liue a space;
 Here toster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
 Meane while why stay we with the cleansing floud
 To wash these wounds, and lookes besmear'd with blood!

Then with an aged pace, her horie haire
 All tane and scattred, to the Sea repaires.
 And while the wretched said; You *Troades*,
 A pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:
 She saw theiected corps of *Polydore*
 Strucke full of wounds vpon the beachie shore.
 The Ladies sheecke; the dumbe with sorrow stood:
 Internall grieve her voice, her teares, her blood,

At once deuou'd. And now, as if intranc't
 Stares on the earth; sometimes to Heauen aduanc't
 Her scouling browes: oft on his visage gaz'd;
 But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
 Arm'd, and instructed; all on vengeance bent,
 Still Queene-like, destinate his punishment.
 And as a *Lyonesse*, rob'd of her young,
 Pursues the vnseene-hunters steps: so stung
 With fury, when her sorrow with her rage,
 Had ioyn'd their powers; vnmindfull of her age,
 But not of former greatnesse, ran with speed
 To *Polynestor*, author of this deed.
 And craving conference, the Tyrant told
 How she would shew him summes of hidden gold
 To giue her *Polydor*. This held for true;
 He thursty of his prey, with her with-drew.
 And flattering her thus craftily begun:
 Delay not, *Hecuba*, enrich thy son:
 By all the Gods we iustly will restore
 What thou shalt giue, and what thou gau'st before.
 She with a truculent aspect beheld
 The falsely swearing King: with anger swel'd.
 Then calls the captiue dames, vpon him flies;
 Who hides her fingers in his perier'd eyes,
 Extracts his eye-balls: more then visuall strong
 With thirsty vengeance and the sense of wrong,
 Her hand drownes in his skull; the roots vp-tore
 Of his lost sight, inbrude with guilty gore.
 The men of *Thrace* incens'd for their King,
 Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
 She, gnarling, bites the followed flints: her chaps,
 For speech extended, barke. Of whose mis-haps

Tha

That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old
Misfortunes, in *Sithonian* deserts howld.
Kinde *Troians*, *Grecian* foes, both loue and hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,
So all, as *Iuno* did to this descend;
That *Hecuba* deseru'd not such an end.

Aurora had no leasure to lament
(Although those armes the fauour'd) the euent
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domesticall
And neerer griefe, afflicts her for the fall
Of *Memnon*; who *Achilles* lance imbr'd
In *Phrygian* fields. This as the Goddesse view'd,
The tosse die, that deckt the Mornes vp-rise
Grew forth with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to see his body laid
On funerall flames: but with hei haire displaid,
As in that season, to high *Towre* repaires;
And kneeling, thus with teares, vnfolde her cares.

To all inferior, whom the skie sustaines
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddesse yet, I come: not to desire
Shines, Festiualls, nor Altars fraught with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman doe,
That Night confine, and sacred Day renewe,
I merit such: such sure not now our state;
Nor such desires infect the desolate.
Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine
Bare to his vnk, by *Achilles* slaine
In flower of youth (so would you Gods) come I.
O clack of Powers, a mothers sorrow, by
Some honour given him, lessen: death with fame
Recomfort *honor* allents. When greedy flame

Deuour'd

Deuour'd the funerall Pile; and curling fumes
Day ouer-cast: as when bright *Sol* assumes
From streames thicke vapours, nor is scene below.
The flying, dying sparkles ioyatly grow
Into one body. Colour, forme, life, spring
To it from fire, which leuity doth wing.
First like a Fowle, forth-with a Fowle indeed:
Innumerable sisters of that breed
Together whiske their feathers. Thrice they round
The funerall Pile; thrice raise a mournfull sound.
In two battalions then diuide their flight;
And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their opposites with beake and talons rend;
Cuffe with their wings; in sacrifice descend.
Now dying on the ashes of the dead:
Remembering they were of the Valiant bred.
These new-sprung Fowle, men of their author call
Memnonides. No sooner *Sol* through all
The Signes returnes; but they reioyne againe
In ciuill warre, and dye vpon the slaine.
While others therefore doe commiserate
Pone barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
Aurora her owne griefe intends; renewes
Her pious teares, which fall on earth in dewes.
Yet fates resist, that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should perish with her towres. The Son and Ioy
Of *Cytherea*, with his household Gods,
And aged sire, his pious shoulders lodes.
Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,
And his *Aescanius*: from *Anand* as flies
By teares, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shore,
Defild with bloud of murdered *Polydore*:

R

With

With prosperous winds arriving with his traine
 At *Phæbus* towne, where *Anius* then did raigne,
Apollo's holy Priest; who, with the rest,
 Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest:
 The City, with the sacred places, shoves;
 And trees held by *Laræ* in her throwes.
 Incense on flames, and wine on incense powr'd;
 Entrails of slaughtered beevies by fire deuour'd;
 His Guests conducts to Court: on carpet spread,
 With *Ceres* and *Ixys* bounty fed.
 When thus *Achilles*: ô to *Phæbus* deare!
 I am deceiv'd; or, when I first was here,
 Four daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.
 He shooke his head, with sacred fillets bound;
 And sighing said: ô most renown'd of men,
 I was the father of five children then:
 Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see
 Hælie childlesse; for my absent sonne to mee
 Eof small comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes
 In sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.
 I him, *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd.
 A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,
 My daughters *Bacchus* gaue; aboue their sute
 That all they toucht should presently transmute
 To wine, to corne, and to *Minerva's* oile.
 Rich in the vie. To purchase such a spoile,
 Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire,
 (Lest you should thinke we haue not borne a share
 In your mis-haps) with armed violence
 Intorc't them from me: charged to dispencc
 That heavenly gitt vnto th' *Argolian* Host.
 They scape by flight: two to *Eubœa* coast;

Two fled to *Andros*: these the Souldier
 Persude, and threaten (if vnrender'd) warre.
 Feare nature now subdu'd: his sisters were
 By him resign'd; forgiue a brothers feare.
 Not *Hector* nor *Æneas* then were by
 To guard his towne, who so long guarded *Troy*.
 About to binde their captiue armes in bands;
 Reating to heauen their yet vnchained hands,
 O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they pra'd,
 The Author of that gift presents his aid.
 (If such a losse may be accounted so)
 Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know;
 Nor yet can tell. It selfe the sequell proues;
 Conuerted to thy Wines white-feather'd Doves.

With such discourse they entertaine the feast:
 That to'ne away, dispose themselues to rest.
 With day they rose; the Oracle exquire:
 Who bids them to their ancient Nurse retire,
 And kinred shores. With them the King conuents,
 And their departure with rich gifts presents.
 A scepter to *Achilles* giues: a braue
 Rich cloke, a quiver t' *Ascanius* gaue:
 A sign'd goblet on *Æneas* prest;
 By *Thibon* *Thersis* sent him, once his Guest.
Alycan *Alcon* made what *Thersis* sent;
 And car'd thereon this ample argment.

A City with seuen gates of equall grace;
 These plainly character the name and place.
 Before it, exequies, toombs, piles, bright fires.
 Dames with spread haire, bare breasts, and torne attires,
 Decipher mourning: Nymphs appeare to weepe
 For their dry Springs: sap-sucking cankers creepe

On naked trees : Goats lick the foodlesse earth.
 In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* female birth
 Vnd inted stand : This proffers to the sword
 Her manly brest ; her hands her death afford,
 For common safety. All the people mourne ;
 And with due funerals their bodies burne.
 Yet lest the world should such a lineage lose,
 Two youths out of their virgin ashes rose.
 These *Ophi*ans wading Fame *Corone* calls :
 Who celebrate their mothers funerals.
 The antique brasse with fulgent figures shin'd :
 Whose brim neat wreaths of guilt *Acanthus* bind.

Not were the *Troian* gifts of lesse expence :
 Who gaue a Cenfor for sweet frankincense,
 An ample Chalice of a curious mold ;
 With these a crowne, that shone with gemmes and gold.

In that the *Turans* sprung from *Tekers* blood,
 They saile to *Creet* : but *Ioue* their stay with-stood.
 Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand
 For wisht *Aufonia's* destinated strand.
 Toft by rough Winter and the wrath of seas,
 They anchor at the faithlesse *Strophades*.
 Thence frighted by *Aello* ; saile away
 By steepe *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,
Samos, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Maine ;
 All subiect to the slye *Phyfes* raigne.
 Then a *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge
 Of angry Gods ; the image of the Iudge
 Behold, by them conuerted into stone :
 Now to *Asiatican Apollo* knowne.
 Then the *iodonian* vocall Oke they view ;
Chironis, while *Molossus* children flew

With

With aidfull feathers from the impious flame ;
 Next to *Pheacis*, rich in hort-yards, came ;
 Then to *Epirus* : at *Buthrotos* staid,
 Whose scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet swaid ;
 And see resembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
 By *Priam's Helenus*, that would befall,
 They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
 Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachynus* bends
 To shewie *Auster* ; flowrie *Zephyr* blowes
 On *Lilybeus* browes ; *Pelorus* shewes
 His Cliffes to *Boreas*, and the Sea expel'd
Arcturus. Vnder this their course they held
 With stretching ores ; and fauour'd by the tide,
 That night in *Zincle's* crooked harbour ride.
 The right-side dangerous *Sylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keeps the left ; on ruine bent.
 She belches swallowed ships from her profound :
 Her sable wombe, dogs euer ranning, round ;
 Yet beares a Virgins face : if all be true
 That Poets sing, she was a Virgin too.
 By many sought, as many she despis'd :
 To Nymphs of seas, of sea-nymphs highly priz'd,
 She beares her vizers ; and to them discouers
 The history of her deluded louers.
 To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said ;
 While *Sylla* comb'd her haire. You, louely Maid,
 Are lou'd of generous-minded men, whom you
 With safety may refuse, as now you doe.
 But I, great *Nereus* and blue *Doris* Seed,
 Great in so many sisters of that breed ;
 By shunning of the *Cyclops* Ioue prouok't
 A sad reuenge. Here teares her vicerance chok't.

R 3

These

These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid;
 Who, having comforted the Goddesse, said:
 Relate, ô most ador'd, nor from me keepe
 The vretched cause that makes a Goddesse weepe;
 For I am faithfull. *Neris* consents,
 And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.

The Nymph *Sirethis* bore a lovely Boy
 To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd; to them a joy;
 To vs a greater. For the sweetly-Faire
 To me an innocent affliction bare.
 His blooming youth twice told eight Natals crowne,
 And signe his cheekes with scarce appearing downe.
 As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*
 My loue persud'd; vnlike, a like extreme.
 Whether my loue to *Acis*, or my hate
 To him were more, I hardly can relate.
 Both infinite! ô *Venus*, what a powre
 Hath thy command! He still austere and sowre,
 A terror to the woods, from whom no guest
 With life escapes, accustomed to feast
 On humane flesh; who all the Gods above,
 With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to loue.
 Forgetfull of his flocks and caues, a fire
 Feeds in his brest, conuerted into desire.
 His feature now intends, now bends his care
 To please: with rakes he combs his stubborne haire;
 His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's
 Vnloids mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes;
 His thirt of blood, and loue of slaughter cease;
 Little crull now: ships come and goe in peace.
 When *Telrus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,
 Augur *Augur* *Eleus* *Enrymides*,

And

And said to *Polypheme*, thy browes large sight
 Shall by *Ulysses* be depriv'd of light.
 O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;
 A female hath already stolne that eye;
 Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
 And with extended paces stalks vpon
 The burnd shore; or weary, from the waue-
 Bet beach retireth to his gloomy caue,
 A promontory thrusts into the maine;
 Whose cliffie sides the breaking Seas restrain:
 The *Cyclop* this ascends: whose fleecy flocke
 Vnforced follow. Seated on a rocke;
 His staffe, a well-growne Pine, before him cast,
 Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;
 He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking fil-
 The far-resounding Seas, and echoing hills.
 Hid in a hollow rocke, and laid along
 By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.

O *Galatea*, more than lilly-white,
 More fresh than flowrie meads, than glasse more bright,
 Higher than Alder-trees, than kids more blithe,
 Smoother than shels whereon the surges driue,
 More wisht than winters Sun, or Summers aire,
 More sweet than grapes, than apples far more rare,
 Cleerer than Ice, more seemly than tall Planes,
 Softer than tender curds, or downe of Swans,
 More faire, if fixt, than Gardens by the fall
 Of springs in chace. Though thus, thou art withall
 More fierce than saluage bulls, who know no yoke,
 Then waues more giddy, harder than the oke,
 Than vines or willow twigs more easly bent,
 More stiffe than rocks, than streames more violent,

R 4

Prouder

Prouder than Peacocks prais'd, more rash than fire,
 Than Beares more cruell, sharper than the brier,
 Deafer than Seas, more tell than tread-on Snake;
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
 More speedy than the Hound-perfued Hind,
 Or chased clouds, or than the flying wind.
 If knowne to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;
 Curse thy delay, and labour my content.
 For I haue Caves within the liuing stone;
 To Summers heat, and Winters cold vnknowne:
 Trees charg'd with Apples, spreading Vines that hold
 A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.
 For thee I these preferue, affected Maid.
 Thou Straw-berries shalt gather in the shade,
 Autumnall cornels, plummies with azure rin'd,
 And wax-like yellow, of a generous kind;
 Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou bee,
 Nor scalded wildings: seru'd by euery tree.
 These flocks are ours: in vallies many stray,
 Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
 Ne can I, should you aske, their number tell:
 Who number theirs, are poore. How these excell,
 Releue not me, but credit your owne eyes:
 See how their Vdders part their stradling thighes.
 I in my sheep-coats haue new-weaned lambs;
 And sucking kids late taken from their dains.
 New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheefe well prest,
 Are neuer wanting for thy pallats feast.
 Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
 Of calic purchase, or what are not rare:
 Deere, red and tallow, Roes, light-footed hares,
 Nests feild from cliftes, and doves product by paires.

A

A rugged Beares rough twins I found vpon
 The mountaines late, scarce from each other knowne,
 For thee to play with: finding these, I said,
 My Mistris you shall serue. Come louely Maid,
 Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,
 Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts despise.
 I know my selfe; my image in the brooke
 I lately saw, and therein pleasure tooke.
 Behold how great! not *Jupiter* about
 (For much you talke I know not of what *Ioue*)
 Is larged siz'd: curls on my browes displai'd,
 Affright; and like a groue my shoulders shade.
 Nor let it your esteeme of me impair,
 That all my body bristles with thicke haire.
 Trees without leaues, and horses without manes,
 Are sights vnseemely: grasse adorne the planes,
 Woolle sheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face
 A beard becomes: the skin rough bristles grace.
 Amid my fore-head shines one onely light;
 Round, like a mighty Shield, and cleere of sight.
 The Sun all objects sees beneath the skie:
 And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
 Besides your Seas obey my fathers throne:
 I giue you him for yours. Doe you alone
 Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant heare:
 To you I onely bow; you onely feare.
 Heauen, *Jupiter*, his lightning I despise:
 More dread the lightning of my angry eyes.
 And yet your scorne my patience lesse would mend,
 Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Acis* loue,
 And slight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
 Although himselfe he please; and pleaseth thee,

R 5

Which

The shore a meddow bounds; whereof one side
 Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
 On this nor horned cattle euer fed,
 Nor harmlesse sheep, nor gotes on mountaines bred.
 No bees from hence their thighs with honey lade;
 Those flowers no geniall garlands euer made:
 That grasle ne're cut with sithes. Of mortals I
 First thither came; my nets hung vp to dry.
 While I expos'd the fishes which I tooke;
 By their credulity hung on my hooke,
 Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behoue?
 Yet such it seemes) my prey began to moue,
 Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.
 While I neglekt their stay, and wondering stood;
 They all by flight auoiding my command,
 Together left their owner and the land.
 Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,
 If eicher God, or Herbe, this wonder wrought.
 What herbe, said I, hath such a powre? in haste
 An herbe I pul'd, and gaue it to my taste.
 No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke:
 When forth with I another nature tooke.
 Nor could refraine; but said, O Earth, my last
 Farewell receiue! in seas my selfe I cast.
 The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my reccit
 Into their sacred fellowship, intreat
 Both *Teityr* and *Oceanus*, that they
 Would take, what euer mortall was, away.
 Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times
 Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
 And made me couch beneath a hundred streames.
 Forth-with the riuers rush from sundry Realmes;

And

And sea-rai'd surges roule about my crowne.
 As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,
 Another body, and another mind;
 Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.
 Thus much of Wonder I remember well:
 Thence-forth insensible of what befell.
 Then first of all this sea-greene beard I saw,
 These dangling lockes, which through the deepe I draw;
 Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;
 And thighes which in a fishes taile vnite.
 What boots this forme? my grace with Gods of seas?
 Or that a God? If thou affect not these?
 While this he spake, and would haue vttered more,
 Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
 His loues repulse: whom strong desires transport
 To great *Titanias* *Circes* horrid Court.

OVID'S

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The Fourteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

*IN*chanted Scylla, *hens'd* with horrid shapes,
Becomes a Rocke, Cercopeans turn'd to Apes,
Sibylla weaves a Voice. Vlysses men
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd again.
Picus a Bird: his Followers. Beasts. Disbaird
Refuses sad-singing Canens into Aire.
The Mares of Diomed unreconcil'd
Idalia turnes to Fowle. An Olinus wild
Rude Apulus decipher. Turnus burns
Aeneas ships: the Berecynthia turnes
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcindus Ship with ioy
Behold a Rocke. The Trojan flames destroy
Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs
A magick Herne, that bears them on her wing.
Aeneas, Dis'd. Vertumnus tries
All shapes. Rhamnusia; for her crannies,
Congeals proud Anaxarete to Stone.
Cold Fonteinus boile with heat. T a heavenly shew
Mars Romulus assumes. Herfilia
Like grass recines: who loyes in equal sway.

*N*OW Glaucus, thron'd in rumid floods, had pass
High Aëna, on the lawes of Typhon cast;

Cyclops

Cyclops fields, where neuer oxen drew
 The furrowing plough, nor euer tillage knew;
Crookt Zancle; *Rhegium* on the other side;
 The wrackfull Straights, whose double bounds diuide
Sicilia from *Aufonia*: forward driues
 Through spacious *Tyrrhen* Seas; at length arriues
 At hearbic Hills, *Phæbean* *Circes* seat,
 With sundry formes of monstrous beaſts repleat.
 When, mutually ſaluting, *Glaucus* ſaid:

A God, o Goddeſſe, pitie: on your aid
 Alone relies (if my deſert might moue
 So deare a grace) th' aſſwagement of my Loue.
 For none than I, *Titania*, better knows
 The powre of hearbs, that am transform'd by thoſe.
 T'informe you better, in *Italia*
 Againſt *Meſſenia*, on a ſandie Bay,
 I *Scylla* ſaw: it ſhames me to recite
 My ſlighted court ſhip, answered by her flight.
 Doe thou, if charmes auaiſe, in charmes vntie
 Thy ſacred tongue: or ſoueraigne Hearbs apply,
 If of more powre. Yet I aſſect no cure,
 Nor end of Loue: like heat let her indure.

But *Circe* (none to ſuch deſires more prone,
 Or that the cauſe is in her ſelfe alone;
 Or ſtung by *Venus* angry influence,
 In that her Father publiſht her offence)
 Reply'd: The willing with more eaſe perſue;
 Who wiſh the ſame, whom equall flames ſubdue.
 For thou o well deſer'ſt to be perſuade:
 Giue hope, and, credit me, thou ſhalt be woo'd.
 Reſt therefore of thy beautie confident:
 Loe, I, a Goddeſſe, radiant *Sols* deſcent,

In

In hearbs ſo potent, and no leſſe in charmes;
 Proffer my ſelfe, and pleaſures to thy armes.
 Scorne her that ſcornes thee; her, that ſeckes, perſue:
 And in one deed reuenge thy ſelfe of two.

Glaucus reply'd to her who ſought him ſo:
 Firſt ſhady groues ſhall on the billowes grow,
 And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remoue;
 Ere I (and *Scylla* liuing) change my loue.
 The Goddeſſe frets: who ſince ſhe neither could
 Deſtroy a Deitie, nor, louing, would;
 On her, prefer'd before her, bends her ire:
 And high-incenſed with repulſe deſire,
 Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects
 Together grindes; and *Hecats* charmes iniects:
 A ſullen robe indues, the Court forſakes
 Through throngs of fawning beaſts: her iourney takes
 To *Rhegium* oppoſite to *Zancle's* ſhore;
 And treads the troubled waues that lowdly rore.
 Running with vnwet feet on that Profound;
 As if ſhe had trod vpon the ſolid ground.
 A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
 Bent like a bow; ſconſt from the Seas and ſkies
 Diſtemper, when the high-pitcht Sunne inuades
 The World with hotteſt beames, and ſhortens ſhades.
 Thus with portentous poiſons ſhe pollutes;
 Beſprinkled with the iuyce of wicked roots:
 In words darke and ambiguous, nine-times thrice
 Inchantments mutters with her magicke voice.
 Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waſte,
 Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbract.
 Starts backe: at firſt not thinking that they were
 Part of her ſelfe; but rates them, and doth feare

Their

Their threatening iawes : but those, from whom she flies,
She with her hailes. Then looking for her thighes,
Her legs, and feet; in stead of them she found
The mouthes of *Cerberus*; inuiron'd round
With rau'ning Curres: the backs of saluage beasts
Support her groune; whereon her belly rests.

Kinde *Glauceus* wept; and *Circes* bed refus'd:
Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.

Put *Sylla* still remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cause destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.
And had the *Troian* naue drown'd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate
Into a Rocke: the stony Prodigie
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men flie.

This, and *Charybdis* past with stretching oares;
The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Ausonian* shores,
Crosse winds, and violent, to *Libya* draue.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gaue
Aeneas harbor: with impatience beares
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile she reares,
Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
Vpon his sword: deceiu'd, deceiuing all.
Flying from *Caribage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd;
There where his faithfull friend *Acefes* raig'n'd.
His fathers funeralls re-solemniz'd,
He jets to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd
By *ius* flames. *Hippolade's* Command,
The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rockie Strand
Of *Achelolian Sirens* leauing, lost
His Pilot: to *Iuarime* then crost,
To *Probita*, and *Pitt'ecusa*, wall'd
With barren hilles; so of her people call'd.

For *Iupiter*, detesting much the flie
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* periury,
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;
Although vnlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limbes, their noses from their browes
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;
And, couering them with yellow haire, affords
This dwelling; first depriuing them of words,
So much abus'd to periury and wrongs:
Who jabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.

Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Misenus on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpetor: thence, past
By slimie Marishes, and anchor cast
At *Cuma*; entring long-lie'd *Sibyls* caues.
A passage through obscure *Auernus* craues
T' his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception fill'd, in sacred rage reply'd.
Great things thou seek'st, o thou so magnifi'd
For mighty deeds: thy piety through flame,
Thy arme through Armies consecrate thy name.
Yet feare not, *Troian*, thy desires inioy:
T' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernall Monarchie,
And Fathers Shade, I will thy person guide:
No way to noble Vertue is denide.

Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Auernian Iuno's* Hort-yard grew:
And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.
Aeneas her obeyes: and now doth see
The Spoiles of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-fires, lost
In death, and great *Antifises* aged Ghost.

Is by his bounty : that the *Cyclops* fowle
 And hungry maw had not deuour'd my Soule :
 That now I may be buried when I die ;
 Or at the least, not in his entrailes lie.
 O what a heart had I ! with feare bereft
 Of soule and sense ! when I behinde was left,
 And saw your flight ! I had an Out-cry made,
 But that afraid to haue my selfe betray'd.
 Yours, almost had *Phyllis* ship destroy'd.
 I saw him riu out of the mountaines side
 A solid rocke, and dart it on the Maine :
 I saw the furious Giant once againe,
 When mightie stones with monstrous strength he slung :
 Like quairies by a warlike engine slung.
 Left ship should sinke with waues and stones I feare :
 Not then remembring, that I was not there.
 He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,
 O're *Aetna* paces ; sighing clouds of breath :
 And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,
 Incounters rustling rockes : mad with despight
 Extends his bloody armes to vnder waues,
 The *Greekes* periles with curses ; and thus raues.

O would some God *Phyllis* would ingage,
 Or some of his, to my insatiate rage !
 I'd gnaw his heart, his liuing members rend,
 Golpe downe his bloud till it againe ascend,
 And craih his panting sinewes. O, how light
 A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight !

This spake, and more. My ioynts pale horror shooke,
 To see his grin, and slaughter-meared looke,
 His bloody hands, his eyes deserted seat,
 Vast limbes, and beard with humane gore concreat.

Death

Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay :)
 Now thought my selfe surpriz'd ; now, that I lay,
 Sou't in his paunch. That time presents my view,
 When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :
 Then on them like a shagged Lion lies ;
 Their entrailes, flesh, yet mouing arteries,
 White marrow, with crast bones, at once deuoures.
 I, sad, and bloudlesse stood : feare chill'd my powres,
 Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food ;
 Raw lumpes of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
 Euen such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
 Long lying hid, afraid of euery sound,
 A'horring death, yet coueting to die ;
 With mast, and hearbs repelling famine ; I,
 Alone, torlorne, to death and torment left,
 Thus slip espy'd : this by my gestures west,
 I ranne to shore, nor safety vainly seeke :
 A *Troian* vessell entertain'd a *Greeke*.

Now, worthy friend, your owne aduentures tell ;
 And what, since first you put to sea, befell.

He told how *Aeolus* reign'd in *Thasian* Seas,
 Storme-fettering *Aeolus* *Hippotades*,
 Who nobly gaue to their *Dulichian* Guide
 A wind, inclosed in an oxes hide.
 Nine daies they sailed with successfull gales ;
 Sought shores descry'd : the tenth had blancht their sailes ;
 When greedy Sailers, thinking to haue found
 A masse of enuy'd gold, the wind vnbound.
 This though rough seas the Naue backward driues,
 Which at the *Aeolian* port againe arriues.
 To *Leirigonian* *Lamus* ancient towne
 From thence, said he, we came. That countries crowne

Aniplate;

Proffering th'insidious Cup, her magicke wand
 About to raise, he thrusts her from her stand;
 And with drawne sword the trembling Goddess frights,
 When vowed faith with her faire hand shee plights;
 And grac't him with her nuptiall bed: who then
 Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.
 Sprinkled with bitter iuyce, her wand reuerst
 About our crownes, and charmes with charmers disperst;
 The more she chants, we grow the more vpright,
 Our busles shed, our clouen feet vnite,
 Shoulders and armes possesse their former grace.
 With teares our weeping Generall we imbrace,
 And hang about his necke: nor scarce a word
 Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.
 From hence our passe was for a yeere defer'd;
 In that long time much saw I, and much heard:
 Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd
 For sacred seruice) closely this declar'd.
 For while my Chiefe with *Circe* sports alone,
 Shee shew'd a youthfull Image of white stone
 Clos'd in a Shrine, with crownes imbellished;
 Who bare a Wood-pecker vpon his head.
 Demanding whose it was, why placed there,
 Why he that Bird vpon his summit bare?
 I will, reply'd she, *o Macareus*, tell
 In this my Mistis power: obserue me well.
Saturnian Picus in *Ausonia* reign'd,
 Who generous horses for the battle train'd.
 His forme, such as you see: whom had you knowe,
 You would haue ta'ne this feature for his owne.
 His minde as beautifull. Nor yet could hee
 Four *Graces* wrappings in th'*Olympicks* see.

The

The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,
 His lookes attract: nor Nymphs of fountaines scorne
 To sue for pittie. Those whom *Albula*,
Nunibus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
 And headie: *Nar* sustaine, the shadie Flood
 Of *Farfarnus*, the *Scythian Cynthias* woo'd.
 Inuiron'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes.
 Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:
 Who whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire
Venilia to the two fac'd *Ianus* bare.
 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptiall bed.
 Her beauty admirable: yet more fam'd
 For arefull song; and thereof *Canens* nam'd.
 Her voice the woods and rockes to passion moues;
 Tames saluage beasts, the troubled Riuers smooths,
 Detaines their hasty course; and, when she sings,
 The birds neglect the labour of their wings.
 While her sweet voice celestiall musicke yeelds;
 Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields
 The saluage Bore, vpon a fiery Steed;
 Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
 With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came
 The daughter of the Sunne; who left her name.
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
 Her sacred lap with dewie Simples fills.
 Seeing vnseene, his sight her sense amaz'd:
 The gathered hearbs tell from her as she gaz'd:
 Whose bones a marrow-melting flame inclos'd.
 But when she her distraction had compos'd;
 About t'impart her wish, attendancie,
 And swiftnesse of his horse, accellie denie.

S 2

Thom

Thou shalt not so escape, said shee, altho'
 The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,
 If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least
 My trust deceiue not. Then creates a Beast
 Without a body, bid to runne before
 The Kings persuit; and made the ayrie Bore
 To take a thicket, where no horse could force
 His bart'd access. He leaues his foming horse
 On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,
 With equall hopes? and through the Forrest straid.
 New Vowes she straight conceiue, and implores:
 And Gods vnknowne with vnknowne charmes adores.
 Wherewith inur'd t'eclipse the pale-fac't Moone:
 And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noone.
 And now with pitchie fogs obscures the Day,
 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way
 In that deceitfull Night, and from him straid.
 When shee, the time and place besitting said:

By those faire eyes, which haue intrall'd mine;
 And by that all-alluring face of thine,
 Which makes a Goddesse sue; allwage the fire
 By thee incens'd; and take vnto thy Sire
 The all-illuminating Sunne: nor proue
 Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* loue.

Her, and her prayers, despis'd; What ere thou art,
 I am not thine, said he: my captiue heart
 Another holds; and may she hold it long.
 Nor will I with externall *Venus* wrong
 Our nuptiall faith, so long as Fate shall giue
 Life to my veines, and *Janns* daughter lue.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;
 Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor againe

Returne

Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,
 A wronged Louer, and a Woman too;
 Thou shalt, said shee, by sad experience proue?
 For I a woman, wrong'd and wrong'd in loue.
 Twice turnes she to the East, twice to the West;
 Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes exprest.
 He flies; at his vnwonted speed admir'd;
 Then saw the feathers which his skinne attir'd:
 Who forth with seekes the woods; and angry still,
 Hard okes assailes, and wounds them with his bill.
 His wings the purple of his cloake assume;
 The gold that claspt his garment turnes to plume,
 And now his necke with golden circle chaines:
 Of *Picus* nothing but his name remaines.

The Courtiers *Picus* call, and seek him round
 About the fields, that was not to be found.
 Yet *Circe* finde (for now the day grew faire,
 The Sunne and Winds set free to cleanse the aire)
 And charge her with true crimes: their King demand
 With threatening looks, and weapons in their hand.
 Shee sprinkles them with iuyce of wicked might.
 From *Erebus* and *Chaos* coniures Night,
 With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreats
 With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seats,
 Trees pale their leaues, Hearbes blush with drops of gore,
 Earth groines, dogs howle, rockes horcelly seeme to rore:
 Vpon the tainted ground blacke Serpents slide;
 And through the aire vnbody'd Spirits glide.
 Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,
 Shee strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
 Forthwith the shapes of Saluage beasts inuest
 Their former formes; nor one his owne possesse.

S 3

Phæbus

Phabus now entring the *Tartessian* Maine,
Sad Canens with her eyes and soule, in vaine
 Expects her Spouse. Her seruants shee excites
 To runne about the woods with blazing lights.
 Who not content to weepe, to teare her haire,
 And beat her breasts (though those present her care)
 In haste forsakes her rooffe; and franticke, strays
 Through broad-spreed fields. Six nights, as many dayes,
 Without or sleepe, or sustenance, shee fled
 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
 Now tir'd with grieue and trauell, *Tybris* last
 Beheld the Nymph: on his coole bankes she cast
 Her feeble limbes: there weepes, and weeping sung
 Her sorrowes with a softly warbling tongue.
 Euen so the dying Swan with low-raisd breath,
 Sings her owne exequies before her death.
 At length her manow melts with griefes despaire:
 And by degrees she vaniseth to Aire.
 Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
 Which of the Nymph the Rurall *Canens* name.

In that long yeere, much, and such deeds as these
 I saw and heard. Vn-neru'd with restie ease,
 Againe we put to Sea: by *Circes* told
 Of our hard passage, and the manifold
 Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
 (I must confesse) and here arriuing, staid.

Macareus ends. *Caicta* Vne-inclos'd,
 This verse had on her marble tombe impos'd.
 Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child mee
Caicta burnt; from *Gracian* fires set free,

They loose their cables from the grassie strand;
 Auiding *Circes* guilefull palace, stand

For

For those tall groues, where *Tybris*, darke with shades,
 In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streames vnclades.
 The throne of *Faunus* sonne, the *Latian* starre
Lanini gaine; but not without a warre.
 Warre with a furious Nation is commensl;
 Sterne *Turnus* for his promist wife incesnt:
 While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarms:
 Hard victory long sought with penfure armes.
 To get Recrutes from torren States they try.
 Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.
 Nor to *Euanders* towne *Aeneas* went
 In vaine: though vainly *Venus* was sent
 To banisht *Diomed*: *Cirie*, late immour'd:
 Those fields *Iapygian* *Dannus* had insur'd
 To him in dowre. When *Venus* had done
 His embassie to *Tydem* warlike sonne:
 The Prince excus'd his aid; as loth to draw
 The subiects of his aged father in law
 T'vnnecessary warre: that none remaine
 Of his to arme. Left you should thinke I faine;
 Though repetition So row renouates;
 Yet, while I suffer, heare the worst of fates.

After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
 And lofty *Ithum* ted the *Gracian* flame:
 A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
 Her Vengeance, to *Quilus* due, on all.
 Scattered on faithlesse Seas with furious stormes,
 We, wretched *Gracians*, suffer'd all the formes
 Of horror: lightning, night, showres, wrath of skies,
 Of Seas, and dire *Cyprean* cruelties.
 To abridge the story of so sad a fate;
 Now *Prism* would haue pittied our estate:

S 4

Yet

Yet *Pallas* snatcht me from the swallowing Maine;
 Then from my vngratefull Country cha't againe.
 For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,
 New woes inflicts. Much on the vast profound,
 Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I
 Oft call'd them happy, whom the iniury
 Of publike tempests, and importunate
Caphareus drown'd: and now enuid their fate.
 The worst indur'd; with seas and battles tyr'd,
 My men an end of their long toyle desir'd.
 But *Amon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
 By vsuall slaughters: What remains (he said)
 O mates, which now our patience would eschue?
 Though willing, what can *Cytheres* doe
 More than sh'hath done? when worse mishaps affright,
 Then prayers auaille: but when Mis-fortunes spight
 Her worst inflicts, then feare is of no vse:
 And height of ill, securitie produce.
 Let *Venus* heare: although she hate vs all,
 As all she hates that serue our Generall)
 Yet let vs all despise her emptie hate;
 Whose Powre hath made vs so vnfortunate.

Pluton on *Amon* angry *Venus* slung:
 Reuenge reuiuing with his lauish tongue.
 Few like his words the most severely chid
 His tongues excess. About to haue reply'd,
 His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,
 His haire conuerts to plume; plumes couer all
 His necke, backe, bosome: larger feathers spring
 From his rough armes, and now his elbowes wing.
 His feet diuide to toes, hard horne extends
 From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.

Rhetor,

Rhetor, *Nyctem*, *Lycus*, *Abas*, *Ide*,
 Admire! and in their admiration try'd
 Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew
 Forthwith new Fowle; and round about vs flew.
 If you inquire, what shape their owne vn-mans;
 They are not, yet are like to siluer Swans.
 These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,
 As sonne in law to *Danaus*, scarce inioy.

Thus faire *Oenides*. *Venus* forsakes
Tydid Kingdome: by *Puteoli* takes
 His way, and through *Metapia*: there suruaid
 A Caue, inuiron'd with a syluan shade,
 Distilling streames. By halfe-goat *Pan* possist:
 Which erit the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.
 They terrified at first with sudden dread,
 From home bred *Apulus*, the shepheard, fled.
 Straight, taking heart, despised his persuit:
 And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
 He scoffes: their motion clowne-like imitates:
 Not only raileth, but obscenely prates.
 Nor ceaseth, till a tree inuests his throte;
 A tree whose berries his behauiour note:
 An oliue wilde, which bitter fruit affords,
 Becomes; dis-seasned with his bitter words.

Th'Embassador returnes without the sought
Aetolian succours: the *Rutulians* fought
 Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:
 Whole streames of bloud from mutuall wounds deriu'd.
 Loc, fire-brands to the Naue *Turnus* beares:
 And what escaped drowning, burning feares.
 Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,
 Now *Vulcan* feed: the hungrie flames aspire

S s

Vp

Vp to the sailes along the lofty mast ;
 And catch the yards, with curling smoke embrac't.
 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
 Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida*feld ;
 Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs vs her'd her repaire :
 Who, drawne by bridled Lions through the aire,
 Thus said : Thy wicked hands to small effect,
 O *Turnus* violate, what we protect.
 Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those
 Tall Woods deuoure, which shelter our repose.
 With that she thunders, powring downe amaine
 Thicke stormes of skipping haile, and clouds of raine,
 Th' *African* Sonnes in swift concursions ioyne ;
 Tossing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.
 One thee imployes, whose speed the rest out-strips ;
 That brake the Cables of the *Phygyan* Ships,
 And draue them vnder the high-swelling Flood.
 The timber fortens, flesh proceeds from wood,
 The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,
 The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet and toes ;
 What were their holds, to ribbed sides are growne,
 The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone ;
 The yards to armes, to haire the rackling grew :
 As formerly, so now, their colour blew.
 And they, but lately of the floods afraid ;
 Now in the floods, with vigin pastime, plaid.
 These Sea-nymphs, borne on mountanes, celebrate
 The Seas, for settull of their former state.
 Yet weighing, what themselves so oft endur'd
 On high-wrought waues, oft sinking ships secur'd ;
 Hence, sing to h, as *Gracians* carry : thole
 The hate, memorious of the *Troian* toyes.

Who

Who saw *Vlysses* ships in surges queld
 With pleased eyes, with pleased eyes beheld
Alcinous ship, in swiftnesse next to none,
 Vnmoueable ; the wood transform'd to stone.
 'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright
 The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.
 Both parts persist, both haue their Gods to friend ;
 And Valour no lesse potent : nor contend
 Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,
 Nor dotall Kingdome ; but for faire renowne :
 Asham'd to lay their brused armes aside,
 Till death or conquest had the quarrell tride.
Venus her sonne victorious sees at length.
 Great *Turnus* fell ; strong *Aida* falls, of streng h
 While *Turnus* stood, decour'd by barbarous flame,
 In dying cinders buried. From the same
 A Fowle, vnknowne to former ages, springs ;
 And fannes the ashes with her howering wings.
 Pale colour, leanenelle, shreeking sounds of woe,
 The image of a captiue City show.
 Who also still the Cities name retaines :
 And with selfe-beating wings of Fate complaines,
 And now *Aeneas* vertues terminate
 The wrath of Gods, and *Ioue's* ancient hate.
 An opulent foundation hauing laid
 For young *Iulus*, by his merit made
 Now fit for Heauen : the Powre, who rules in Loue
 The Gods solicits ; then, imbracing *Ioue* :
 O Father, neuer yet to me vnkinde ;
 Now & enlarge the bountie of thy minde.
 A God-head, meane, so it a God-head be,
Aeneas giue ; that art to him by me.

A

A Grand-father: th'vn-amiable realmes
Suffice it once t'haue seene, and S ygiar streames.

The Gods agree; nor *Iuno*'s lookes dissent.
Who with a chearefull freenesse forward bent.
Then *Ioue*; He well deserues a Deity:
Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy will enioy.
Shee, ioyfull, thanks returne: and through the aire,
Dawne by he: yoked Dones, lights on the bare
L. uentian shores; where smooth *Numicius* creeps
Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.
What his him from *Aeneas* wash away
All into death obnoxious, and conuay
It silently to Seas. The horned Flood
O' eyes; and what subsists by mortall food,
With water purg'd, and only left behinde
His better parts. His mother they refine
Anoints with sacred odors, and his lips
In Nectar, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
So deif'd: whom *Indus* *Rome* calls;
Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festiualls.

Two-nam'd *Ascanius* *Latium* then obey'd,
And *Alba*: next, the scepter *Sylvius* swai'd.
His sonne *Latinus*, held that ancient name,
And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Cypus*. *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His signe: who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters; gaue
Those streames his name: who *Remulus* got, and brave-
Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slaine
With thunder; who the Thunder durstaine.
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne
To *Anulius*: vpon the Mount wher con

He

He raig'n'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines.
Ouer the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.

Pomona flourish't in those times of ease:
Of all the *Latian* *Hamadryades*,
None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.
Thereof so nam'd. Nor steames, nor shade groues,
But trees producing generous burdens loues.
Her hand a hooke, and not a iauelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
Transcend their bounds; now slits the barke, the bud
Inserts; inforc't to nurse an others brood.
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loues vnknowne desires: yet to defend
Her selfe from rapefull *Rurals*, round about
Her Hort-yard walls; t'auoid, and keepe them out.
What lest the skipping *Satyr*s vn-assai'd;
Rude *Pan*, whose hornes Pine-brisk'd garlands shade;
Silenns, still more youthfull than his yeares;
Or he who thecues with hooke, and member feares,
To taste her sweetnesse? but farre more than all
Vermunus loues; yet were his hopes as small.
How often, like a painfull Reaper, came,
Laden with weighty sheafes; and seem'd the same!
Oft wreathes of new mow'd grasse his browes array;
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A gode now in his hardned hands he beares,
And newly seemes to haue vn yok't his Steeres.
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke
Corrects, and dresses; oft a lather tooke

To

To gather fruit: now with his crooked skeine
 A Souldier seemes; an Angler with his cane:
 And various figures daily multiplies
 To winne access, and please his longing eyes.
 Now, with a staffe, an old-wife counterfeits;
 On hoie haire, a painted miter sets.
 The Hort-yard entering, admires the faire
 And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare
 Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enioy,
 Haile spotlesse flowre of Maiden chastity:
 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,
 (So innocent; that old-wives kist not so.
 Then, sitting on a banke, obserueth how
 The pregnant boughs with Autums burthen bow.
 Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:
 This praising, with the Vine so closely ioynd;
 Yet, said he, if this Elme should grow alone,
 Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
 And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
 If but dis-ioynd, would creepe vpon the ground.
 Yet art not thou by such examples led:
 But thun'st the pleasures of a happy bed.
 Nor would thou wouldst: not *Helen* was so sought,
 Nor she for whom the lustfull *Centaures* fought,
 As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold
 And timorous *Vheses*. Yet, behold
 Though thou auerte to all, and all eschue;
 A thousand men, Gods, denu-gods, persue
 Thy constant loine; and euery deathlesse Powre
 Which *Alia*'s high and shady hils imbowe.
 Put thou, it wile, it thou'lt well married be;
 Or an old woman trust, who credit me,

Affect

Affects thee more than all the rest, refuse
 These common wooers, and *Vertumnus* choose.
 Accept me for his gage; since so well none
 Can know him; by himselfe nor better knowne.
 He is no wanderer, her's his delight:
 Nor lowes, like common louers, at first sight.
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be:
 His life he onely dedicates to thee.
 Besides his youth perpetuall; excellent
 His beaurie; and all shapes can represent.
 With what you will, what euer hath a name;
 Such shall you see him. Your delights the same:
 The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
 Which ioyfully he still accepts from you.
 But neither what these pregnant trees produce
 He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant iuyce:
 Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take!
 And what I speake, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.
 Reuengefull Gods, *Idalia*, still seuer
 To such as slight her, and *Ramnusia* seare.
 The more to fright you from so foule a crime,
 Receiue (since much I know from aged Time)
 A story, generally through *Cyprus* knowne;
 To mollifie a heart more hard than stone.
Iphigeneia, of humble birth, by chance did view
 The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew
 Her bloud from *Taucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
 Extracts a fire, wherein his bolome fries.
 Long struggling, when no reason could reclaime
 His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.
 Now to her Nurse his wretched loue displaid;
 And by her toller'd hopes implor'd her aid:

Now

Now humbly sues to some of most repute
 In her affection, to prefer his suit.
 Sad letters oft his desperate passions beares:
 Oft myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his teares,
 Hangs on the posts: the stonie threshold lades
 With his soft sides, and rigid doores vp-braids.
 But she more cruell than the seas, imbroyl'd
 With rising stormes; more hard than iron, boyl'd
 In fire-red turnaces; or rooted rocks;
 Disdaines the louer, and his passion mocks:
 Who to her forward deeds addes bitter words
 Of no lesse scorne; nor hope to loue affords.
 Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
 These words, his last, he vtters at her gate.

O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o're come!
 Nor shall my life be longer wearisome:
 To thy disdaine. Triumph, ô too vnkind!
 Sing *Pans*, and thy browes with laurell bind.
 Thou hast o're-come; loe, willingly I die:
 Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell ioy.
 Yet is there something in me, ne're the lesse,
 That thou wilt raise; and my deserts confesse.
 Thinke how my loue my heart no sooner left
 Then life it selfe: of both at once bereft.
 Nor rumor, but euen I will death present
 In such a forme, as shall thy pride content.
 But O you Gods, if you our actions see
 (This onely I implore) remember me!
 Let after ages celebrate my name:
 And what you take from life, afford me same.

Then heaues his meger armes and wary eyes
 To those knowne posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and eyes

A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he said,
 Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
 Then turning toward her, he forward sprung:
 When by the neck th'vnhappy louer hung.
 Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open flies
 The sounding wicket; and the deed descries.
 The seruants shrecke; the Vainely raised bore
 This mothers house; his father dead before.
 His breathlesse corps she in her bosome plac't;
 And in her armes his key-cold limbs imbrac't.
 Lamenting long, as wofull parents vse;
 And having paid a wofull mothers dues;
 The mournfull Funerall through the City led:
 And to prepared fires conueyes the dead.
 This sorrowfull ProceSSION passing by
 Her house, which bordering on the way, their cry
 To th'cares of *Anaxarete* arriues:
 Whom now sterne *Nemesis* to ruine driues
 Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:
 And forth-with to the lofty window highes.
 When seeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed;
 Her eyes grew stiffe; bloud from her visage fled,
 Vnipt by palenesse. Striving to retire,
 Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire
 Diuert her looks: for now her stony heart
 It selfe dilated into euery part.
 This *Salamis* yet keeps, to cleere your doubt,
 In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
 Inform'd by this, ô louely Nymph, decline
 Thy former pride, and to thy louer ioyne.
 So may thy fruits suruiue the Vernal frost:
 Nor after by the rapfull winds be tost.

When

When this the God, who can all shapes indue,
Had said in vaine; againe himselfe he grew:
Th'abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.
And such himselfe vnto the Nymph disclos'd,
As when the Sunne, subduing with his reyes
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies.
Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Strucke with his beauty, mutually they bleed.

Vniust *Amulius* next th' *Ausonian* State
Py strength vsurpt. The nephewes to the late
Depos'd *Numitor*, him re-inthrone:
Who *Rome*, in *Pal'es* Feasts, immur'd with stone.
Now *Tatius* leades the *Sabine* Sires to warre.
Tarperia's hands her fathers gates vnbarre:
To death with armelets prest; her treasons meed.
The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolues proceed
T'invade their sleeping sonnes, and seek to seaze
Vpon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Iuno* opens: though no noise at all
The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall
Desery'd by *Venus*: who had put it too;
But Gods may not, what Gods haue done, vndo.
Ausonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Lanns* held, inclosed with a spring.
Their aid sh'implores. The Nymphs could not deny
A sute so iust, but all their fouds vntie.
As yet the Fane of *Ianns* open stood:
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
Beneath the fruitfull spring they sulphure turne;
Whose hollow veines with blacke bitumen burne:
With these the vapours penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,

The

The fire it selfe in seruour dare prouoke:
Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.
These new-raisd streames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.
By *Romulus* then in *Batalia* led:
The *Roman* fields the slaughtered *Sabines* spred;
Their owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,
With wicked Steele, blood from each other draw.
Atlength conclude a peace; nor would contend
Vnto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend
With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* slaine,
Both Nations vnder *Romulus* remaine.
When *Mars* laid by his shining caske; and then
Thus spake vnto the Sire of Gods, and men.
Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is growne
To such a greatnesse, and depends on One)
To put in act thy neuer-failing word;
And *Romulus* a heavenly throne afford.
You, in a synod of the Gods, profest
(Which still I carry in my thankfull brest)
That one of mine (this I now ratifie I)
Should be aduanc't vnto the starry skie.

Ioue condescends: with clouds the day benighes;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the signe of his assumption,
Leanes on his lance, and strongly vaults vpon
His bloody Chariot; lashes his hot horses
With sounding whips, and their full speed inforces:
Who, scouring downe the ayrie region, staid
On faire mount *Palatine*, obscur'd with shade:
There *Romulus* assumeth from his Throne,
Vn-kinglike rendering iustice to his owne.

Rapt

Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waste,
Like melting Bullets by a Slinger cast:
More heavenly faire, more fit for lofty shrines;
Our great and scarlet-clad *Quirinus* shines.

Then *Iuno* to the sad *Herfiliæ*
(Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliuer this Command.
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;
Thy sexes glory: worthy then the vow
Of such a husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppress thy teares. If thy desire to see
Thy husband so exceed, then follow mee
Vnto those woods, which on mount *Querin* spring;
And shade the temple of the *Roman* King.

Iris obeyes: and by her painted Bow
Downe-sliding, so much lets *Herfiliæ* know.
When she, scarce lifting vp her modest eyes:
O Goddess (which of all the Deities
I know not; sure a Goddess) thou cleerelight,
Conduct me, ô conduct me to the sight
Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates shall shew,
They heauen on me, with all the gifts, bestow.
Then, with *Thammanias* entering the high
Romulan Hills, a Star shot from the Skie,
Whose golden beames inflam'd *Herfiliæ*'s haire;
When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.
The Builder of the *Roman* City tooke
Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke:
To whom the name of *Ora* he assign'd.
This Goddess now is to *Quirinus* ioyn'd.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Blacke Stones conuert to White. Pythagoras.
In Ilium's lingering warre Euphorbus was.
Of transformations, of the change of things,
And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.
Recor'd Hippolytus is deified;
Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius hide.
Ageria shewes inso a Spring. From Earth
Trophetick Tages takes his wonderfull birth.
A Speare a Tree. Grams Cippus vertues shew
The rovine, his Hornes present. Apollo's Son
Assumes a Serpens shape. The Soule of *Varre*,
Great *Cæsar*, flames, becomes a Blazing Starre.

Meanwhile, a man is sought that might sustaine
So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne
Of such a King: when true-foreshewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* destinates the same.
He, with his *Sabine* rites unsatisfi'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Natures search. Inticed with these cares,
He leaues his countries cares, and repaires

To

To *Croton's* City: askes, what *Grecian* hand
Those walls erected on *Italian* land?
One of the Natiues, not vnknowing old,
Who much had heard and scene, this story told.

Ioues sonne, enrich't with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacina*
With happy steps: who, while his cattle fed
Vpon the tender clouer, entered
Heroick *Croton's* roofe; a welcome Guest:
And his long tranell recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A City here shall stand. A true presage.
There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alemons illue: in thofe times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who beares
The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appears;
And said: Begon, thy countries bounds forsake;
To stony *Aefarus* thy iourney take.
And threatens vengeance if he dif-obay.
The God and Sleepe together flew away.
He, riling, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to goe:
Death due to such as left their Country so.
Cleare *Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vail'd.
Swart Night her browes exalts, with starres impal'd;
The selfe same God the same command repeats:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne
For formeine seats. This through the City blowne;
Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;
They proue the fact, not by himfelfe deny'd,

His hands and eyes then lifting to the skie:
O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie,
Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and blacke they vs'd in former time;
The white acquit, the blacke the pris'nor cast:
And in such sort this heauy sentence past.
Blacke stones all threw into the fatall Vrne:
But all to white, turn'd out to number, turne.
Thus by *Alcides* powre the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind crost th' *Ionian* Seas.
Lacedemonian *Tarentum* past,
Faire *Sybaris*, *Neathus* running fast
By *Saleminum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temejis*, and strong *Iapygia*:
Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,
The fatall mouth of *Aefarus* out-found.
A Tombe, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd
Of famous *Croton*: here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons sonne erects his City walls:
Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.
Of this Originall, this City boasts:
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts.

Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyrannie:
Preferring voluntary banishment.
Though farre from Heauen, his mind's diuine ascent
Drew neere the Gods: what natures selfe denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.
All apprehended in his ample brest,
And studious cares; his knowledge he profess

To silent and admiring men: who taught
 The Worlds originall, past humane thought:
 What nature was, what God: the cause of things;
 From whence the Snow, frō whence the lightning springs:
 Whether *Ioue* thunder, or the winds that rake
 The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
 What course the Starres obseru'd; what e're lay hid
 From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
 With slaughter'd creatures to defile our boords,
 In such, though vnbeleu'd; yet learned Words.

Forbeare your selues, ô Mortals, to pollute
 With wicked food: corne is there; generous fruit
 Oppresse their boughs; plump grapes their Vines attire;
 There are sweet hearbs, and sauiory roots, which fire
 May mollifie; milke, honey redolent
 With flowres of Thyme, thy pallat to content.
 The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;
 Affording banquets without death or blood.
 Brute beasts with flesh their rau'nous hunger cloy:
 And yet not all; in pastures hories ioy:
 So flocks and herds. But those whom Nature hath
 Indu'd with cruelty, and saluage wrath
 (Wolues, Beares, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) in
 Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
 That entrails bleeding entrails should intombe!
 That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!
 While by the Liues death the Liuing liues!
 Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, giues;
 Can nothing please, vnlesse thy teeth thou imbrue
 In wounds, and di'e *Cyclopean* fare renew?
 Nor satiate the wilde voracitie
 Of thy rude panch, except an other die?

But

But that old Age, that innocent estate,
 Which we the Golden call; was fortunate
 In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with bloud vndy'd.
 Then Fowle through aire their wings in safety ply'd:
 The Hare, then fearelesse, wandred o're the plaine;
 Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'ne.
 Not treacherous, nor fearing treacherie,
 All liu'd secure. When he, who did enuie
 (What God so e're it was) those harmlesse cates
 And cramb'd his guts with flesh; set ope the gates
 To cruell Crimes. First, Slaughter without harme
 (I must confesse) to Piety, did warme
 (Which might suffice) the reeking Steele in blood
 Of saluage beasts, which made our liues their food:
 Though kil'd; not to be eaten. Sinne now more
 Audacious; the first sacrifice, the Bore
 Was thought to merit death; who, bladed corne
 Vp-rooting left the husband-man forlorne.
 Vine-brouzing Gotes at *Bacchus* altar slaine,
 Fed his reuenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
 You Sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beast,
 Whose vdders swell with Nectar, borne t'muelt
 Exposed man with your soft wooll; and are
 Aliue, then dead, more profitable farre.
 Or what the Oxe? a creature without guile,
 So innocent, so simple; borne for to le.
 He most vngratefull is, deseruing ill
 The gift of corne; that can vn-yoke, then kill
 His husband-man: that necke with axe to wound
 In seruice gall'd, that had the stubborne ground
 So often til'd; so many crops brought in.
 Yet not content therewith, t'aske the lining

T

T

To guiltlesse Gods: as if the Powres on high
 In death of labour-bearing oxen ioy.
 A spotlesse sacrifice, faire to behold,
 ('Tis death to please) with ribands trickt, and gold,
 Stands at the Altar, hearing prayers vnknowne:
 And sees the meale vpon his fore-head throwne,
 Cut by his toile: the knife smear'd in his gore,
 By fortune in the lauer scene before.
 The entrailles, from the panting body rent,
 Forth-with they search; to know the Gods intent.
 Whence springs so dire an appetite in man
 To interdicted food? O Mortals, can,
 Or dare you feed on flesh? henceforth forbear
 I you intreat, and to my words giue eare:
 When limbs of slaughtred Beeces become your meat;
 Then thinke, and know, that you your Seruants eat.

Phœbus inspires; his Spirit we obey:
 My *Delphus*, heaven it selfe, I will display:
 The Oracle of that great power vnfold:
 And sing what long lay hid; what none of old
 Could apprehend. I long to walke among
 The lofty statres: dull earth despis'd, I long
 To backe the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crowne:
 And from that hight on erring men looke downe
 That treason want; those thus to animate
 That feare to die; t'vnfold the booke of Fate.

O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;
 Why feare you *Sith*, vaine names, and endlesse Night;
 The dreames of Poets, and fain'd miseries
 Of forged Heil? whether last-flames surprise,
 Or Age deuour your bodies; they nor grieue,
 Nor tatter paines. Our Soules for euer liue:

Yet

Yet euermore their ancient houses leaue
 To liue in new; which them, as Guests, receiue.
 In *Trois* in warres, I (I remember well)
Enphorbus was, *Panthus* sonne; and fell
 By *Aeneas* lance: my shield againe
 At *Argos* late I saw, in *Luno's* Fane.
 All alter, nothing finally decayes:
 Hither and thither still the Spirit strays;
 Guest to all bodies: out of beasts it flies
 To men, from men to beasts; and neuer dies.
 As pliant wax each new impression takes;
 Fixt to no forme, but still the old forsakes;
 Yet it the same: so Soules the same abide,
 Though various figures there reception hide.
 Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy
 (I prophesie) depressed Piety,
 Forbear t'expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food
 By death procur'd; nor nourish blood with blood.

Since on so vast a sea, my saile's vnfurld,
 And stretcht to rising winds; in all the World
 There's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:
 Each image form'd to wander to and fro.
 Euen Time, with restless motion, slides away
 Like liuing streames: nor can swift Riuers stay,
 Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow driues,
 Driven by the following; as the next arriues
 To chase the former: times so flye, perdue
 At once each other; and are euer new.
 What was before, is not; what was not, is:
 All in a moment change from that to this.
 See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
 See, how the Light the gloomy Night inuades.

T 2

Not

Nor such Heavens hew, when Mid-night crown's Repose;
 As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shoves:
 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
 Th' inlightned World resignes to *Phœbus* sway.
 His raised Shield, earths shaddowes scarcely fled,
 Lookes ruddy; and low sinking, lookes as red:
 Yet bright at Noone; because that purer skie
 Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion flie.
 Nor can Night-wandering *Dian's* wauering light
 Be euer equall, or the same: this night
 Lettles than the following, if her hornes she fill;
 If the contract her Circle, greater still.
 Doth not the image of our age appeare
 In the successe quarters of the Yeare?
 The Spring-tide, tender; sucking Infancie
 Resembling; then the iuy. efull blade sprouts high;
 Though tender, weake; yet hope to Plough-men yeelds.
 All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields
 With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaues.
 Then following Summer greater strength receiues:
 A lusty Youth; no age more strength acquires,
 More fruitfull, or more burning in desires.
 Maturer Autumne, heat of Youth alaid,
 The sober meane twixt youth and age, more Raid
 And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:
 His reuerend temples sprinkled with gray haire.
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
 With trembling steps: his head or bal'd, or white.
 So change our bodies without rest or stay:
 What we were yester-day, nor what to day,
 Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
 The seeds and hope; the wombe our mansion: when

Kind

Kind Nature shew'd her cunning; not content
 That our vext bodies should be longer pent
 In mothers stretched entrails, forth-with bare
 Them from that prison, to the open aire.
 We strengthlesse lye, when first of light posses;
 Straight creepe vpon all foure, much like a beast;
 Then, staggering with weake nerues, stand by degrees,
 And by some stay support our feeble knees:
 Now, lusty, swiftly run. Youth quickly spent,
 And those our middle times, incontinent
 We sinke in setting Age: this last deuoures
 The former, and dimolisheth their powres.
 Old *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,
 Which late the strongest beast in strength excel'd,
 Big, as *Atides* brawnes, in flaggie hide
 Now hanging by slacke sinewes: *Helen* cry'd
 When she beheld her winkles in her Glasse;
 And asks her selfe, why she twice rauisht was.
 Still-eating Time, and thou ô enuious Age,
 All ruinate: diminish by the rage
 Of your deuouring teeth, All that haue breath
 Consume, and languish by a lingring death.
 Nor can these Elements stand at a stay:
 But by exchanging alier euery day.
 Th' eternall world foure bodies comprehends,
 Ingendring all. The heavy Earth descends,
 So Water, clog'd with weight: twolight, aspire,
 Deprest by none; pure Aire and purer Fire.
 And though they haue their feuerall fires; yet all
 Of these are made, to these againe they fall.
 Resolued Earth to Water rarifies;
 To Aire extenuated Waters rise;

T 3

The

The Aire, when it it selfe againe refines,
 To elementall Fire extracted, shines.
 They in like order backe againe repaire:
 The grosser Fire condenseth into Aire;
 Aire, into water: Water thickning, then
 Growes solid, and conuerts to Earth againe.
 None holds his owne: for Nature euer ioyes
 In change, and with new formes the old supplies.
 In all the world not any perish quite:
 But onely are in various habits dight.
 For; to begin to be, what we before
 Were not, is to be borne; to dye, no more
 Than ceasing to be such: although the frame
 Be changeable, the substance is the same.
 For nothing long continues in one mould,
 You Aes, you to Silver grew from Gold;
 To Brasse from Silver; and to Yr̄ne from Brasse.
 Euen places oft such change of fortunes passe:
 Where once was solid land, Seas haue I seene;
 And solid land where once deepe Seas haue beene.
 Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
 And anchors haue on mountaine tops beene found.
 Torrents haue made a valley of a plaine;
 High hills by deluges borne to the Maine.
 Deepe standing lakes suck't dry by thirsty sand;
 And on late thirsty earth now lakes doe stand.
 Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
 Sends forth new fountaines; there shuts vp the old.
 Streames, with impetuous earth-quakes, heerefore
 Haue broken forth; or sunke, and run no more.
 So *Tyrrus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
 Takes in another world his second birth.

So

So *Erasinus*, now conceales, now yeelds
 His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
 And *Mytus*, hating his first head, and brayes,
Caurus nam'd, else-where his streame displayes.
 Coole *Amasenus*, watering *Sicily*,
 Now flowes; now spring-lockt, leaues his channell dry.
 Men formerly drunke of *Anigrus* streames:
 Not to be drunke (it any thing but dreames
 The Poets tell) since *Centaures* therein washt
 Their wounded limbs, by *Alcides* arrowes gasht.
 So *Hyparis*, deriv'd from *Syrtian* Hills,
 Long sweet, with bitter streames his channell fills.
Anassa, *Tyrus*, and *Aegyptian* Phare,
 The floods imbrac't: yet now no lands are.
 Th'old *Colos* knew *Leuadia* Continent:
 Which now the labouring surges circumeunt.
 So *Zancle* once on *Italie* conuind;
 Till interposing waues their bounds dis-ioyn'd
 If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* townes)
 You seeke; behold, the Sea their glory drownes:
 Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
 Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.
 A Hill by *Pithean* *Træzen* mounts, vncrown'd
 With syluan shades, which once was leuell ground.
 For furious winds (a story to admire!)
 Pent in blinde cauernes, struggling to expire;
 And vainly seeking to inioy th'extent
 Of freer aire, the prison wanting vent;
 Th'vnpassable tuffe earth inflated so,
 As when with swelling breath we bladders blow,
 The tumor of the place remained still,
 In time growne solid, like a lofty hill.

T 4

To

To speake a little more of many things
 Both heard and knowne : New habits sundry Springs
 Now giue, now take. Horn'd *Hammon* Well at Noone
 Is cold ; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.
 Wood, put in bubling *Albama* then fires ;
 When farthest from the Sun the Moore retires.
Ciconian streames congeale his guts to stone
 That thereof drinke : and what therein is throwne.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines rold)
 Colour the haire like Amber, or pure gold.
 Some fountaines of a more prodigious kind,
 Not onely change the body but the mind.
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis* ?
 Of th' *Aethiopian Lake* ? who drinke of this,
 Runne forth with mad : or if their wits they keepe,
 Fall suddenly into a deadly sleepe.
 Who at *Clitorea* Fountaine this st remoue ;
 Loath wine, and abstinent, meere water loue.
 Whether it by antipathie expell
 Desire of wine ; or (as the Natiues toll)
Atalanta hauing with his herbs and charmes
 Snatcht *Proserpine* franticke daughters from the harmes
 Of entrad Fories, their wit's physicke cast
 Into this spring ; intusing such distast.
 With streames, to these oppos'd *Lynceus* flows :
 They reele, as drunke, who drinke too much of those.
 A Lake in faire *Arcadia* stands, of old
 Call'd *Phereus* ; suspected, as two fold :
 Feare, and forbear, to drinke thereof by night :
 By night vnwholsome, wholsome by day-light.
 So other lakes and streames haue other powre.
Orygia floted once ; fixt at this houre :

Once

Once *Argo* fear'd the iustling *Cy-nes* ;
 Which rooted now, resist both winds and seas.
 Nor *Aetna*, burning with imbowel'd fire,
 Shall euer, or did alwayes, flames expire.
 For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,
 Haue lungs, and mowthes that smoking flames exhale ;
 Her organs alter, when her motions close
 These yawning passages, and open those.
 Or whether winds, in caues impris'ned, rauce ;
 Iustling the stones, and minerals which haue
 The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage :
 They then extinguish when the winds allwage.
 Or if Bitumen doe the fire proucke ;
 Or sulph'her burning with more subtrill smoke :
 When Earth that food and oylie nourishment
 With drawes, the matter by long feeding spent ;
 The hungry fire of sustenance bereft,
 Ill-brooking famine, leaues, by being left.
 In *Hyperboean Palene* liue
 A People, if to Fame we credit giue,
 Who, diuing three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
 Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take.
 The like, they say, the *Scyriam* Witches doe
 With magicke oyles : incredible though true.
 If we may trust to triall, see you not
 Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot ?
 Bury your slaughtered Steere (a thing in vse)
 And his corrupted bowels will produce
 Flowre-sucking Bees ; who, like their parent slaine,
 Loue labour, fields, and toile in hope of gaine.
 Hornets from buried horses take their birth.
 Breake off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth

T s

Bury

Bury the rest ; a Scorpion without faile
 From thence will creepe, and menace with his taile.
 The Catterpillers, who their cop-webs weaue
 On tender leaues (as Hindes from prooffe receiue)
 Conuert to poyſonous Butterflies in time
 Greene Frogs, ingendred by the seed of ſlime,
 Firſt without feet, then leg, aſſume ; now ſtrong
 And apt to swimme, their hinder parts more long
 Then are their former, fram'd to ſkip add iumpe.
 The Beares deformed birth is but a lumpe
 Of luing fleſh : when lick'd by the Old,
 It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.
 Who ſees the Young of honie-bearing Bees
 In their ſexangular incloſure, ſees
 Their bodies limbe-leſſe : theſe vnformed things
 In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.
 The ſtarre-imbell ſht Fowle, which *Iuno* loues,
Ioues Armour-bearer, *Cytharea's* Doves,
 And birds of euery kinde ; did we not know
 Them hatch't of egges, who would coniecture ſo ?
 Some thinke the pith of dead men, Snakes become ;
 When their back-bones corrupt in hellow tombs.
 Yet theſe from others doe deriue their birth.
 One onely Fowle there is in all the Earth,
 Call'd by the *Aſſyrian* Phoenix, who the waine
 Of age repairs, and ſhe wes her ſelfe againe.
 No ſeed on graine nor heile, but on the gumme
 Of Frankincenſe, and mycie Amomum.
 Now, when her life ſiue ages hath fulſild ;
 A new her horned becke and tallons build
 Vpon the crownt of a trembling Palme :
 This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spicknard, precious Balme,

Bux'd

Bruz'd Cinamon, and Myrrh ; thereon ſhe bends
 Her body, and her age in odors ends.
 This breeding Corp's a little Phoenix beares :
 Which is it ſelfe to liue as many yeeres.
 Growne ſtrong ; that load now able to transferre ;
 Her Cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
 Deuoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne :
 And on his flammie Altar layes it downe.
 If theſe be wonderfull, admire like ſtrange
Hjans's, who their ſex ſo often change :
 Thoſe foodleſſe creatures, fed by ayre alone ;
 Who euery colour, which they touch, put on.
 The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India* :
 Ey vine bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſſe, they ſay,
 Congeales to ſtone. So Corall, which below
 The water is a limber weed, doth grow
 Stone-hard, when toucht by aire. But Day will end,
 And *Phæbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
 Betore my ſcant oration could perſue
 All ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
 For this we ſee in all is generall.
 Some Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powretull, which ſo proudly ſtood ;
 That could for ten yeeres ſpend ſuch ſtreames of blood ;
 For buildings, onely her old ruines ſhows ;
 For riches, tombs ; which ſlaughter'd Sires incloſe.
Sparta, *Mycene*, were of *Greece* the flowres ;
 So *Cecrop's* City, and *Amphion's* towies :
 Now glorious *Sparta* lies vpon the ground ;
 Lofty *Mycene* hardly to be found,
 Of *OEdipus* his *Thebes* what now remaines,
 Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names ?

Now

Now Fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* Sons
 Begins to rise, where yellow *Tybris* runs
 From fountfull *Appenines*; and there the great
 Foundation of so great a fabricke seat.
 This therefore shall by changing propagate,
 And giue the World a Head: Of such a fate
 The Prophets haue diuin'd: And this of old,
 As I remember, *Priam's Helen* told
 To sad *Aeneas*, of all hope forlorne,
 In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-borne,
 If our *Apollo* can prestage at all;
Troy, thou in safety, shall not wholly fall.
 Both fire and sword shall giue thy vertue way:
 Flying with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt conuay;
 Vntill thou finde a Land as yet vknowne,
 To *Troy*, and thee, more friendly than thy owne.
 A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see;
 So great none euer was, is, or shall bee.
 Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
 Springs from *Ilus*, Soueraigne of the Earth.
 He, hauing rul'd the World, shall then ascend
 Æthereall thrones, and Heauen shall be his End.
 This, I remember, with propheticke tongue,
 Sage *Helen* to diuine *Aeneas* sung.
 We ioy to see our kindreds City grow:
 The *Phrygians* happy in their Quer-throw.
 But lest our heedlesse Steeds too far should range
 From their proposed coutrie; All suffer change:
 The heauen, themselves, what vnder them is found;
 Earth, what thereon, or what is vnder ground.
 We, of the World a part, since we as well
 Haue Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:

To

To those, which may our parents Soules inuest,
 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least;
 Let vs both safety, and respect afford:
 Nor heape their bowels on *Thyestes* boord.
 How ill inur'd! to shed the bloud of man
 How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
 Asunder cut the throats of calves; and heares
 The bellowing breeder with relentlesse cares!
 Or silly kids, which like poore infants cry,
 Sticke with his knife! or his voracitie
 Feed with the fowle he fed! ô to what ill:
 Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
 Let Oxen till the ground, and die with age:
 Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:
 Goats bring their vdders to thy pail. Away
 With nets, guns, snares, and arts that doe betray:
 Deceiue not birds with lime; nor Deere inclose
 With terrors; nor thy baits to fish expose.
 The hurtfull kill: yet only kill: nor eat
 Defiling flesh; but feed on fitter meat.
 With other, and the like Philosophy
 Instructed; *Numa*, now return'd, was by
 Th'intreating *Larum* crown'd. Taught by his Bride
 The Nymph *Ageria*, by the Muses guide,
 Religion institutes; a People rude
 And prone to waite, with lawes and peace imbud.
 His raigne and age resign'd to funerall;
 Plebeians, *Roman* Dan-ces, Patricians, all
 For *Numa* mourne. His wife the Citie fled:
 Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
 The woods her shroud, disturbs with groans and cries
Orestean Diana's sacrifice.

How

How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Groue and Lake
 Kept on'd her teares, and words of comfort spake!
 How oft the *Theſean* Heros, Temperate
 Thy sorrow, said! nor onely is thy fate
 To be deplor'd: on worse mis-fortunes looke;
 And you will yours with greater patience brooke.
 Would mine were no example to appease
 So sad a griefe: yet mine your griefe may ease.
 Perhaps y'haue heard of one *Hippolytus*;
 By *Pegides* fraud, and fathers credulous
 Beleeue deuor'd to death. Admire you may
 That I am he, if credit what I say.
 Whom *Phedra* formerly solicited,
 Put vainly to defile my fathers bed.
 Fearing detection, or in that refus'd;
 She turns the crime, and me of her's accus'd.
 My father, punishing the innocent,
 Along with me his winged curses sent.
 Toward *Pittian* *Trazen* me my Chariot bore:
 And duning now by the *Corinthian* shore,
 The smooth Seas swell; a monstrous billow rose,
 Which, rousing like a mountaine, greater growes;
 Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends:
 When from the breach, breſt high, a Bull ascends;
 Who at his dreadfull mouth and nostrils spouts
 Part of the Sea. Feare all my followers routs:
 But my: filleted minde was all this while
 Vnterrif'd; intending my exile.
 When the hot horses start, erect their eares:
 With horror rapt, and chased by their feares,
 O'er ragged rocks the tottr'd Chariot driue:
 Whel'd to curb their fury vainly striue;

The

The bits all froth with foam: with all my might
 Pull backe the raignes, now lying bolt vp-right.
 Nor had their heady fright my strength o'r-gon;
 Had not the feruent wheele, which rooles vpon
 The bearing Axel-tree, rush't on a stump:
 Which brake, and fell asunder with that iump.
 Throwne from my chariot, in the raignes fast-bound,
 My guts drag'd out a-brood, my sinewes wound
 About the stumpe, some of my limbs hal'd thence
 You might haue seene, some hanging in suspence;
 My breaking bones to cracke, not any whole,
 While I exhal'd my faint and weary soule.
 No part of all my parts you could haue found
 That might be knowne: for all was but one wound.
 Now say, selfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or dare
 You your calamities with ours compare?
 I also saw those realms, to Day vnknowne:
 And bar'd my wounds in wauy *Phlegeton*.
 Had not *Apollo's* Son implo'r'd the aid
 Of his great Art; I with the dead had staid.
 But when by potent hearbs, and *Paeons* skill,
 I was restor'd, 'gainst angry *Plutos* will:
 Lest I, if seene, might enuy haue procur'd,
 Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
 And that, though seene, I might be hurt by none;
 She added age, and left my face vnknowne.
 Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
 Reiecting *Creet* and *Delos* as vnmeet,
 She plac't me here. Nor would I should retaine
 The memory of One by horses slaine:
 But said; Hence forward *Vrbins* be thy name
 That wert *Hippolytus*; though thou the same.

One

One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Groue,
I *Cynthia* serue; preserued by her loue.

But others miseries could not abate
Aegia's sorrowes, nor preuent her fate.
Who, couched at the bases of a hill,
Thawes into teares, that streame-like ran; vntill
Apollo's Sister, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her to a Spring; whose current euer flowes.

The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd;
No lesse than when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Vpon the fatall clod, that mou'd alone:
And, for a humane shape, exchang'd its owne.
With infant lips the newly Animate,
Reueald the Mysteries of future fate:
Whom Natures *Tages* call'd. He first of all
Th' *Hebrons* taught to tell what would befall.

Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold
To flourish with greene leaues: the fixed foot
Stood not on Steele, but on a liuing root.
Which, now no weapon, spreading armes displai'd;
And gaue admirers vnexpected shade.

Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glasse
Beheld his hornes, which his beleeue surpasse.
Who sitting oft his fingers to his brow,
Felt what before he saw: nor longer now
Condemnes his sight. Return'd with victory;
His eyes and hornes erecting to the skie:
You Gods, what e're these prodigies portend;
If prosperous, he said, let them descend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Vnfortunate, & let them fall on me!

An

An Altar then of lining turfe erects;
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine iniects:
And with the panting entrails of a beast
New slaine, consults; to know the Gods behest.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And saw therein endeouours that excell'd,
Although obscure; he from the sacrifice
To *Cippus* hornes conuert's his steady eyes:
Haile King, to thee, and to those hornes of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule resigne.
Delay not; enter thou the yeelding gate:
Haste, *Cippus*, haste: such is the Will of Fate.
Thou shalt be crown'd a King vpon that day:
And safely an eternall Scepter sway.
He, starting backe, from *Rome* diuerts his face:
And said; You Gods, farre hence this Omen chace;
Better that I in banishment grow old;
Than me, a King, the Capitoll behold.
Hiding his hornes with leaue ornaments,
The people and graue Senat he conuents.
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying first (as was the custome) said;
Vnlesse expel'd your Citie, here is One
Will be your King: though not by name, yet knowne
By his strange hornes. I heard the Augur say,
If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.
He might, vnstopt, haue entered without feate:
But I withstood; though none to me more neare.
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile sent:
Or, if he merit such a punishment,
Binde him in heauie chaines, and keepe him sure:
Or with the Tyrants death your feares secure.

The

The troubled People such a murmuring make ;
 As when farre off the roring surges rake
 On rattling shores ; or when through high-trust Pines
 Lowd *Eurus* howles. One only Voice dis-ioynes
 In this confusion ; asking, Which is he ?
 All seeking for the hornes they could not see,
Cippus replid ; Behold the man you looke.
 Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke ;
 And threw'd the hornes which on his fore-head grew.
 Not one but sigh'd, and downe his count'nance throw :
 And those cleare browes (a thing beyond beliefe)
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with griefe.
 Nor suffer him his honour to debase :
 But on his head a laurell garland place.
 And since he his owne entrance did with-stand :
 The Nobles, in due fauour, so much land
 To *Cippus* gaue, as well two oxen might
 Round with a plough from morning vtill night.
 The Monumentall figure of his hornes,
 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adoines.

Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate
 (You know, nor yeares your memory abate)
 How *Æsculapius* in our Citie found
 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tybris* bound.
 A deadly plague the *Latian* aire defild :
 Soules from their seats the pale disease exil'd.
 Wearied with funeralls, when physicke fail'd ;
 Nor any humane industry preuail'd ;
 They seeke celestiall aid. To *Delphos* sent,
 Built in the round Earths nauell, and present
 Their prayers to *Phœbus* ; that he would descend
 To their reliefe, and giue their woes an end.

His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiver, shake :
 Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake.
 What here you seecke, you neerer should haue sought :
 And seeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought
 Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.
 Goe with successe ; and fetch my Sonne with speed.
 The Senat hauing heard this Oracle,
 The Citie search, where *Phœbus* sonne should dwell.
 The shore of *Epidauræ* the Legate seekes :
 There anchoring, he intreats th'assembled *Greekes*
 To send their God : who might th'*Ausonian* State
 To health restore ; and vrg'd the charge of Fate.
 They vary in opinion : some assent
 To send this succour ; many, not content
 To lose their owne in giuing others aid,
 Striue to retaine him, and the rest dissuade.
 While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light :
 And Earth-borne shadows cloth'd the world in Night.
 Th'Health-giuing God, in sleepe, appeares to stand
 In his old forme ; a staffe in his left hand :
 And stroking with his right his reuerend beard ;
 From his hope-rendring brest these words were heard.
 Feare not, I come ; my shape I will forsake :
 View, and marke well this staffe-infolding Snake :
 Such will I seeine, yet shew of greater size ;
 So great as may a Deity comprize.
 God with the Voice, with God and Voice away
 Sleepe flew : fled Sleepe persude by chearefull Day.
 The Starres now vanquish't by the mornings flame ;
 The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,
 Intreat him by celestiall signes to shew
 Whether he were content to stay or goe.

His

This

This hardly said, the God in Serpent's shroud,
 His high crest gold-like glistering, hift aloud.
 His statue, altar, gates, the marble flore,
 And golden roose, shooke at th'approching Powre.
 He, in his Fane, brest high his body rais'd:
 Roulng about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his haire imbraid
 With Virgin fillet, knew the God, and said:
 'Tis he! 'tis he! all you who present are
 Pray with your hearts and tongues: ô heavenly-Faire,
 Propitious proue to those who thee implore!
 All that were there the present Powre adore;
 Reiterating what the Priest had said:
 With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.
 He, by the motion of his lofty crest,
 And doubled hilles, signe's to their request.
 Then sliding downe the polish't staires, his looke
 Reuerts on his old altar; now forscke:
 Salute's his shrine, and Temple deckt with towres.
 Then creeping on the ground, strew'd with fresh flowres;
 Indenteth through the Citie; stopping where
 The Harbour is defended by a Peere.
 The following troopes, and those whose zeales assist
 In honouring him, with gentle looks dismiss;
 He climbeth th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the waight,
 And shrunke with presture of so great a freight.
 The ioyfull *Romans*, offering on the strand
 A Bull to *Nepinne*; anchor weigh, and land
 Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his traine,
 He, leaning, lookes vpon the blew wau'd Maine.
 Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,
 They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morne.

Lacinia

Lacinian *Iunos* Fane, *Scyllæan* shores,
Iapygia past; they shun with nimble ores
Amphrysian rockes; *Ceraunian*, weather-cleft;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:
Sicilian Straights o're-come, and wrackfull seas,
 Saile by the mansion of *Hippotades*:
 By *Temesa*, in metalls fruitfull; by
Leucosia, and the *Pælian* Rosary.
 Neere *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,
Surrentine hills, where wines so generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabia*, *Naples* borne to ease,
Cumean *Sibyl's* Temple: next to these,
 Hot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with masticke flowres;
Vulturnus, who his sandy channell skoures;
Sinuessa, swarming with white Snakes; ill-air'd
Minturnæ; and where *Pietie* prepar'd
 His Nurse a tombe: forthwith the mansion make
 Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake-
 Belieged *Trachin*: thence directly bore
 To *Cerce's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.
 The Sea now swelling high, this harbour holds
 The Saile-wing'd ship. The God his orbs vnfold;
 And, with huge doublings o're the yellow sand
 Slides to his fathers Temple on that strand.
 Rough waues asswag'd, the *Epidaurian* Guest
 His fathers altar leaues; to Sea-ward prest,
 Slicing the sandie shore with rustling scales:
 And, by her sterne the ship ascending, sailes
 Till he to *Castum*, to *Launina's* name-
 Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
 All hither throng; sonnes, daughters, mothers, fires,
 The Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian* *Velia's* fires,

With

The Gods appease: the headlesse inward shew
 Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.
 Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
 And holy Temples howle. From sad abodes
 The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes and with feare,
 These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
 In Fate, or Treason. Murderous swords were brought
 Into the Temple: for no place might sort
 With such a Slaughterer, but the sacred Court.
 Then *Venus* smote her breast: who sought to shroud,
 And snatch him thence in that Æthereall cloud,
 Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage conuaid:
 And freed *Aeneas* from *Tydid* sblade.

Daughter, said *Ioue*, canst thou resist the doome
 Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come,
 There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must passe,
 Writ in huge folds of solid Steele and brasse.
 Which safe, eternall, euer fixed there;
 My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.
 In lasting Adamant there ma st thou reade
 What shall to thy great Progenie succeed.
 I read, remember well, and will relate
 What may informe thee in succeeding fate.
 He, whom thou stria st to saue, his race hath runne
 Of Time and Gloiy: whom, thou and his Sonne
 Shall make in heauen a God; on Earth, with praire
 And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire
 Alone his Load shall beare: and strongly shall
 By our conduct reuenge his fathers fall.
 By his good fortune *Mutine*, o're-throwne,
 Shall iue for peace: *Pharfaban* fields shall grone

Slaughter

Slaughter againe *Philippi* shall imbrue:
 On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue
 A mighty Name. Th' *Egyptian* Spouse shall fall,
 Ill trusting to her *Roman* General:
 To make our stately *Capitol* obey
 Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vaine assay.
 What need I of those barbarous People tell,
 And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
 He shall the habitable Earth command;
 And stretch his Empire ouer sea and land.
 Peace giuen to Earth; he shall conuert his care
 To ciuill Rule, iust Lawes; and by his faire
 Example Vertue guide. Then looking to
 The future times, and Nephewes to ensue;
 A Sonne shall blesse him from a holy wombe:
 To him he shall resigne his name, and roome.
 Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th'aboads
 Of heauenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
 Meane-while from this flaine corps his soule conuay
 Vp to the starres, and giue it a cleare Ray:
 That *Julius* may with friendly influence
 Shine on our *Capitol* and Court from thence.

This said: inuisible faue *Venus* stood
 Amid the Senate; from his corps, with blood
 Defild, her *Cæsars* new-Bred spirit bare
 To heauen, not suffer'd to resolue to aire.
 And, as in her soft bosome borne, shee might
 Perceiue it take a Powre, and gather light.
 When once let loose, It forth with vp-ward flew;
 And as it long blazing tresses drew.
 The radiant Starre his Sonnes great acts beheld
 T'out-lustre his: and ioy'd, to be excell'd.

Though

Though he would haue his Fathers de:ds preferr'd
 Before his owne: yet free-tongu'd Fame, deterr'd
 By no commandement, yeeld th'euited Bayes
 To his cleare browes; and but in this gain-sayes.
 So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemnons* fame;
Ageus so to *Thesus*: *Peleus* name
 Stoopest to *Achilles*. That I may confer
 Th'illustrious to their equalls, *Iupiter*
 So *Saturne* tops. *Ioue* rules the arched Skie,
 And triple World; th'Earths vast Monarchie
 T'*Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.
 You Gods, *Aeneas* mates, who made your way
 Through fire and sword; you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
 Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire;
 Chast *Vesta*, with thy euer-burning fire,
 Among great *Cæsars* Household-Gods inshrin'd;
 Domesticke *Phobus*, with his *Vesta* ioyn'd;
 Thou *Ioue*, Whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore;
 And You, all You, whom Poets may implore:
 Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
 Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
 Leauing the Earth, shall vnto Heauen repaire;
 And fauour those that seeke to him by prayer.

And now the Worke is ended, which, *Ioue's* rage,
 Nor Fate, nor Sword shall raze, nor euing Age.
 Come when it will my deaths vncertaine howre;
 Which only of my body hath a powre:
 Yet shall my better Part transcend the skie;
 And my immortall name shall neuer die.

Fol

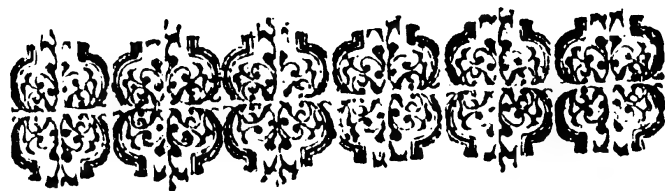
For, where-so ere the *Roman* Eagles spread
 Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
 And, if we Prophets truly can diuine,
 I, in my liuing Fame, shall euer shine.

V 2


To

planations. With these I had thought, in their severall places, to haue charged the margent: but the hastinesse of the Presse, and v unexpected want of leasure, haue preuented me. The same reason may serue for diuers slips, and errours, which I not only know but acknowledge. Yet if the too cleanly Criticke sweepe not all the dust together and lay it on one heape, it may perhaps be hardly discerned, howsoever borne with in so long and interrupted a labour.

A



A

 Bantiades. pag. 111. vers. 7. Acrisius
the Sonne of Abas King of Argos.
Abantiades. pag. 117. vers. 4. and pag.
124. vers. 25. and pag. 128. vers. 21.
Perseus great grand-child to Abas.
Acheloïdes. the Syrens, daughters to Achelous.
Acheron. a River in Hell, and signifies deprivation of Ioy.
Acrisïonides. Perseus grand-child to Acrisius.
Astorides. pag. 212. vers. 10. Euritus and Creatus
the sonnes of Astor.
Astorides. pag. 359. vers. 13. Patroclus grand-
child to Astor.
The Æacides. pag. 188. vers. 19. Peleus, Telamon, and Phocus, sonnes to Æacus.
Æacides. pag. 297. vers. 7. and 32. pag. 302. vers. 6. Peleus the son of Æacus.
Æacides. pag. 321. vers. 21. and thence forth, Achilles

V 4

chilles the grand-child of Æacus.
 Aello. one of the Harpyes.
 Æerias. Medea, the daughter of Æera.
 Ægides. Theseus, the sonne of Ægeus.
 Ægis. Minerva's shield.
 Æolian Virgin. pag. 149. vers. 24. Arne, the daughter of Æolus.
 Æolides. pag. 107. vers. 31. Athamas, the sonne of Æolus.
 Æolides. pag. 194. vers. 26. Cephalus, the grand-child of Æolus.
 Æolides. pag. 250. vers. 17. Macareus and Canace, the sonne and daughter of Æolus.
 Æsonides. Iason, the sonne of Æson.
 Agenorides. Cadmus, the sonne of Agenor.
 Aloidæ. Otus and Ephialtes, got by Neptune on the wife of Aloecus.
 Alcides. a name of Hercules, which signifies strength.
 Amazonian Heros. Hippolytus, sonne to Hippolyte the Amazonian.
 Amicydes. Hyacinthus, the sonne of Amyclas.
 Amphitrite. the daughter of Oceanus, and wife to Neptune; taken for the Sea.
 Amphitryonides. Hercules the son of Amphitryo.
 Ampycides. Mopsus, the sonne of Ampycus.

Anubis.

Anubis. an Idoll of the Ægyptians with the head of a dog.
 Apis. a blacke Oxe spotted with white, worshipped by the Ægyptians in remembrance of Osiris.
 Aphrodites. a name of Venus, in that sprung from the foam of the Sea.
 Arcturus. a Star in the taile of the Greater Beare.
 Astræa. Justice, so called of Astræus, a most iust Prince.
 Astræan sons. The Winds, sons to the Gyant Astræus.
 Achamantiades. Palæmon, the sonne of Achamas.
 Atlantiades. pag. 24. vers. 8. and pag. 48. vers. 13. Mercurie the grand-child of Atlas.
 Atlantiades. pag. 102. vers. 23. Hermaphroditus, the sonne of Mercurie, and great grand-child of Atlas.
 Atracides. Cæneus, so called of Atræa a Citie of Theffalie.
 Atrides. Agamemnon; sometimes Menelaus; both sonnes to Atreus.
 Auernian Iuno. Proserpina.
 Auernus. a lake in hell, over which no birds can flie without falling.
 Autonocius. Aëxon the sonne of Autonoe, Cadmus daughter.
 Auster. The South-wind.

V. 5.

Bacchiades

B

Bacchiadae. the off-spring of Bacchia the Corinthian.

Bacchanals. women solemnizing the feast of Bacchus.

Belides. the Nieces of Belus, and daughters of Danaus.

Berecynthian. pag. 293. vers. 9. Midas of Berecynthus, a Cisse of Phrygia.

Bootes. the Star, that follows Charles waine.

Boreas. the North-wind.

Bromius. a name of Bacchus, which signifies raging.

Bubastis. an Egyptian Goddesse, companion to Isis.

C

CArpathian Prophet. Proteus a God of the Sea.

Cecropides. the daughters of Cecrops, King of Athens.

Centaures. said to be halfe men and halfe beasts, in that they were the first that rid on horses.

Ceraftæ. men with hornes.

Cerberus.

Cerberus. the Hell-hound with three heads, signifying a devourer of the dead.

Chimæra. a monster; having the face of a woman, the body of a goat, and the tail of a Serpent.

Colchis. Medea, so called of Colchis, where shee was borne.

Crataeis daughter. Scylla.

Cyclades. Islands in the Ægean Sea, dispersed in forme of a cycle.

Cyclops. Giants, and sons of Neptune; so called of the round eye, which they had in their fore-heads.

Cyclopean darts. Thunder and Lightning forged by the Cyclops.

Cyllenius, a name of Mercurie, in that borne on the hill Cyllene.

Cynthius } names of Apollo and Diana, of Cyn-
Cynthia } thus a hill in Delo, where they were borne.

Cyprides. a name of Venus, of the Island of Cyprus, where shee was worshipped.

Cythæra. a name of Venus, of the Island Cythæra, dedicated to Venus.

D

DAnacan Heros. Perseus the son of Danæ.

Dardan Prophet. Helenus the son of Priamus.

Dæ.

Hymen. the God of marriage; sometimes taken for marriage.

Hyperion. sometimes taken for the Sun, sometimes for the father of the Sun.

I

Iacchus. a name of Bacchus, which signifies clamour.

Iapetonides. Atlas the sonne of Iapet.

Idalia. Venus of Idalia, a hill in Cyprus, where she had her groves.

Iliades. pag. 267. vers. 4. Ganymed, grand-child to Ilus.

Iliades. pag. 412. vers. 18. Romulus, descended from Ilus.

Ilithyia. a name of Lucina, Goddesse of child birth.

Inachis. pag. 21. vers. 30. Iö, the daughter of Inachus.

Inachides. pag. 16. vers. 19. Epaphus, the sonne of Iö, and grand-child of Inachus.

Inachides. pag. 115. vers. 5. Perseus. The Argolians being so called of the river Inachus.

Iö. an acclamation of joy: where it stands not for Iö the daughter of Inachus.

Iris. the Raine-bow.

Isme-

Ismenides } Thebans, so called of Ismenus, a river
Ismenians } of Boeotia.

Ithacus. Vlysses, of the land Ithaca, where he was borne.

Iulus. a name of Ascanius.

L

Lemnian issue. pag. 55. vers. 22. Erichthonius son to Vulcan, who dwelt in Lemnos.

Lenæus. a name of Bacchus, of the vessell that receiveth the wine from the presse.

Lethe. a river of Hell, and signifies forgetfulness.

Liber. a name of Bacchus, in that wine sweeteth the heart from sorrow.

Lucifer. the Morning Starre.

Lyxus. a name of Bacchus; the same with Liber.

M

Mæandrius. Caunus, grand-child by the mothers side to the river Mæander.

Mædusean Herse. Pegasus, sprung from the blood of Medusa.

Mæonidæ. the Muses. Of Mæonia, where they dwell.

Mincides

Pæons. *the daughters of Pierus, so called of the woods of Pæonia, which they frequented.*
 Palladium. *the Image of Pallas.*
 Paphian Heros. *Pigmalion of Paphos.*
 Pelides. *Achilles, the son of Pelcus.*
 Persephone. *The same with Proserpina.*
 Phasis. *a name of Medea, from the river Phasis.*
 Phegides. *Themenus and Axion the sonnes of Phegeus.*
 Pheres hope. *Admetus, the son of Pheres.*
 Phlegeton. *a burning river in hell.*
 Phœbus } *names of the Sun and Moone, in regard*
 Phœbe } *of their splendor.*
 Phorcydes. *the daughter of Phorcus.*
 Phoronis. *Io, the sister of Phoroneus.*
 Pleias. *Maia, one of the Pleiades, and mother to Mercury.*
 Pleiones Nephew. *Mercury, grand-child to Pleione, the wife of Atlas.*
 Pœans Heire } *Philoctetes, the sonne of Pœan.*
 Pœantius }
 Priamides. *pag. 355. vers. 32. Hector, the son of Priamus.*
 Promethides. *Deucalion, the sonne of Prometheus.*
 Propetides. *Infamous women of Cyprus.*
 Quirinus.

Q

Q Virinus. *a name of Romulus.*
 Quirites. *Romans, so called of Quirinus.*

R

R Hamnusia. *a name of Nemesis, of the city Rhamnus, where she had her Temple.*

S

S Aturnius } *Jupiter and Iuno, the sonne and*
 S Saturnia } *daughter of Saturne.*
 Smintheus. *a name of Apollo, for destroying of mice.*
 Sol. *the Sun.*
 Stygian shades. *Hell, so called of Styx, an infernall river.*

T

T Antalides. *pag. 348. vers. 15. Agamemnon, grand-child to Tantalus.*
 Taygeta. *one of the Pleiades, or seven Starres.*
 Tellus. *the Earth.*
 Teucrans. *Troians, descended of Teucer.*
 Thaumantias. *Iris, the daughter of Thaumias.*
 Thespiades. *the Muses; of Thespiæ, a City neere Helicon.*
 Thespiades.

Thestiadæ. Toxus and Plexippus, the sonnes of
 Thestius.
 Thestias. Alchæa, the daughter of Thestius.
 Thestorides. Chalcas, the son of Thestor.
 Thyen. Bacchus; of Thyone, a name of his mo-
 ther Semele.
 Thyrsus. a Iavelin woond with Ivy, borne by Bac-
 chus.
 Titan. a name of the Sun, from his mother Titea.
 whose 45. children were generally called by the
 name of Titans.
 Titania. p. 14. v. 19. Pyrrha, descended of the Titans.
 Titania. pag. 67. vers. 19. and pag. 179. vers. 5.
 Diana, grand-child to Titea.
 Titania. pag. 157. vers. 11. Latona, daughter to
 Cœus, one of the Titans.
 Titania. pag. 386. vers. 13. Circe, descended of the
 Titans.
 Titiones. the seven stars, that turne about the Pole.
 Triopæus. Eresichthon, the sonne of Triopas.
 Tritonia. Pallas, so called for her wisdom.
 Troades. the women of Troy.
 Tydides. Diomedes, the sonne of Tydeus.
 Tyndaridæ. Castor and Pollux, the sons of Tyn-
 darus.
 Tyrinthian. Hercules of Tyrus.

Vulcane

V

VVlcans seed. pag. 186. vers. 19. Periphatus.

Z

Zephyrus the West-wind.

FINIS.